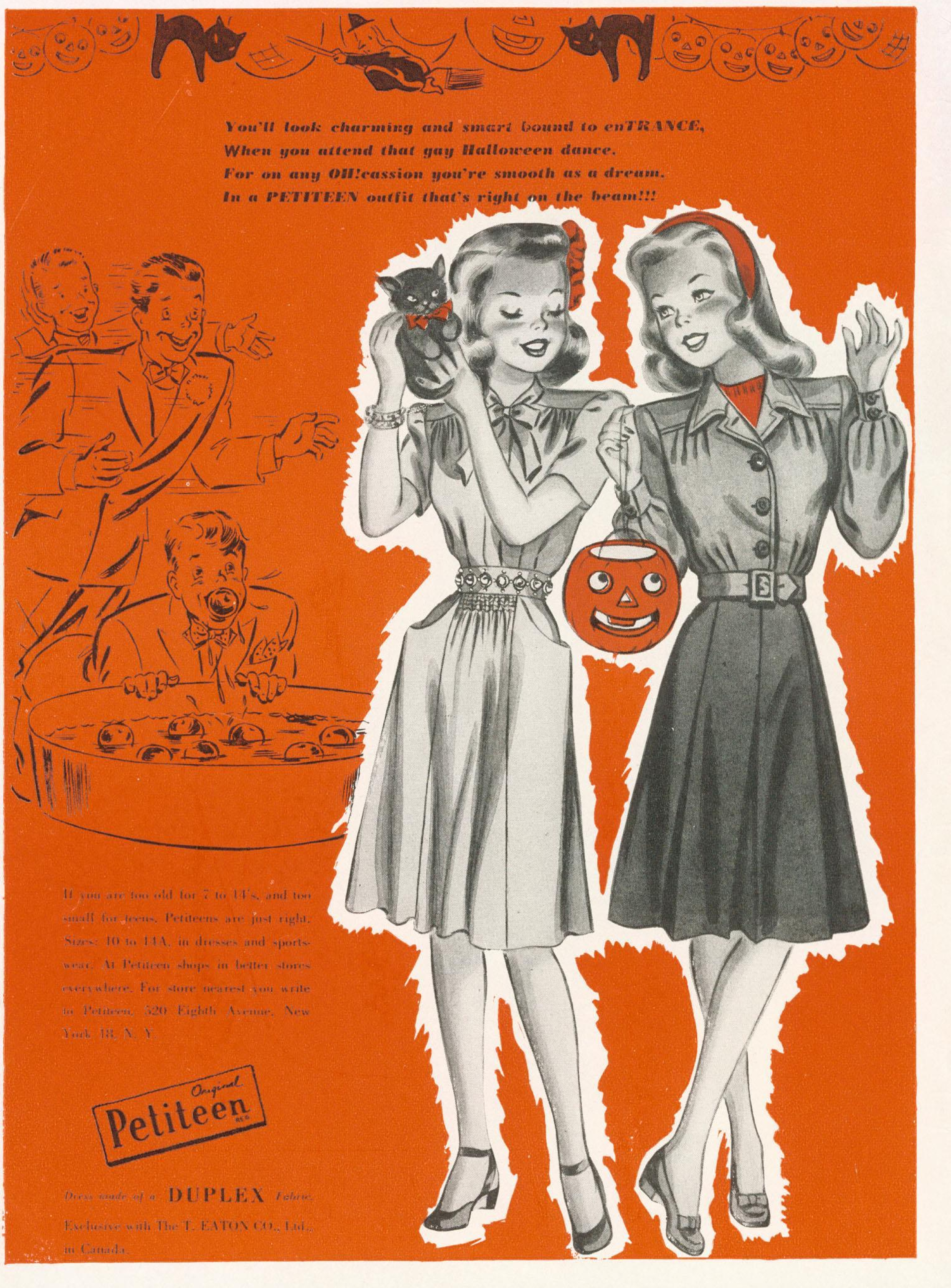
10¢ OCTOBER

Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

My Date With Van Johnson...

By ESTHER WILLIAMS



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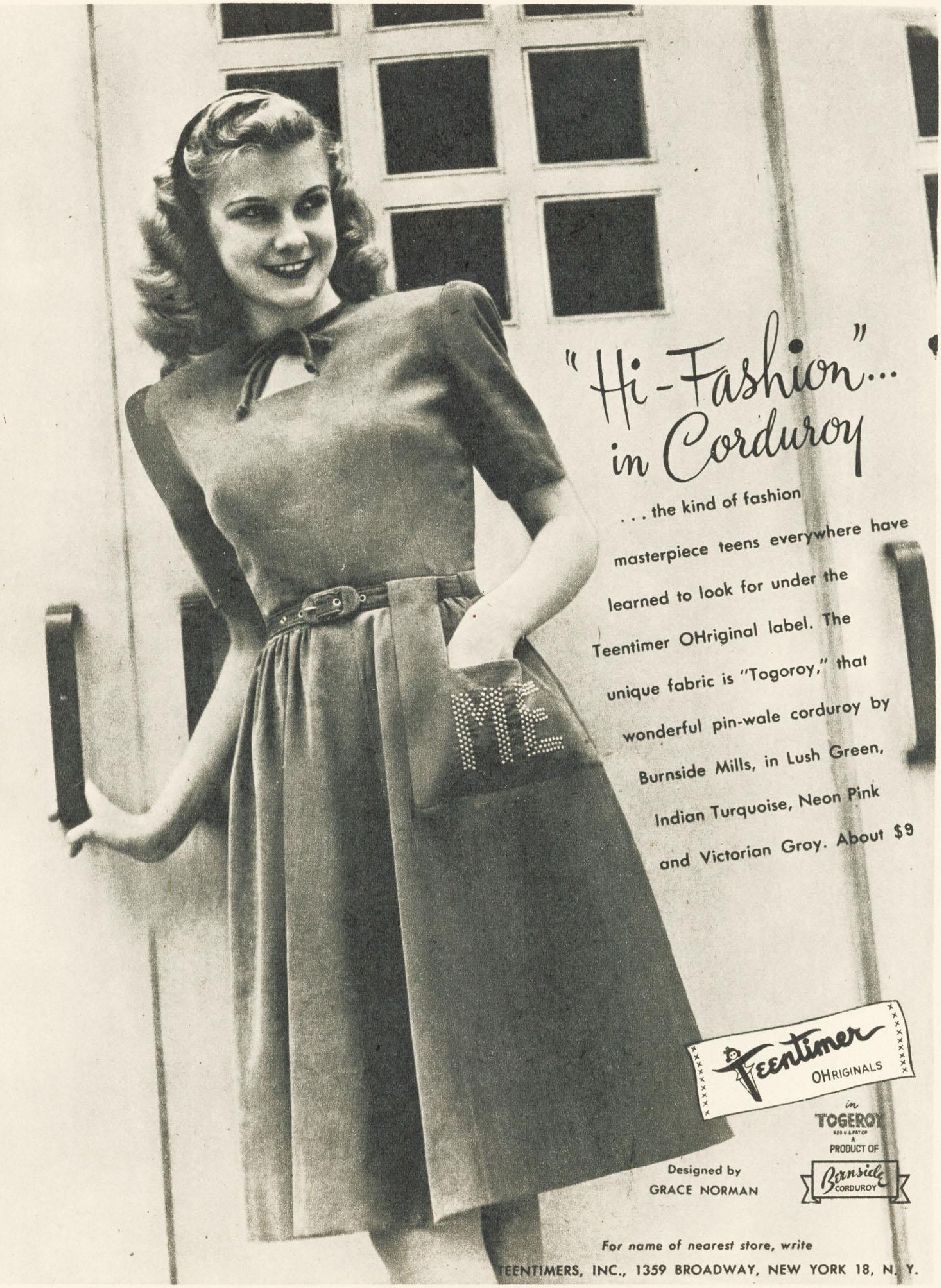

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HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger Set*

Hollywood's young people are like you! They have fun--and May Mann knows all of them. So we're off to Hollywood with May to watch the young screen set at work and at play. C'mon!

Ann Blyth and May have a very "catty" afternoon and it seems to be doing Ann lots of good—but Ann's Persion, Mickey, disapproves. (Must be feline jeolousy.)

By May Mann

HI, CHICKENS! What with Ann Blyth's beautiful self encased in a cast, and seeing how she's one girl who's really put, and might appreciate a few playful baby kittens, I took myself and a basket full of six cute wriggly kittens to see Ann.

You'd never guess Ann was lying there with a broken back, resulting from a tobogganing accident ten weeks before at Lake Arrowhead, because she was so cheerful. She was wearing a fluffy blue maribou jacket, and the cast was spotlessly clean and inscribed by her many visitors. (Ann says once she is free from it, and that should be any day now, she'll probably varnish it and set it up for a vase.)

Anyway, how was I to know that Ann had a pet cat, a proud black persian named Mickey, who looked at the six kittens with jealous concern and indignantly meowed, "What do you think you are doing here?"

Mickey had no (*Continued on page* 48)

Two voices heard around the world were those of handsome Dick Haymes and winsome Diana Lynn when they sang on NBC's global program "Everything For The Boys."

Bernard Rosenberg, eighteen-year-old Navy Communications student, is still talking about his wonderful date with a wonderful girl, Jane Withers, at of all places—a beach!

Jordan Marsh

ALL HANDS ON DECK *when you saunter by in this casual, comfortable Pea Coat. It's a navy knockout in a Melton-type all wool . . . and ready for storm warnings with its quilted lining, concealed knitted wristlets and storm tab under the collar. Teen sizes 10 to 16. $16.95. Marsha Jordan Shop, Fourth Floor.*

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in this issue...

Miss America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

I'm still chuckling over Ruth Baller's "Hallowe'en Hauntin' Party." If you're planning a get-to-gether for the gang, you'll be the belle of the (g)hosts if you follow Ruth's hilarious hints.

Nowadays one has to think twice before inviting friends to the house to spend a few pleasant hours. Its fun playing hostess—and one of the nicest things about this role is serving snacks. Fun and food belong together. It's such a good feeling to have friends exclaim how delicious a something you yourself dished up, tastes. Food, somehow, is always food for conversation, too.

I've got Ruth on the look-out for non-rationed goodies and she promises she'll have grand Christmas suggestions—sweets and stuff—that will make delightful holiday gifts.

I was in the midst of writing about food when Pauline O'Sullivan burst into my office. "I've got wonderful news, Jean," she beamed. "Mr. Walter Geiger of Blackfriar Kindreds, is going to design, exclusively for MISS AMERICA, Roy Rogers outfits." I interrupted Pauline to remind her that Roy is a boy and . . . At which point your fashion editor took the words right out of my mouth.

"These Roy Rogers clothes are going to be strictly teen-agey, feminine and Western with the smart, casual look of sport clothes. Mr. Geiger is designing a blouse with all the dash and color of Roy's blouses; he's also going to have weskits, jackets and skirts to rhyme with the shirts."

"How soon will these fashions be ready?" I asked, trying to sound sensible.

"Oh, not for a while, because Roy, who is busy on the Republic lot at the moment, wants to consult with Mr. Geiger before releasing them."

Fine thing. But I think these Roy Rogers outfits are worth waiting for.

So now I've talked about food and clothes—two subjects closest to every girl's heart. But wait—I'm not forgetting that other subject—boys. I'll save that for next month.

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Kodachrome by Hal Rieff; "Hy" Hat by Brighton; Coat by Waldman & Co.; Scarf by Kimball; Gloves by Nolan; Bag by Pyramid Leather.

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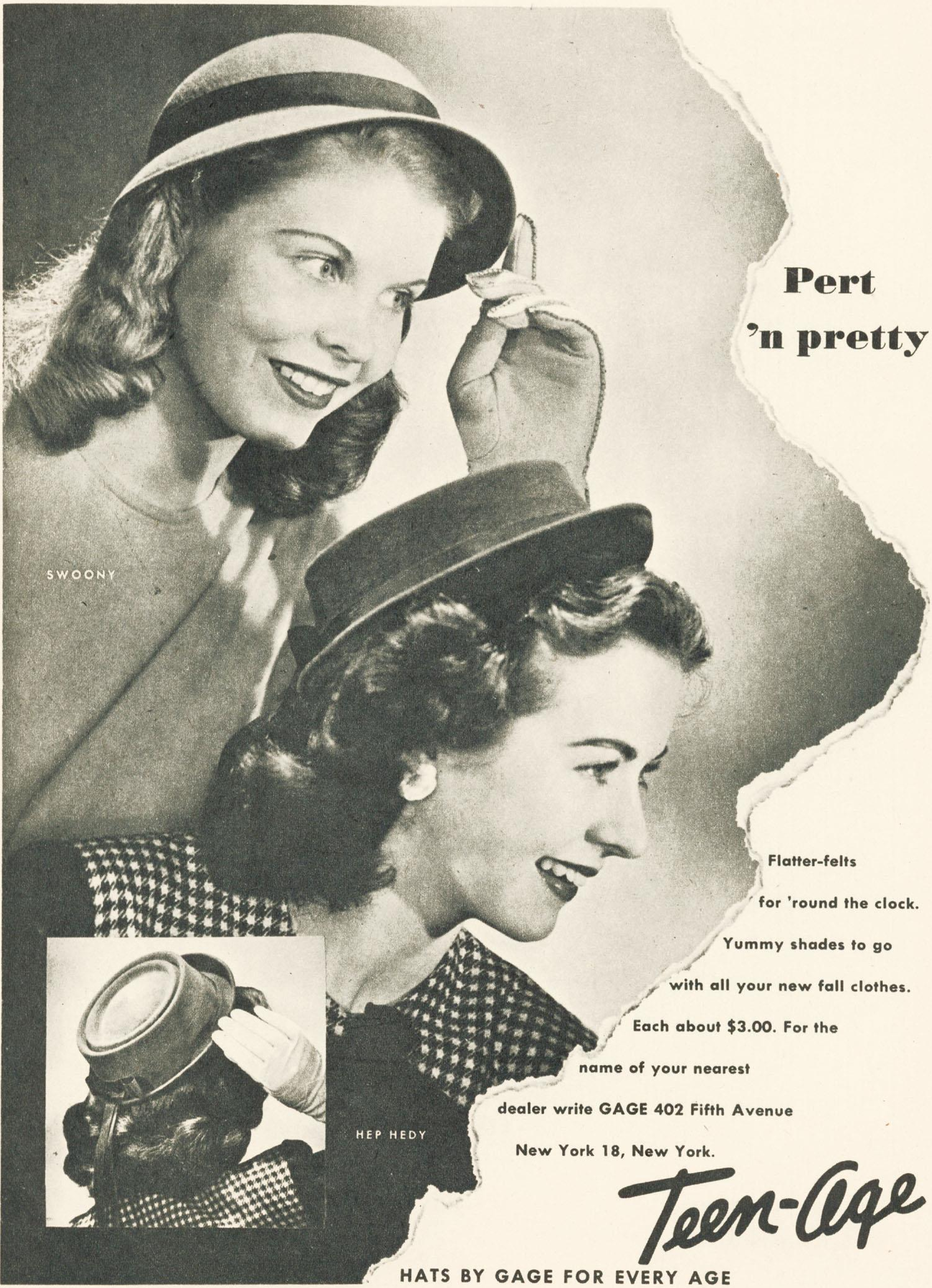

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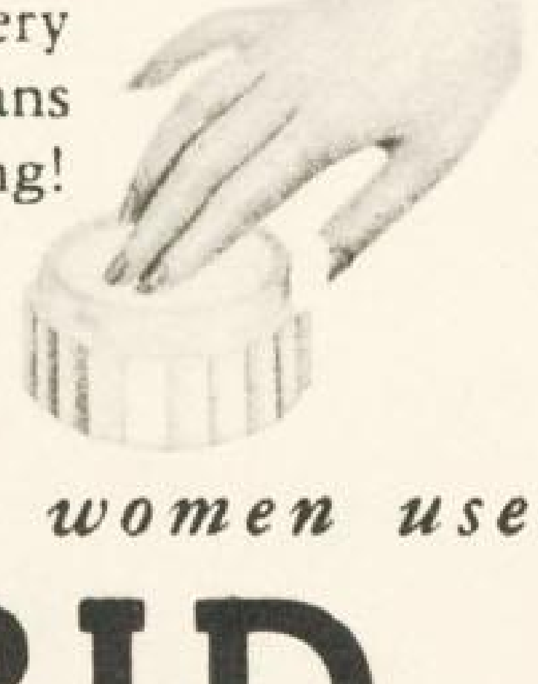

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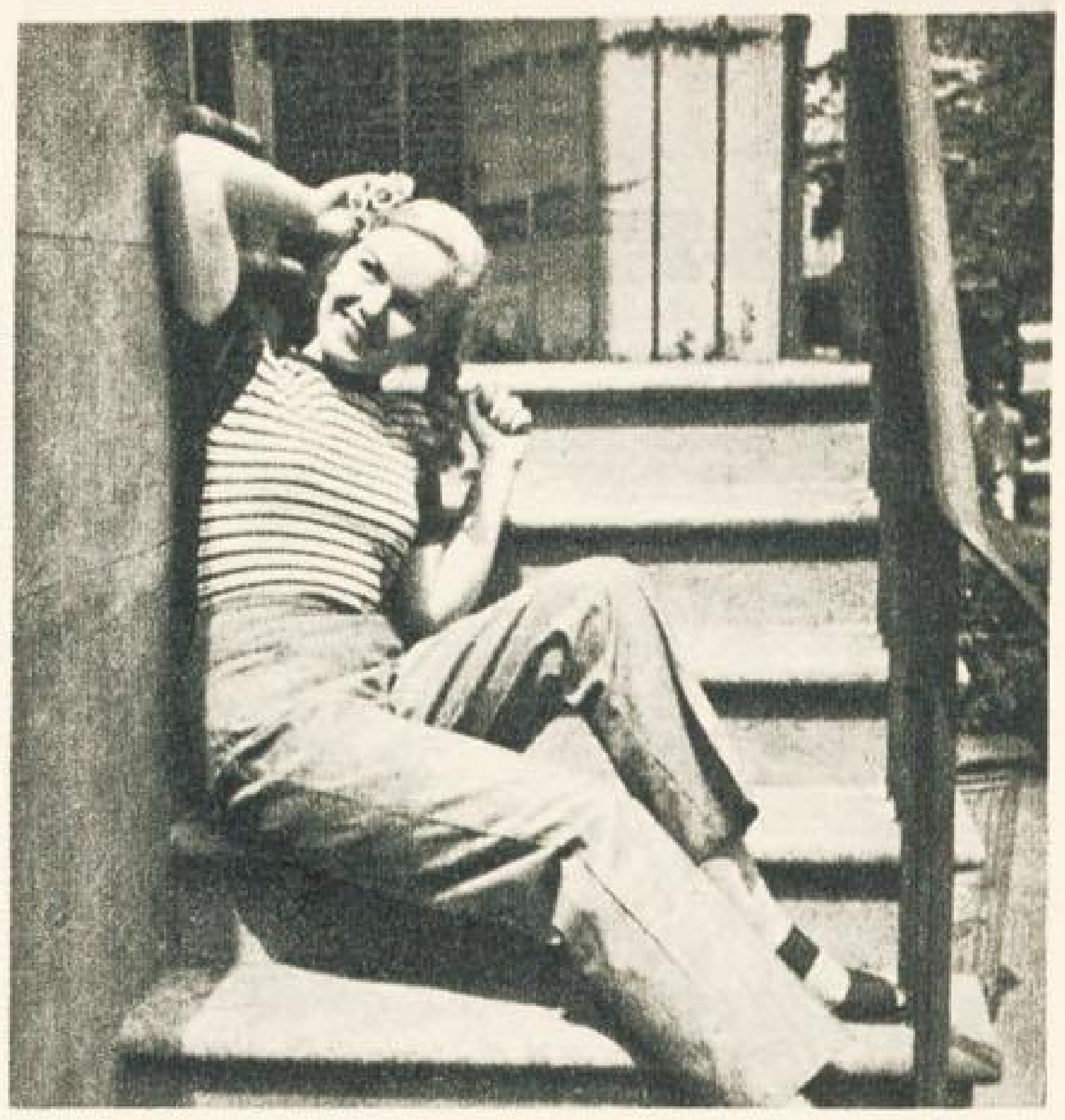


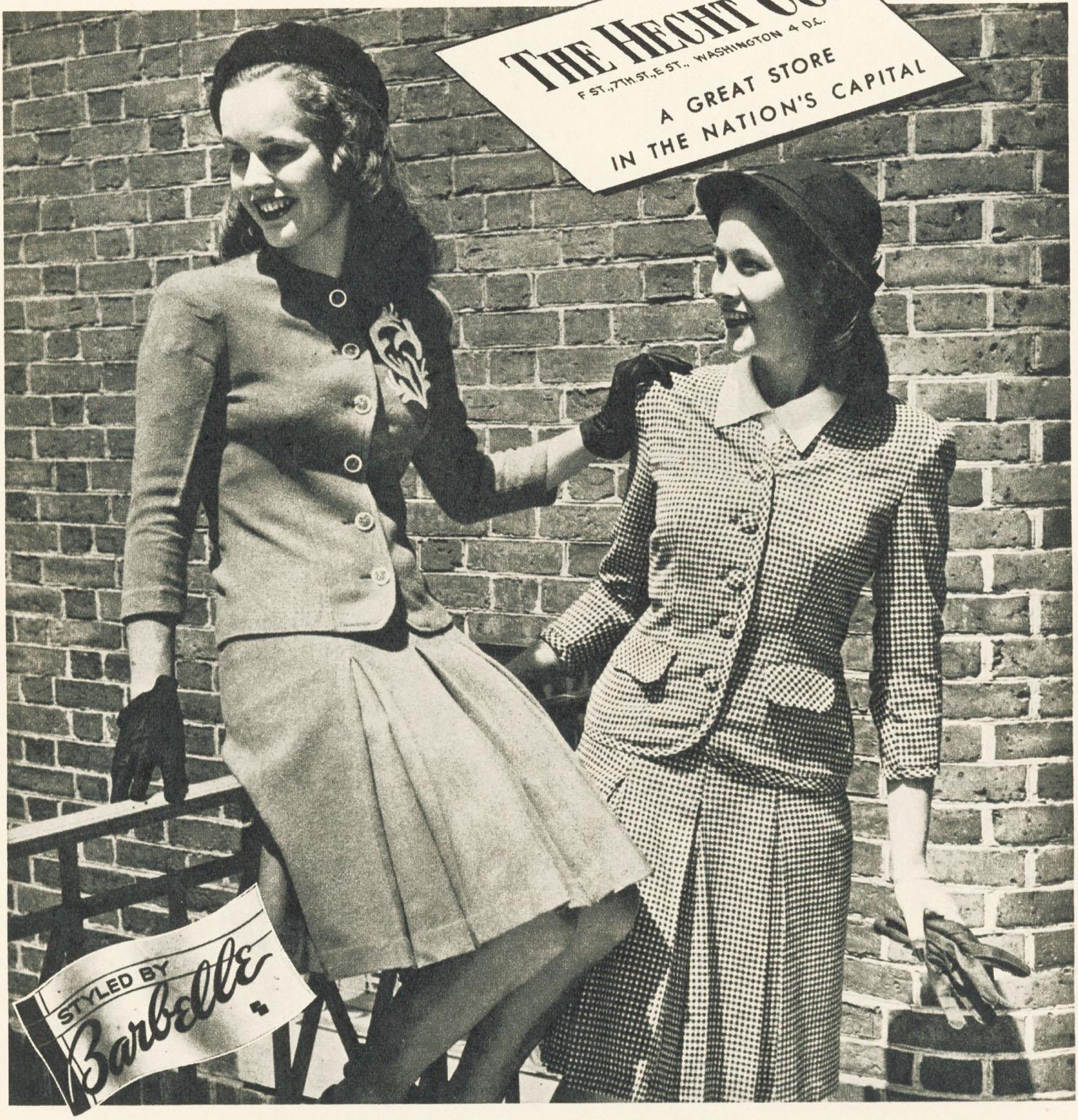
The play's the thing! So here are those perfect "Playmates"—a Dee Gee sweater and "roughneck" Geiger Mexican denims! The Dee-lightful "topper" in all colors comes in small, medium, large sizes, $1.50. The sturdy "better half" comes in sizes 10-16, about $4. Both at Bloomingdale's.

Swell head(band) to help you "keep a-head" that's sweet and neat is this precious "hairloom" by Max Davis & Co. To crown your crowning glory, tie your bonny brown hair, make you so veddy Hedy. Gala colored bands with side combs, twists into circus-y hoop. About $2.

Two-lip time! And just to make things rose-y for you, Pinaud has just come forth with several brand-new "king" size lipsticks. Suited to your taste in luscious Gay red, Exotic, Tutu Pink and Russian red, and sold at drug and cosmetic counters throughout the country for $1.

Jeepers, what sleepers! Checked pink and white flannelette "Tommiecoat" by Harry Berger is cute and comfy, brief and breezy, with emphasis on the "modern design" line! All eager beavers can dash for one at leading department stores throughout the country. $2.50

Bouquets to you! Sweet lily-of-the-valley fragrance seeping out of that new toilet essence by Pinaud, "Lilianelle" . . . Sprinkle some on your nighties, pat it on your wrists, dab it behind your ears, give it away as gifts. $3 at Lord & Taylor, A. Constable, Franklin Simon, N. Y.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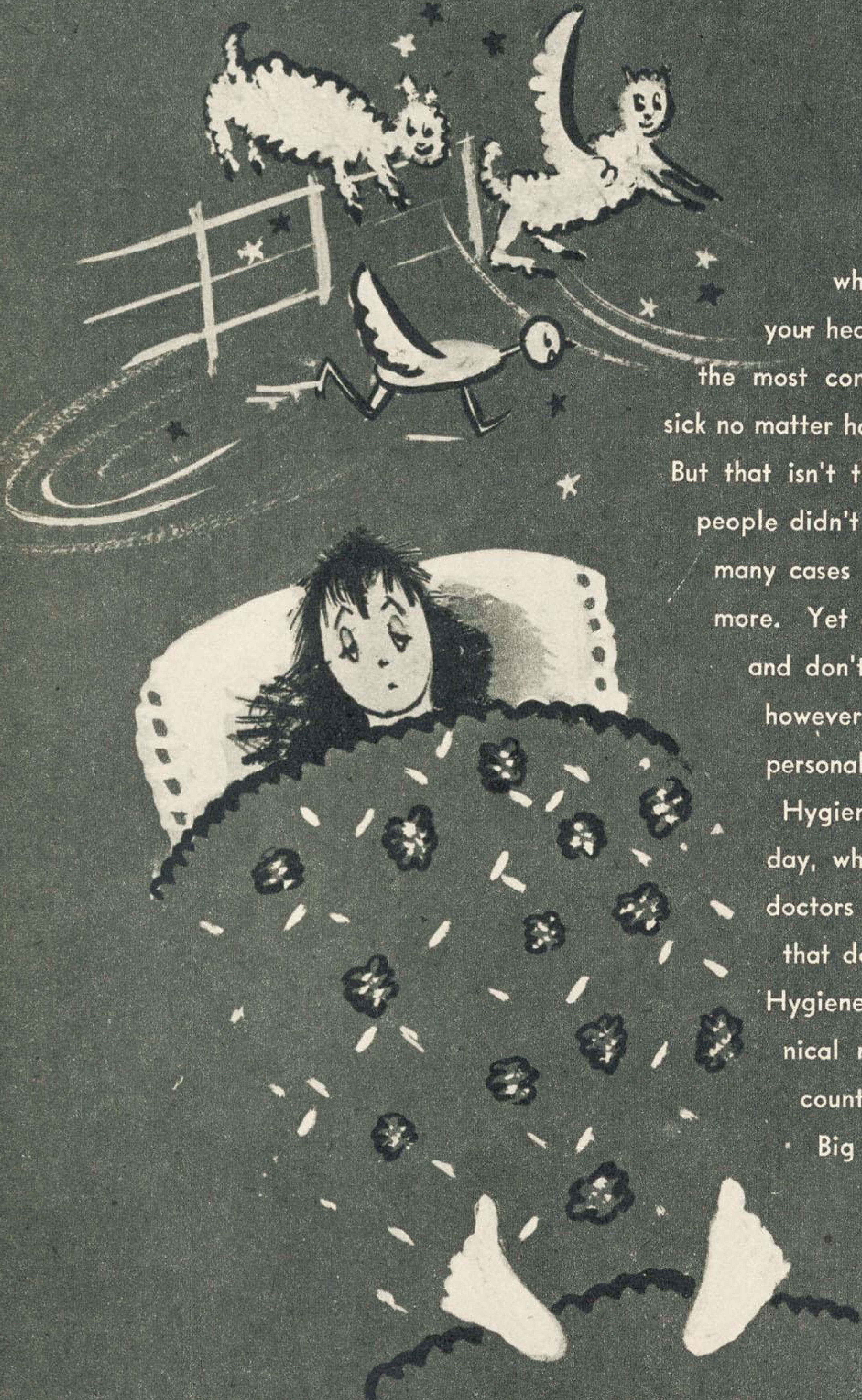
by John Oliven, M.D.



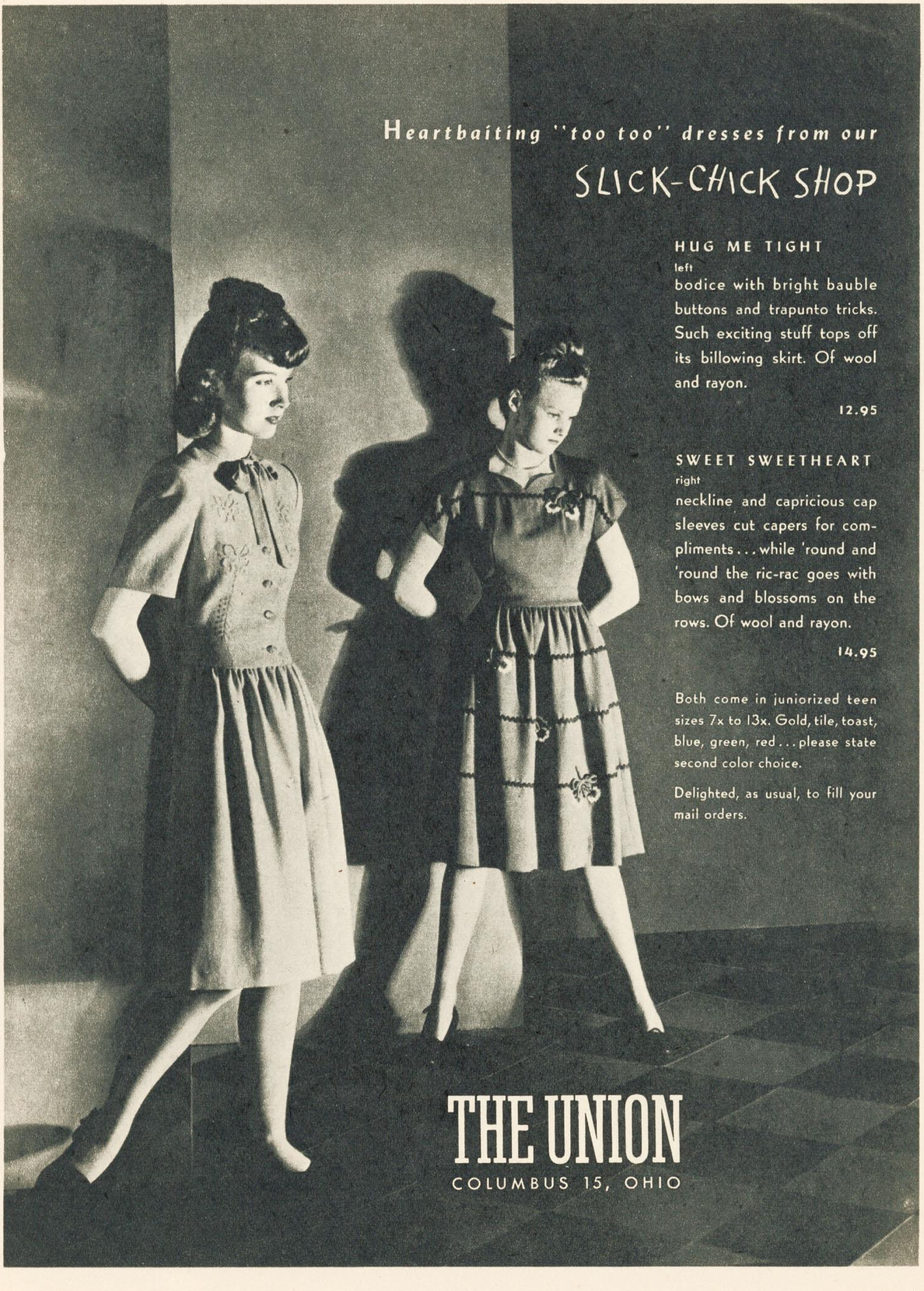
YOU have probably wondered sometimes whether there is any use in being careful about your health. Sickness seems to strike so blindly. Even the most conscientious girl can't always escape getting sick no matter how hard she tries.

But that isn't the point. A few hundred years ago, when people didn't know better, there were about sixty times as many cases of sickness as there are now. They suffered more. Yet even today some girls just trust in their luck and don't bother about anything. An intelligent girl, however, will try to learn as much as possible about personal hygiene.

Hygiene is the art of keeping diseases away. Some day, when hygiene has been perfected, most of us doctors will be unemployed. But believe it or not that doesn't worry us.

Hygiene is really very simple. There are many technical rules, but the most important rules can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are the Big Five of hygiene. Here they are: Eat right. Keep clean. Wear sensible clothes. Get exercise. Sleep *(Continued on page 48)*

Dr. Oliven, your advisor on body and soul, tells you why sleep is such a blessed thing . . . Stop counting sheep! Learn here the art of sleeping!



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left
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right
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THE UNION
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO

That licorice stick (Good)man, Benny, swings out on "It's Gotta Be This or That" for the benefit of ex-bandboy, "Popsie" Randolph, around whom Jack Oakie's role in "Sweet and Lowdown" was written . . .

"Oh, listen to my tale of woe!" laments Jimmy Savo, as he relates the sad story of "One Meatball" . . . The Andrews Sisters and Josh White are duly sorrowful over the situation . . .

The right combination! Hubby Dave Barbour and wifey Peggy Lee, who wrote, sang and played, "You Were Right, Baby", looking over their song . . .

Jam Session

By Pat Parks

Platter patter, downbeat data, and music matter styled by Pat in snappy chatter . . .

IT'S AMAZING the people you can meet in an evening at one of New York's better night spots. Last night I stopped into Café Society Uptown to say "hi" to Phil Moore, Jimmy Savo and balladeer Josh White.

No sooner had I stepped in the door than I ran right into the midriff of Paul Robeson, who is, without a doubt, one of the most massive men I have ever met. Paul smiled and excused himself for what was really my fault. It's fun to see Paul talk now that he's wearing his goatee for *Othello*. It wiggles!

Right behind Paul was John Hammond, Benny Goodman's brother-in-law and actually a foster father to this thing called swing. John is responsible for the organization of some of the country's leading dance bands. In fact, it was his financial and moral encouragement which brought about the opening of this very Café Society!

John whispered the rumor that Benny is dickering to buy the famous Log Cabin nightery in Armonk, New York.

Ran into Johnny Mercer, too, who was "vacationing" in (*Continued on page* 73)

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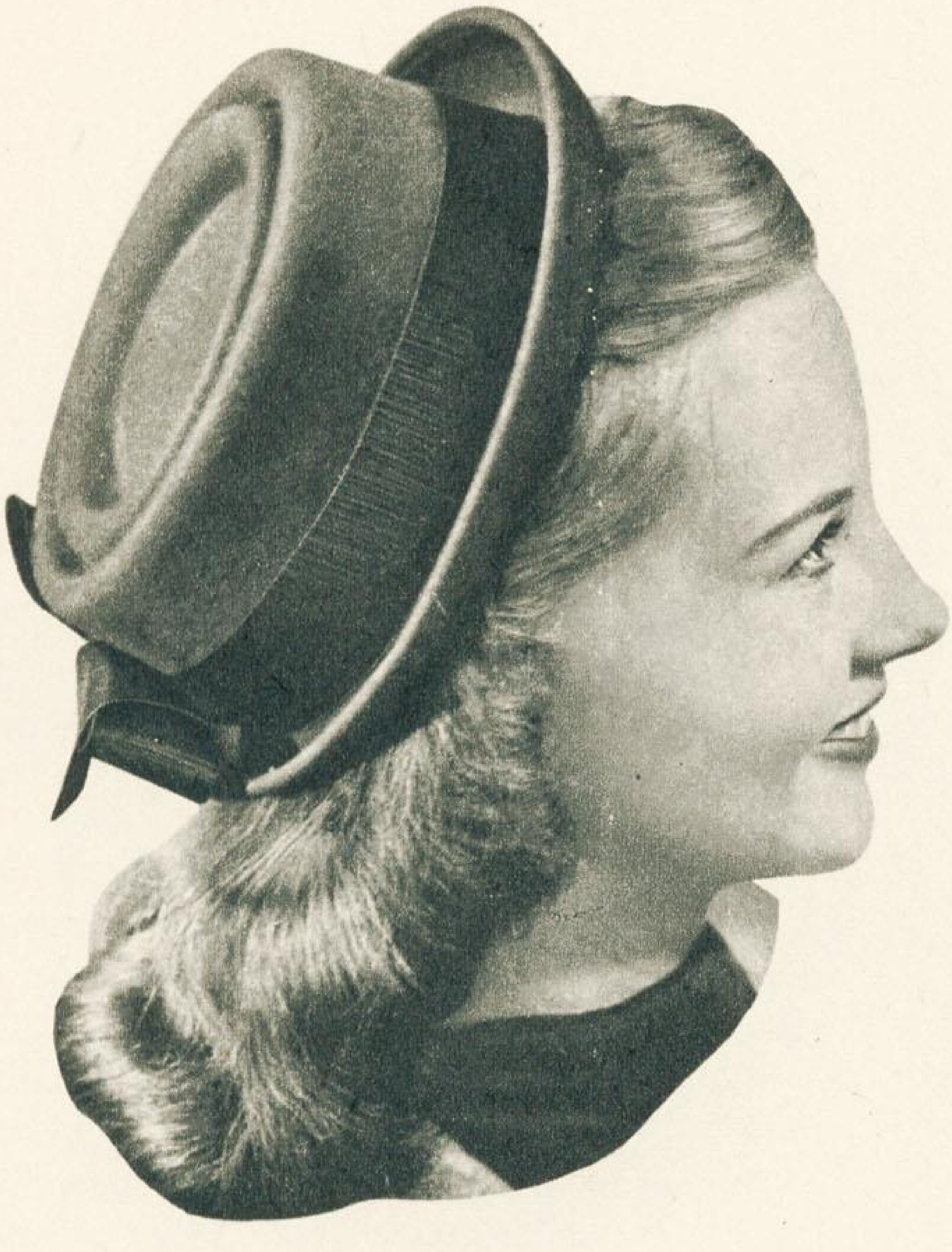

"HY"-HAT. See it in COLOR on the COVER. Perky felt roller, grosgrain trim. *BRIGHTON design.*

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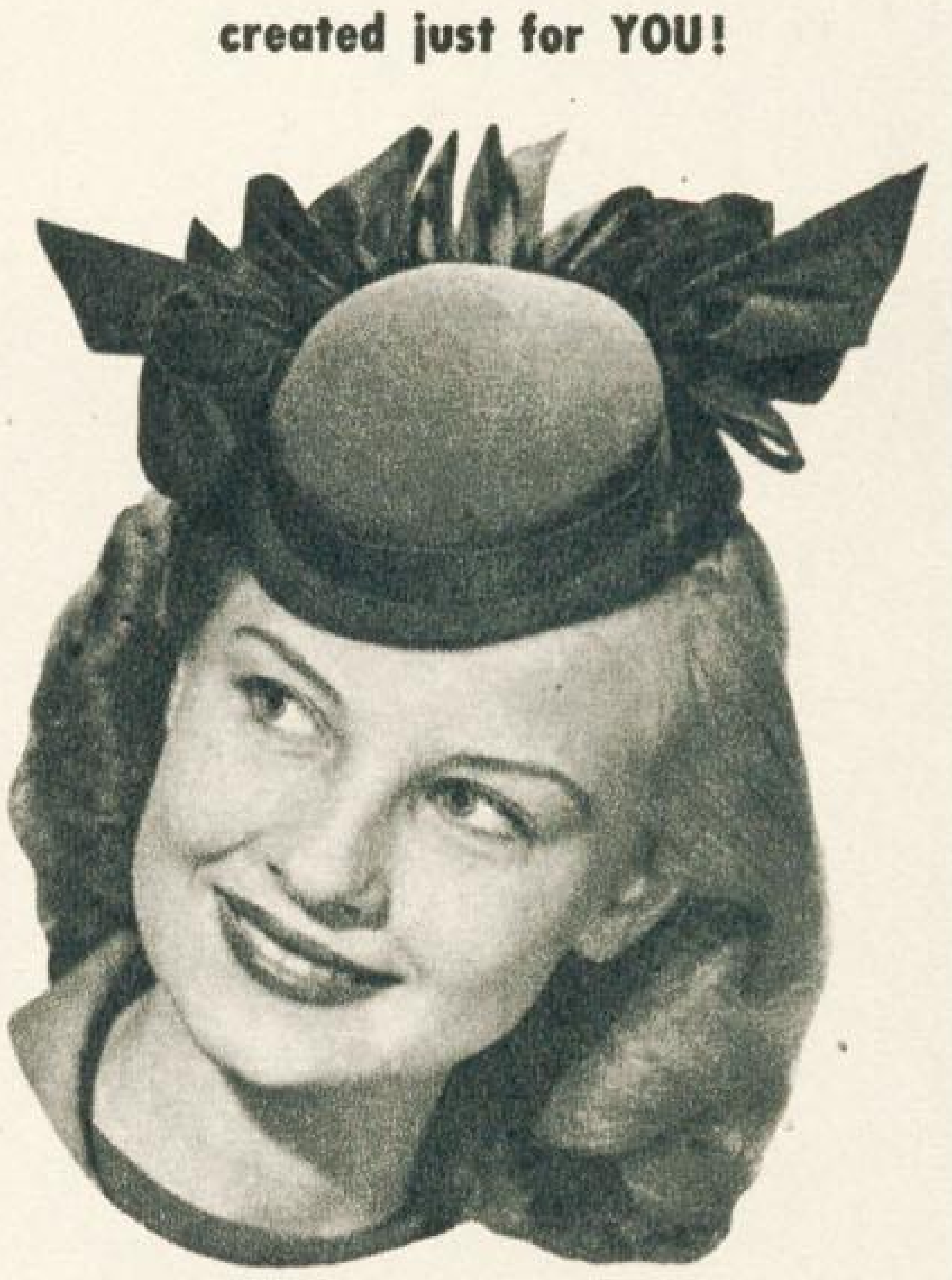

"DATE-MAKER." Felt eye-catcher with pert grosgrain bows. *PARK AVENUE JR. design.*

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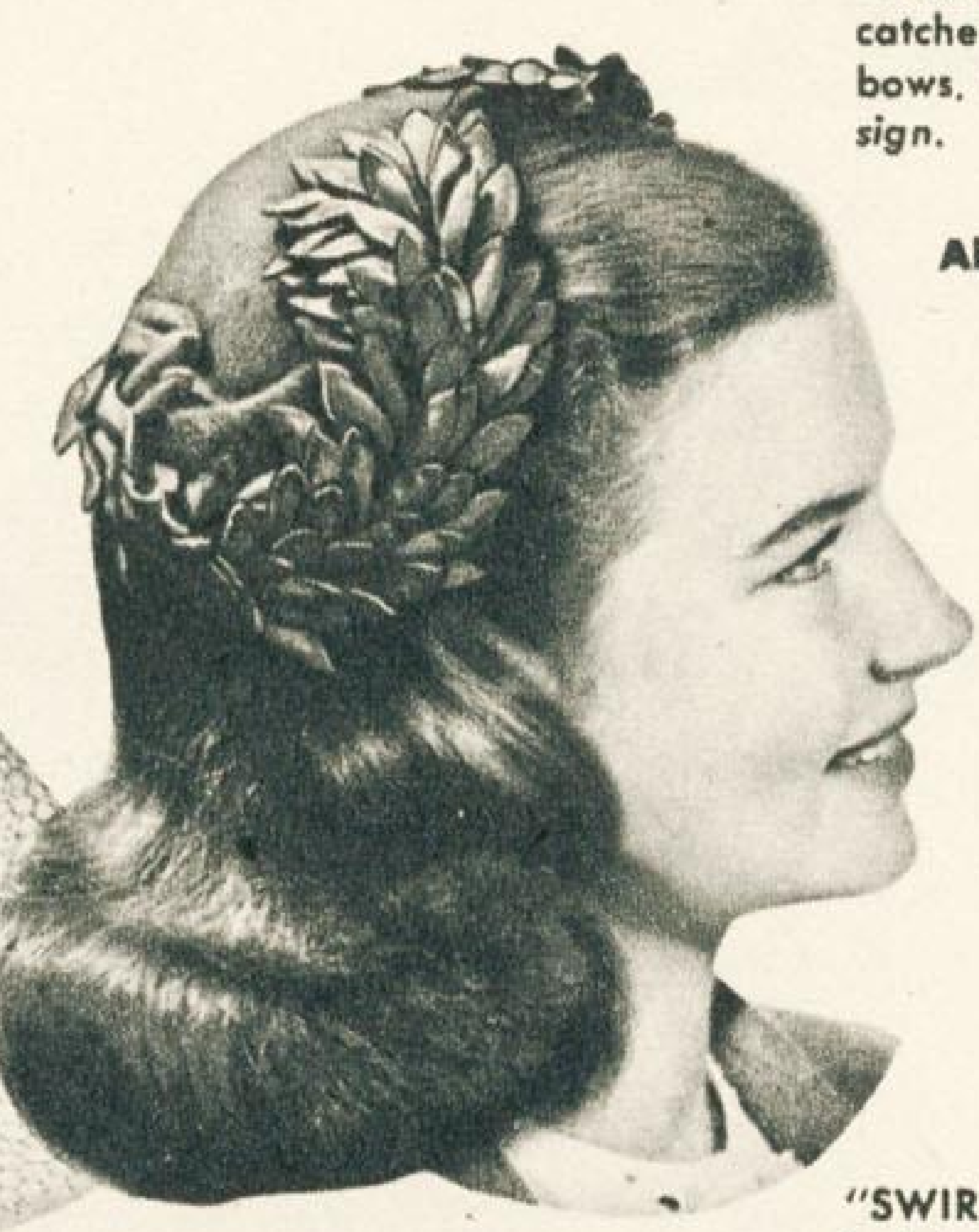

"SWIRL-GIRL." A wisp of a hat but smart as they come — intricate leaf design. *BRAEBURN design.*

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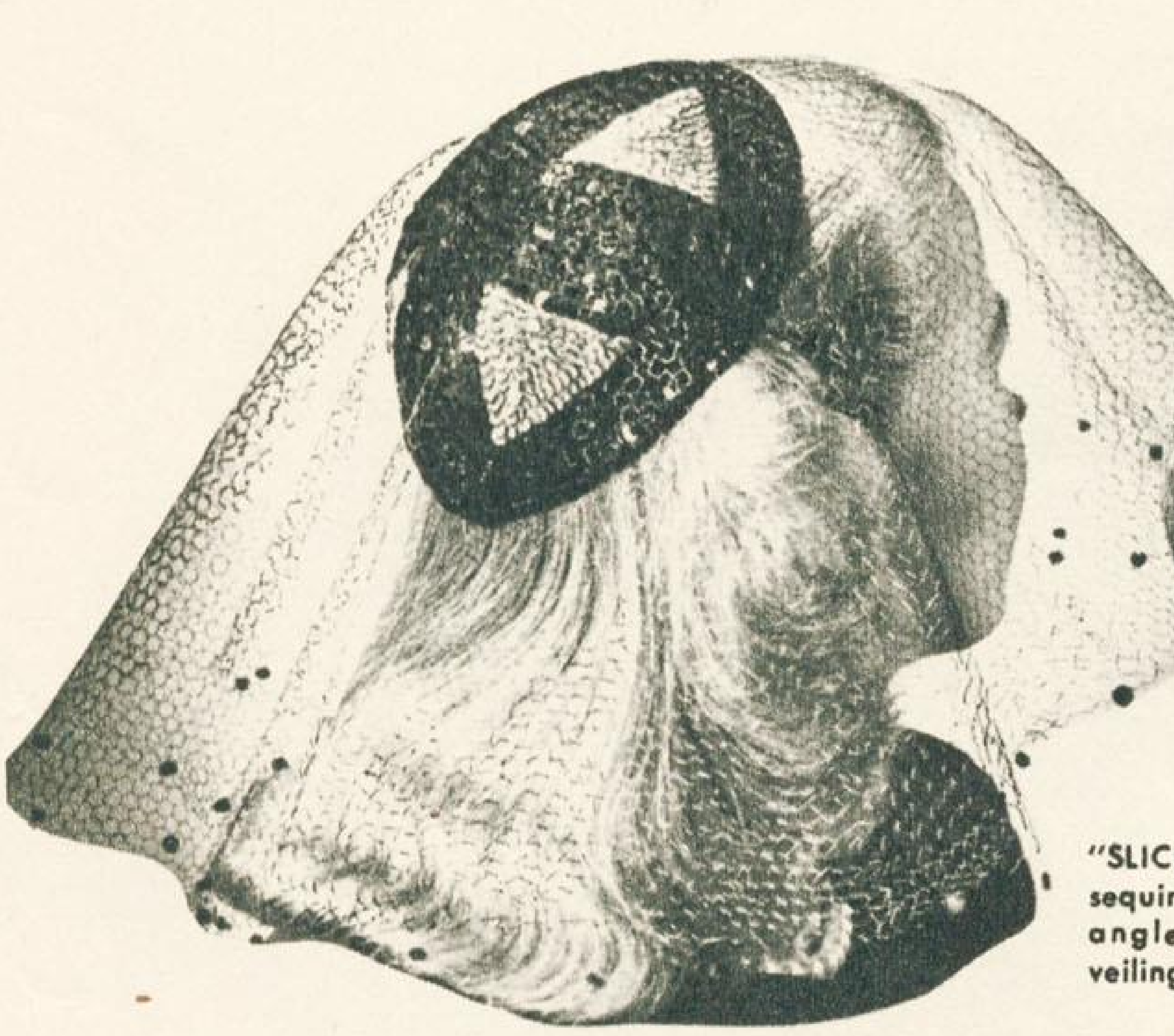

"SLICK-CHICK." Devastating sequin calot, contrasting triangle design, glamourous veiling. *FELD TEPPER design.*

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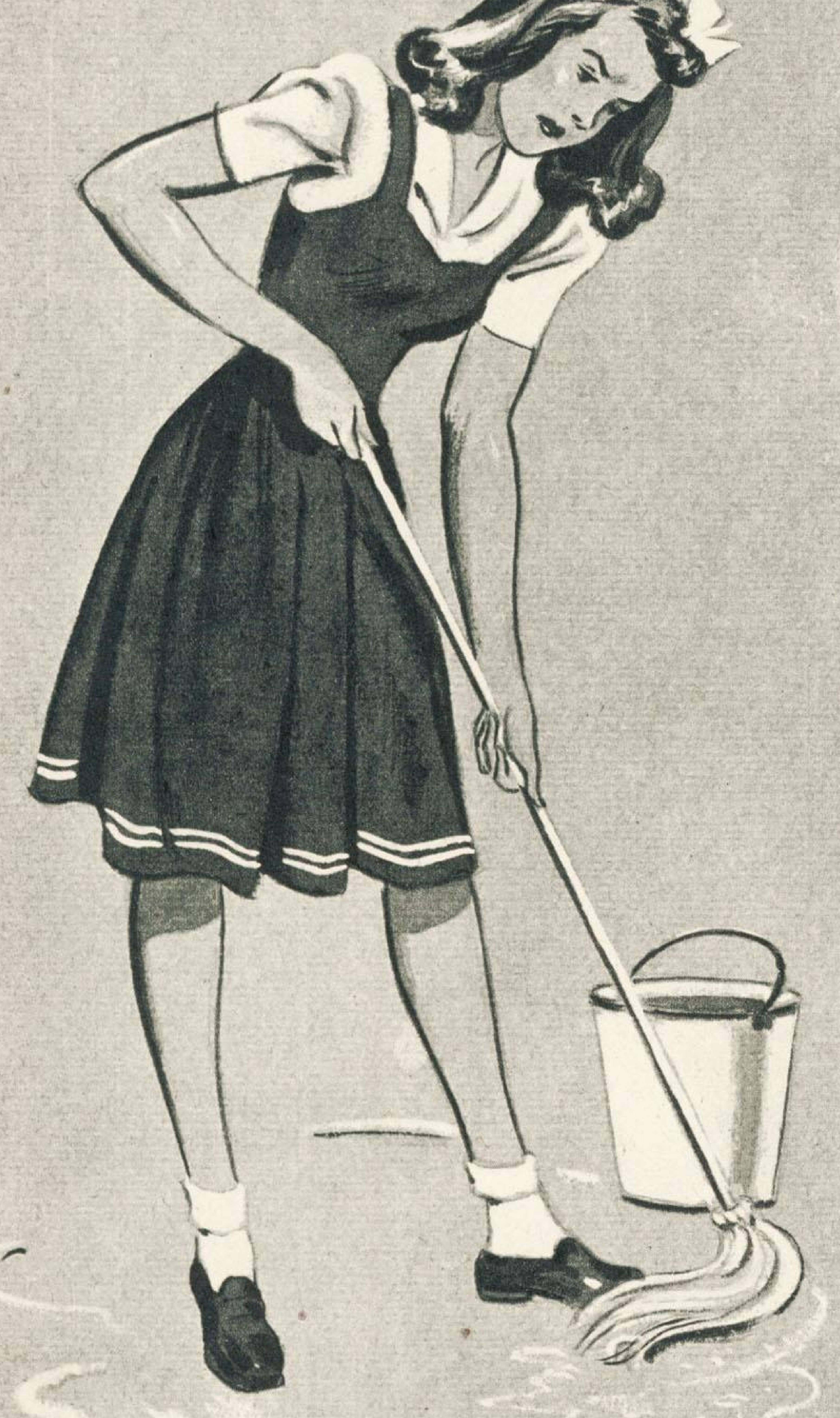


STEPHANIE'S *Ace of Hearts...*

Stephanie was determined to show Joey she didn't care if he went out with Ann . . . After all there was Captain Haines and—

by S. Kishor

"HEY, Stephanie, for Pete's sake, why are you always on the run? Can't you stop and say hello to a guy?"

Stephanie Wilson stopped short in her rush through the City High School hall, turned sharply around, throwing back her head to toss her light brown hair out of her eyes.

"Why, Joey! Where've you been all this time?"

"Where have *I* been? *I've* been spending my life trying to locate *you!*" Joey's broad, good-natured face had a half-angry, half-puzzled look. "What you trying to do—shake me?"

"Of course not. It's just that the canteen's getting Captain Haines to give his own silver bars to the City High girl who's done the most for the war this term—and we've only three weeks to go—so you see I haven't any time to waste. I work at the canteen every minute—"

Slim, dark-eyed Ann Macy, a senior and president of the Student Council, came up to them.

"Oh, I guess it's not too hard on you, Stephanie," sneered Ann, "dancing and stuff. I noticed you passed up a marine with his arm in a sling when Captain Haines asked you to dance."

"Now, see here, Ann," Joe protested, "Stephanie couldn't very well turn down the Captain. He's one of our top aces. Shot down thirty Zeros—maybe more!"

"Come along, Joe," said Ann sharply. "You promised to take down that box of ditty-bags to the Red Cross. We've got to put tapes in fifteen hundred of them! I wouldn't bother with Stephanie, any way, if I were you. She's just selfish."

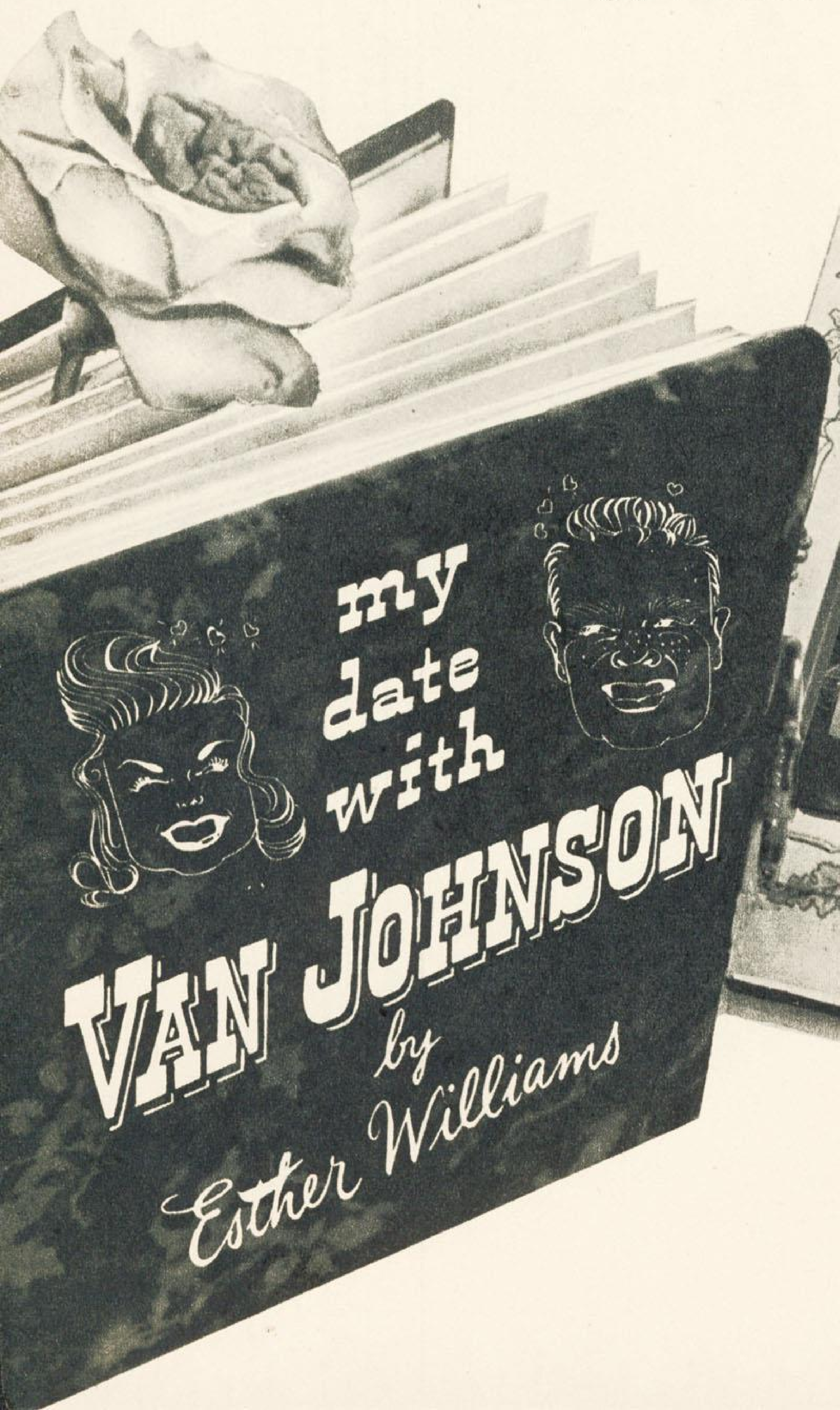
Joe walked quickly away with Ann. Stephanie's face flushed (*Continued on page* 69)

Joe walked quickly away with Ann. Stephanie's face flushed with anger and dismay. Why, she and Joey had been going together for three terms!

Illustrated by James Billmyer

my date with VAN JOHNSON

by Esther Williams


my date with VAN JOHNSON by Esther Williams

Esther Williams is here to give you a "between us girls" account of the fun she had on everybody's dream date, a fun-filled evening with Van (the Man) Johnson . . .

VAN was looking at me with great interest, because I was looking straight into his eyes, and I was asking, "Will you marry me?"

The director said, "Cut," and Van said, "The circus is in town. How would you like to go tonight?"

"That sounds like great fun," I replied.

"What about dinner? Do I have to feed you too?" Van grinned.

"Naturally," I said. So it was a date.

Due to gas rationing, for I live in the Pacific Palisades, and Van lives out in Bel Air, we decided to meet at Dave Chasen's.

It was just my luck that I had a swimming shot the last thing that afternoon, which necessitated a shampoo and an hour under the hair dryer at the studio after six o'clock. And my date with Van was for seven.

I wore my hair in a long page-boy bob, and I selected a light woolen suit with a gray skirt and a pink jacket and a large plaid bow tie. In fact the tie was a piece I had cut off my bedroom curtains, because the plaid blends well with the suit!

I walked into Chasen's one hour late. Van was sitting with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, who'd been kidding him about being the most sensational guy

(*Continued on page* 66)

1

1 Here's Van in full uniform—and Esther in her personal uniform, a bathing suit—as they appear in "Early to Wed."

2

2 In glorious Yosemite park Van and Esther take a quick canter. Looks like fun, doesn't it? And how could it fail to be?

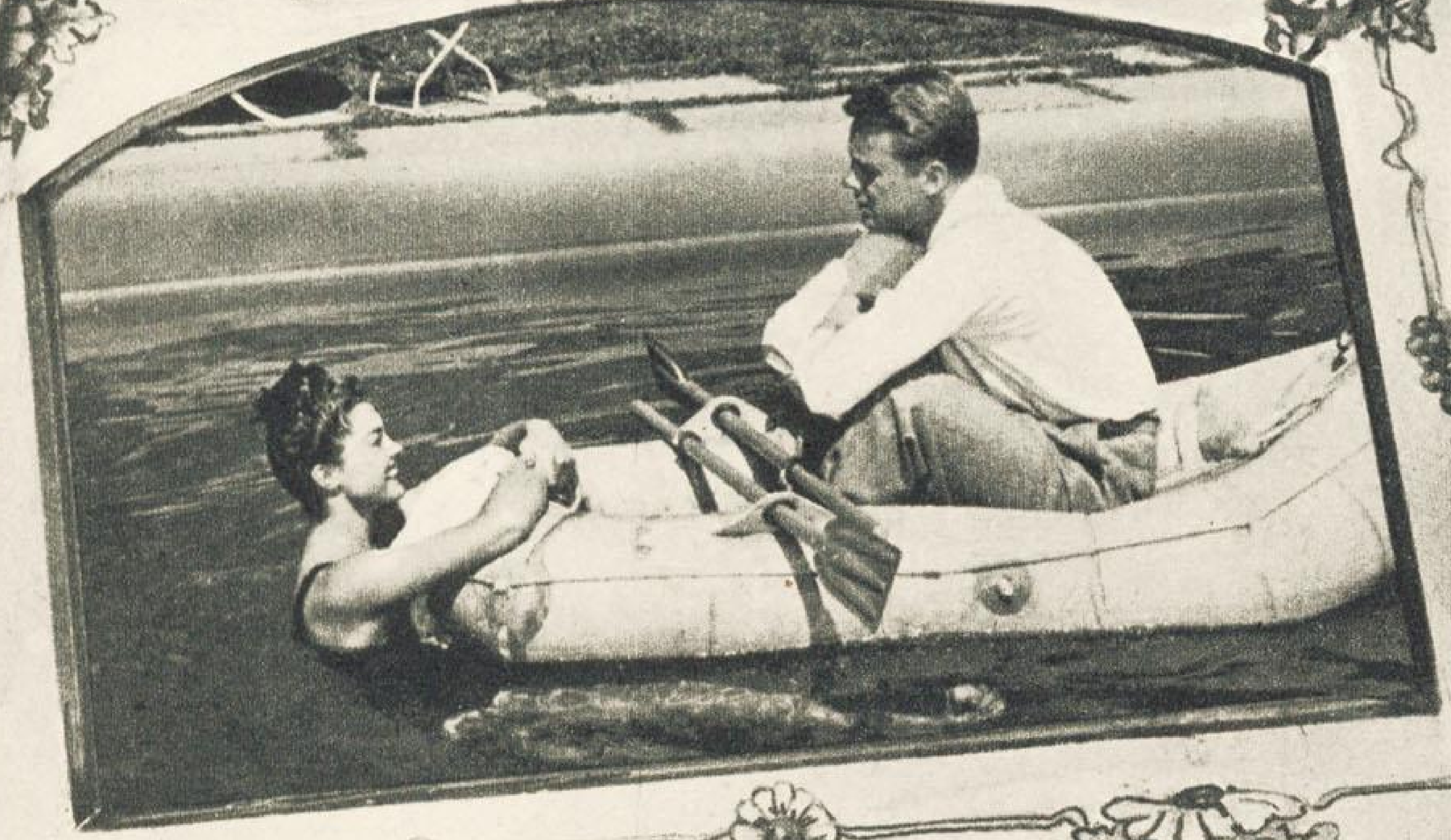
3

3 Ah, what a handsome couple! Carlos Rameriz serenades Esther and Van in a romantic scene from "Early to Wed."

4

4 Here's how Van and Esther look while actually working on the set. Should be a pleasure to work with either, yes?

5



5 Real relaxation in a Yosemite swimming pool. Esther is at home in the water, of course, and Van has "a place in the sun."

6

6 Our beautiful hero and heroine are facing in opposite directions but there doesn't seem to be any cause for worry.

BRUSH UP NOTES

For harum-scarum heads . . .

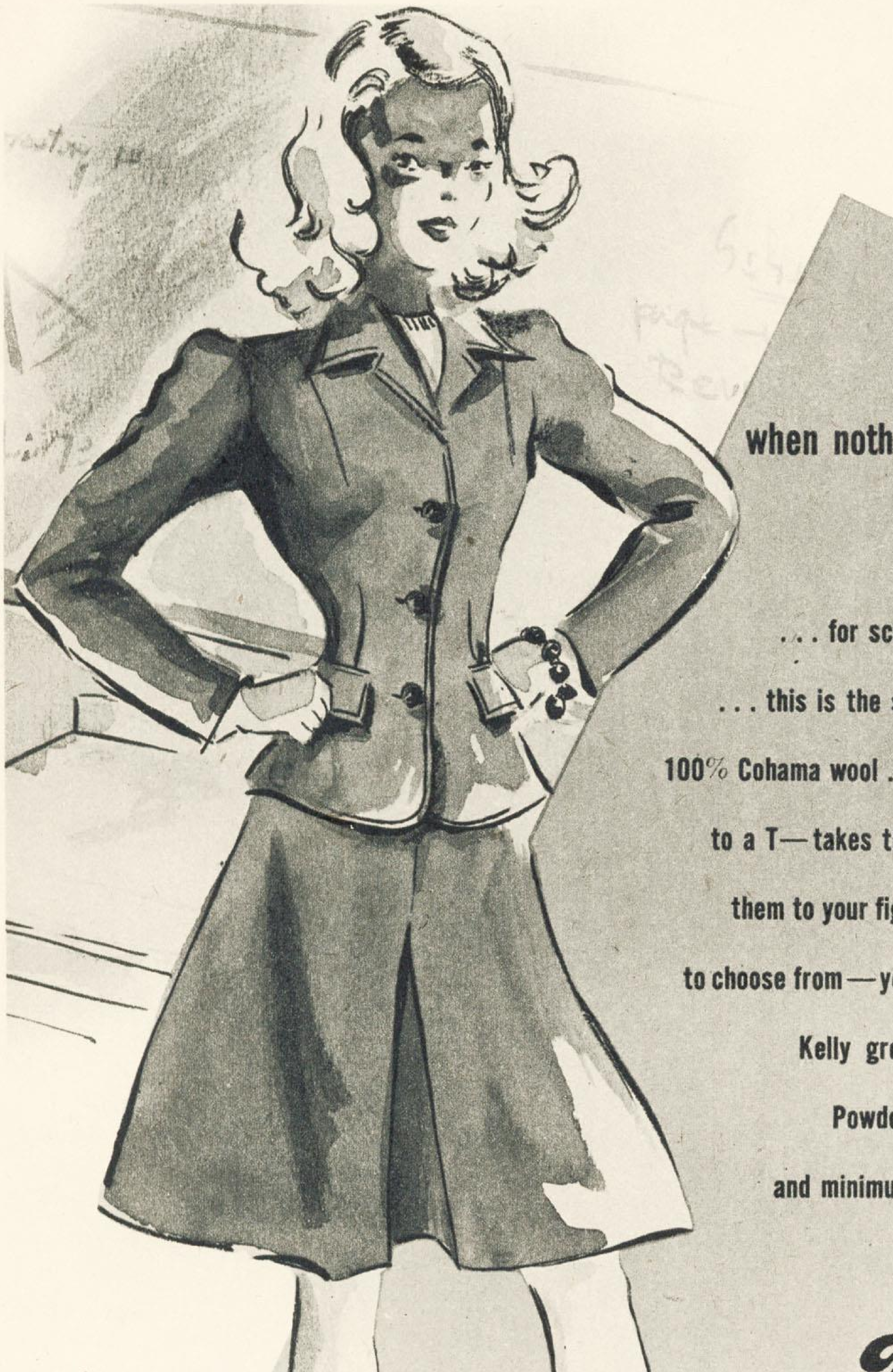
By Nancy Lake

ONE of a girl's prettiest assets is her hair—woman's crowning glory, you know. To keep it lovely requires care, just as nails and teeth do. And, therefore, a daily duty for every teen top should be a brushing. It's so important to the health and appearance of your hair.

Miss Leta Harrison, New York hair designer, who gave us those wonderful hair-do ideas a short time ago now gives us some excellent tips on home care of the hair. Always, she advises, brush upwards and outwards to the ends of your tresses. Divide the hair into four sections, and completely brush one section at a time.

Shampooing has a special routine, too. It goes like this. Faithfully brush your hair before you start your shampoo, to remove dust and loose dandruff. Thoroughly wet the entire head before applying your shampoo. Use a liquid, not a bar of soap. And be sure to *spread the shampoo evenly all over your scalp.* Massage your scalp as the soap gets all snowy and lathery, being careful not to scratch your scalp. A good lathering, a good rubbing, a good rinse—is the shampoo routine. And be certain every bit of soap has been rinsed away.

Partially dry your hair with a towel before putting it up in pin curls. If you are a nightly hair-putter-upper, then do it dry, for constantly putting hair up wet tends to rot the hair. And, you know, your comb and brush like a (*Continued on page* 49)

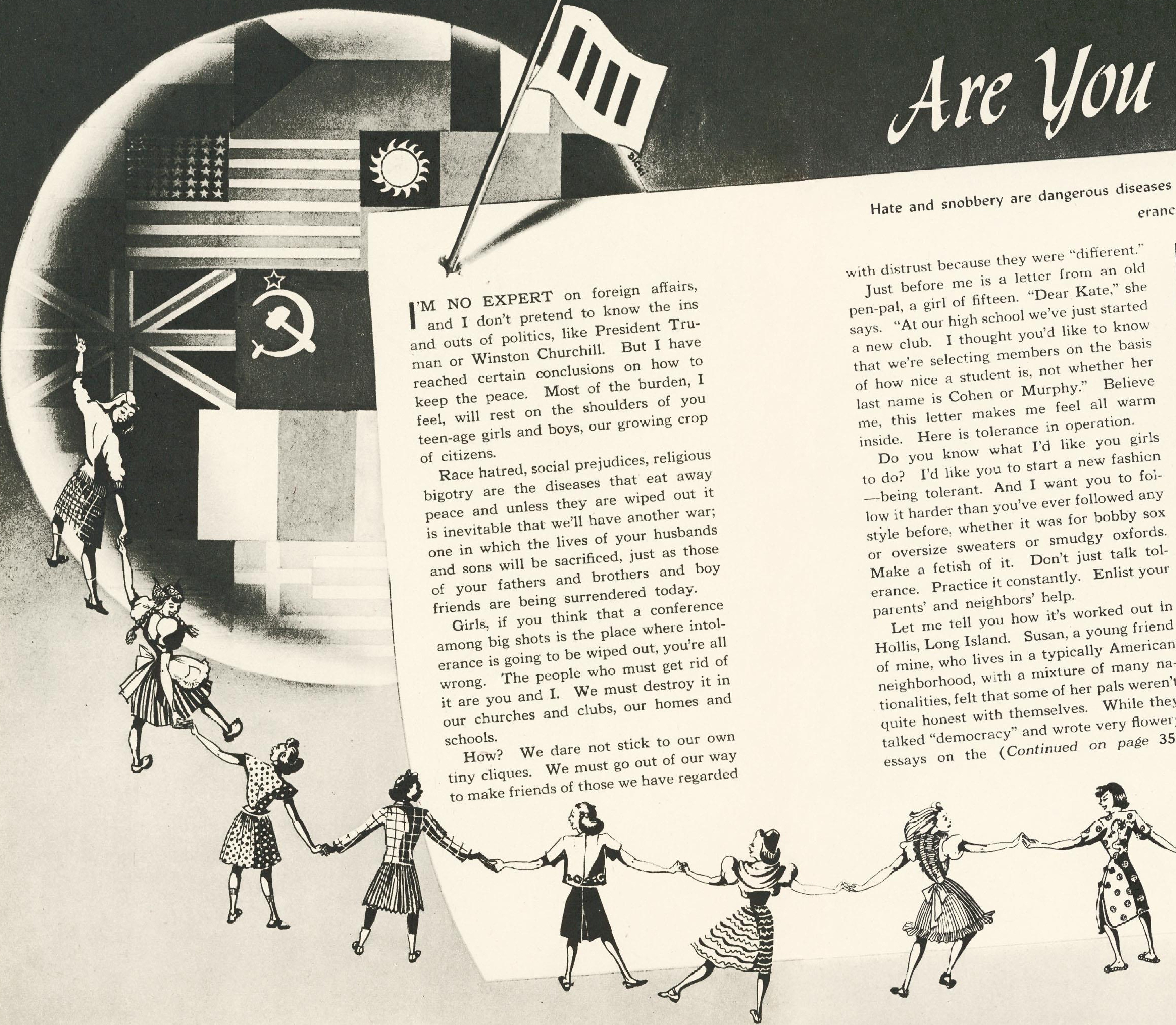


when nothing suits you but a suit...

... for school ... for dates ... for dress-up ... this is the suit that'll suit you most! It's pure 100% Cohama wool ... the luscious fabric that tailors to a T—takes those good classic lines and moulds them to your figure ... and with 5 wonderful colors to choose from—you'll be the best-suited girl in town! Kelly green; Slick Grey; American Beauty; Powder Blue; Mint Green. Sizes 10 to 16 and minimum-priced at better stores catering to the tailored side of your life.

Belle Frocks
INC.
520 Eighth Avenue, New York

The Treasured Fabric
COHAMA
WOOLEN
100% WOOL
COHN-HALL-MARX CO.



Are You a Hater?

Hate and snobbery are dangerous diseases . . . Kate Smith tells you how to make tolerance work for a better world—your world . . .

I'M NO EXPERT on foreign affairs, and I don't pretend to know the ins and outs of politics, like President Truman or Winston Churchill. But I have reached certain conclusions on how to keep the peace. Most of the burden, I feel, will rest on the shoulders of you teen-age girls and boys, our growing crop of citizens.

Race hatred, social prejudices, religious bigotry are the diseases that eat away peace and unless they are wiped out it is inevitable that we'll have another war; one in which the lives of your husbands and sons will be sacrificed, just as those of your fathers and brothers and boy friends are being surrendered today.

Girls, if you think that a conference among big shots is the place where intolerance is going to be wiped out, you're all wrong. The people who must get rid of it are you and I. We must destroy it in our churches and clubs, our homes and schools.

How? We dare not stick to our own tiny cliques. We must go out of our way to make friends of those we have regarded with distrust because they were "different."

Just before me is a letter from an old pen-pal, a girl of fifteen. "Dear Kate," she says. "At our high school we've just started a new club. I thought you'd like to know that we're selecting members on the basis of how nice a student is, not whether her last name is Cohen or Murphy." Believe me, this letter makes me feel all warm inside. Here is tolerance in operation.

Do you know what I'd like you girls to do? I'd like you to start a new fashion—being tolerant. And I want you to follow it harder than you've ever followed any style before, whether it was for bobby sox or oversize sweaters or smudgy oxfords. Make a fetish of it. Don't just talk tolerance. Practice it constantly. Enlist your parents' and neighbors' help.

Let me tell you how it's worked out in Hollis, Long Island. Susan, a young friend of mine, who lives in a typically American neighborhood, with a mixture of many nationalities, felt that some of her pals weren't quite honest with themselves. While they talked "democracy" and wrote very flowery essays on the

(*Continued on page 35*)

Golden-voiced Kate Smith expresses her views on a subject vital to every teen-ager in this highly stimulating article . . .

by Kate Smith

HALLOWE'EN HAUNTIN' PARTY

Black magic 'n' scary stuff . . . So, hop a broomstick this Hallowe'en and fly right over to the spookiest party you've ever seen . . .

by Ruth Baller

How'd you like to entertain some ghosts on Hallowe'en, October 31st? Either in the graveyard, or if you prefer, at home. At home the moaning 'n' the groaning, the screaming 'n' the screeching seem a bit more cheerful, don't you think? In the graveyard, everyone's dead anyway. And how about having (g)Hosts invite your guests?

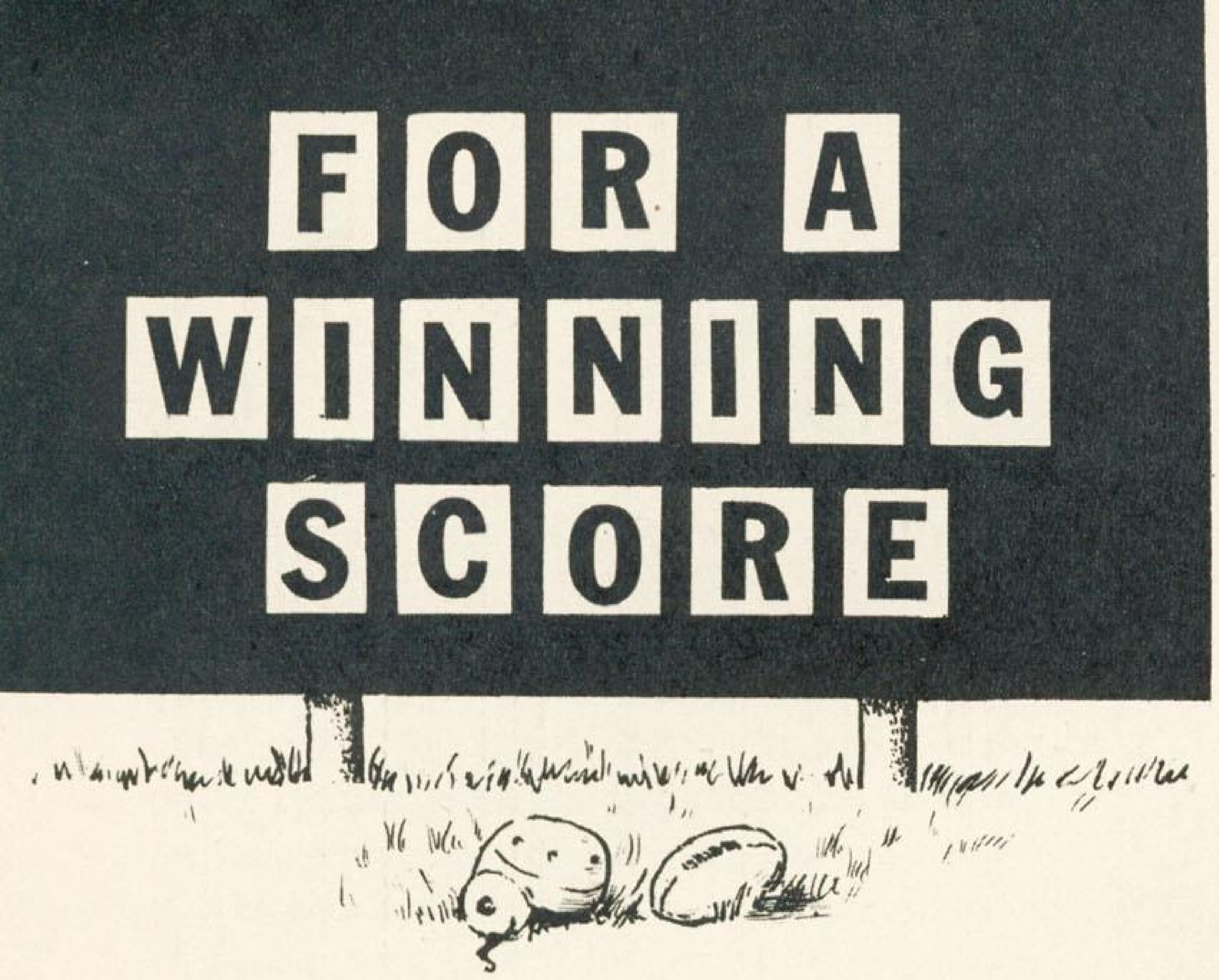
It can be done by cutting out invitations in the form of a (g)Host with beckoning fingers. Use white paper. I'm sure no one could refuse this enticing invitation:

"The ghosts invite you on Hallowe'en
To the spookiest party ever seen,
Only ghosts are admitted, so remember well
Come prepared your ghost stories to tell."
Time.................... Place.................... (g)Host.

The entire party area should be lit only by candlelight—and very little of that. Ask your ghosts to come dressed in old sheets 'n' pillow cases (for head covering) and wear white masks. Appoint the ghostliest ghost as your super special spook to be your assistant (g)Host, and as each ghost is met at the door, she should be greeted by shaking not **YOUR** hand, but an extended stuffed rubber glove wet with ice water (or a chamois glove will do, too, because when wet it's nice 'n' slimy, so is a wet kid glove; in fact, any cold wet glove will do—wait 'n' see!) As your guest enters into a rather dark hall, someone whispers "Worms!" and at the same time thrusts cooked spaghetti into her hand.

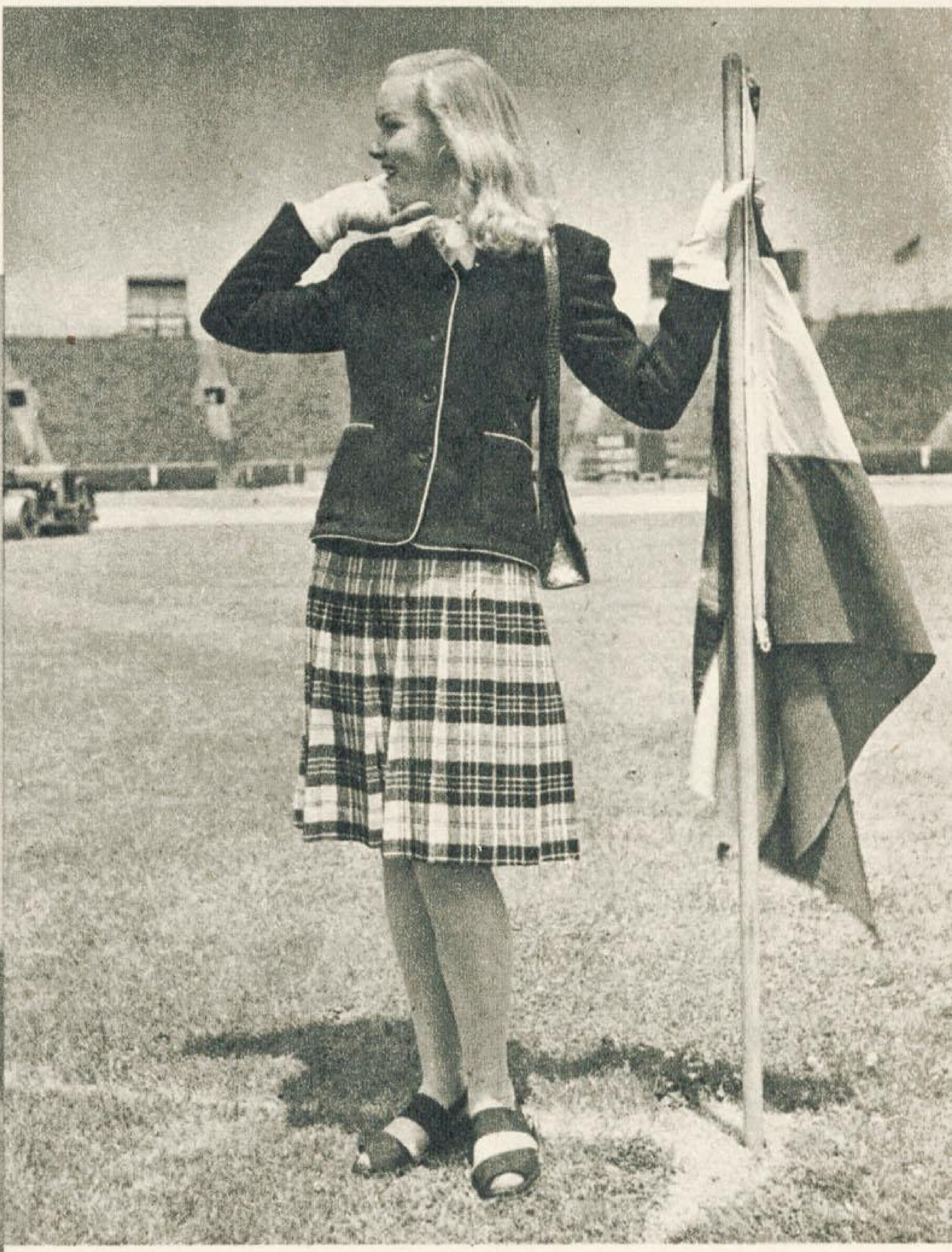
After each guest, I mean (g)Host, has been cordially welcomed, coax her to a corner of the room where a number of objects have been placed, such as an opened stepladder, brooms, mop sticks, chair, etc., set up in zigzag fashion. Tell the victim to thoroughly examine the labyrinth. Then advise her that she must walk through it, blindfolded, and that for each object she touches in passing, she must pay a forfeit, **AND** for each article she knocks down she must pay a fine. Then cover her eyes, very quietly **REMOVE** all the obstruction, and watch her try to pass without touching the things not there! Some fun, eh?

(*Continued on page* 63)

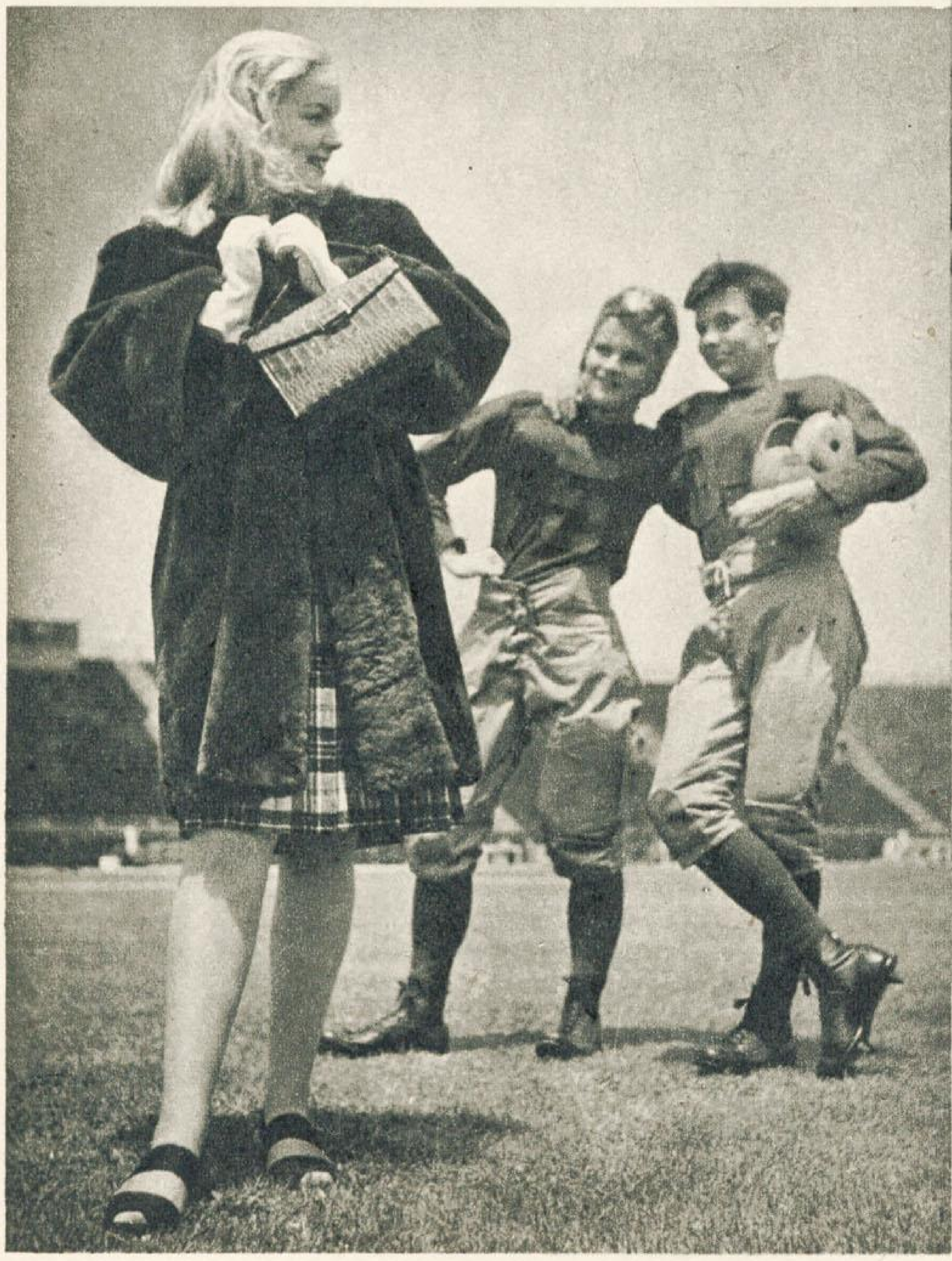


FOR A WINNING SCORE

"HE" carries the ball to a touchdown! And you're a winner too, in clothes that express the high spirits of America's own fall sport, football!

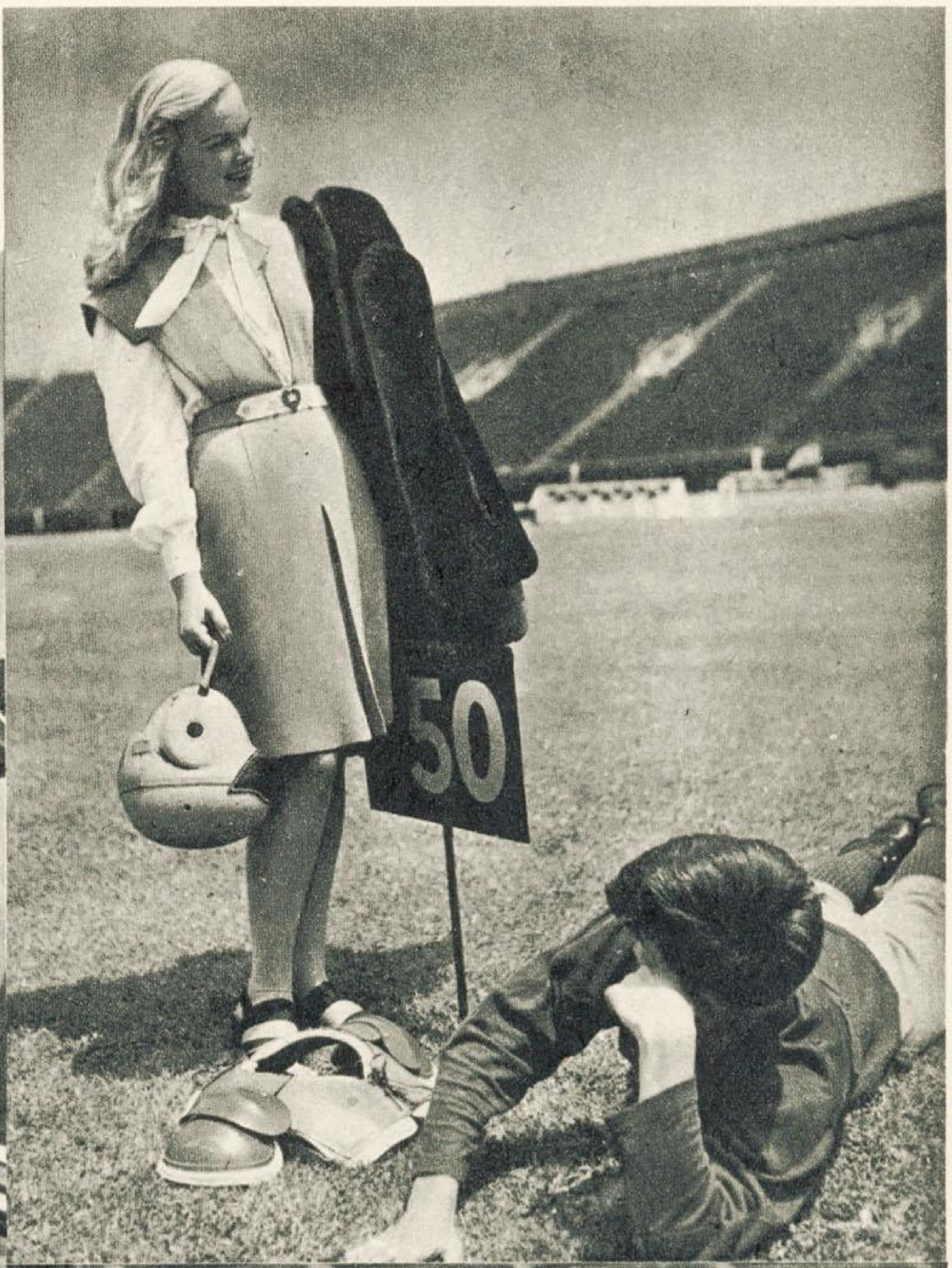


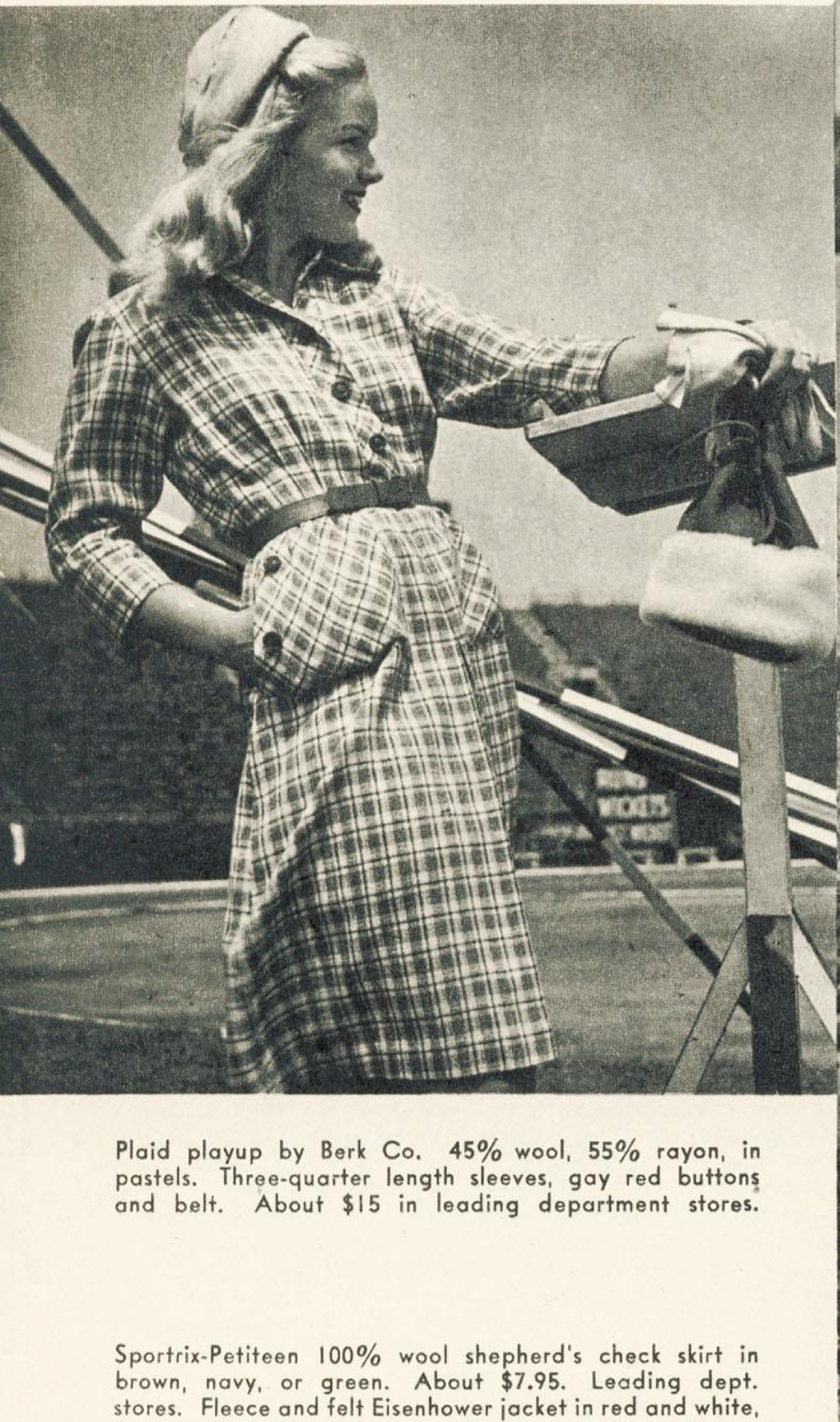
A sporting gesture in 100% wool MacPherson plaid pleated skirt by Cerey and a 100% Shetland wool blazer in red, green, or navy. Both by Belle Frocks. Skirt about $9. Blazer about $14., at Franklin Simon, N.Y.



"Her First Fur Coat"! This warm and winsome Mouton lamb by I. J. Fox has balloon sleeves, and suave tuxedo front in the new three-quarter length manner. $149 plus taxes at I. J. Fox, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Barbelle Sportswear's 100% wool jersey jumper with front and back kick-pleat and white wool scallop trim. About $9. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. White rayon, long-sleeved Continental Blouse. At leading dept. stores.

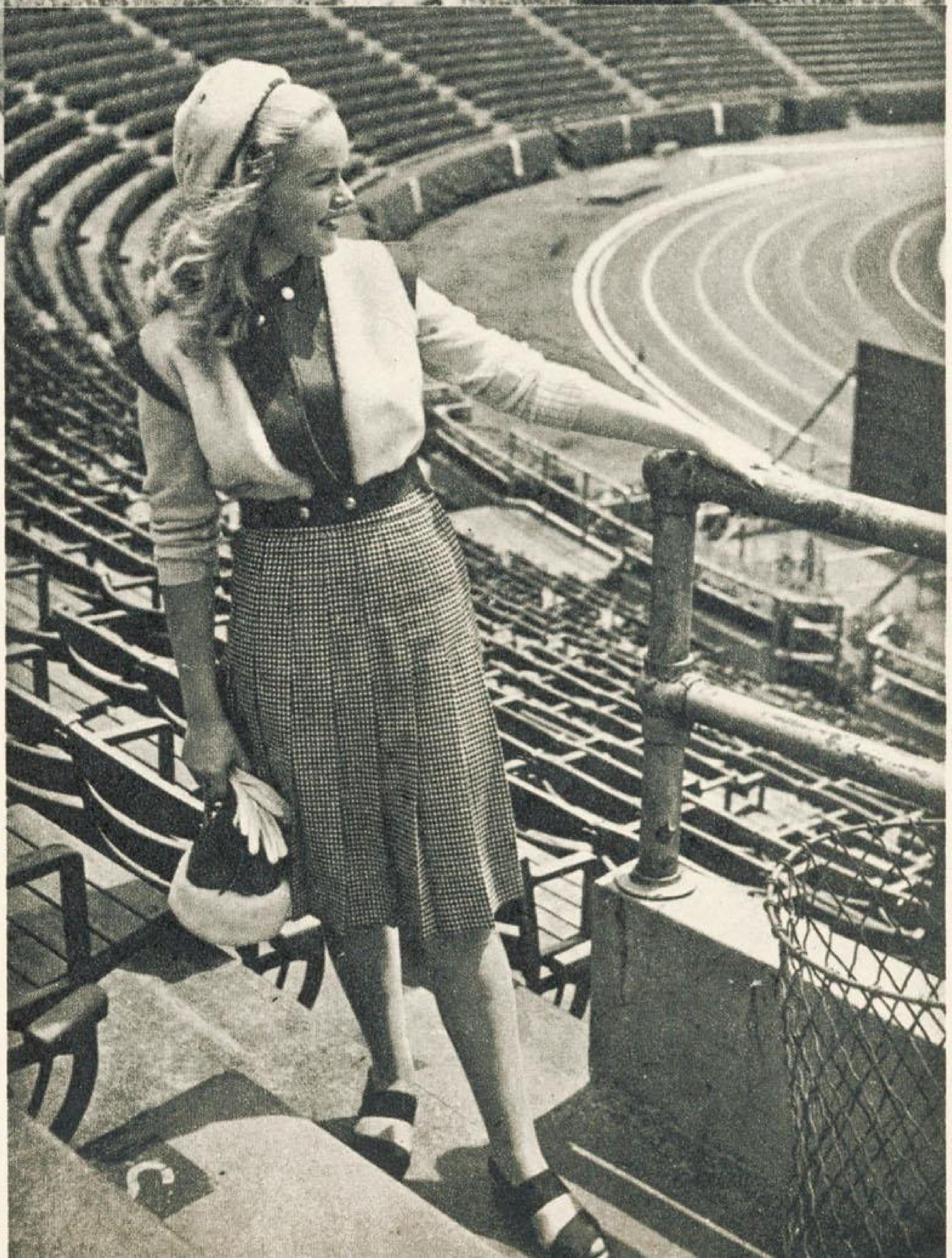




Plaid playup by Berk Co. 45% wool, 55% rayon, in pastels. Three-quarter length sleeves, gay red buttons and belt. About $15 in leading department stores.

Sportrix-Petiteen 100% wool shepherd's check skirt in brown, navy, or green. About $7.95. Leading dept. stores. Fleece and felt Eisenhower jacket in red and white, fawn and brown, brown and green, by Peppy Miss, about $5. Matching hat and bag, $3.98. McCreery, N. Y.

Bags by Pyramid Leather. Shoulderstrap in alligator grain, jewel-tone nailheads. $3.95. Box bag in alligator grain, short handle, $5. Department stores.
★ All fashions shown are in young sizes 10-16.



Miss America Speaks...

Helen Rotvold
Great Falls, Mont.

Beatrice McGarry
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Audrey Mercer
Utica, N. Y.

Eleanor Marcus
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marianne Lachridge
Oakland, Calif.

Mary Ellen Osborn
Houston, Texas

This is *your* special corner of *your* magazine, girls—the place where you can exchange your wonderful ideas every month. And MISS AMERICA Magazine will send you $1 for each letter published . . .

WE HAVE a very nice letter from Joyce Morgan, of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and we want to tell Joyce right here that we certainly do include all Canadian girls in our MISS AMERICA Magazine:

"Maybe I'm trodding on forbidden ground by writing you, for I'm a Canadian and I don't know if you mean 'Miss America' for 'Miss Canada' as well. However, I simply had to write and compliment you on your wonderful magazine. We Canadian girls are so very closely knit with America—as could be seen when Mr. Roosevelt died, Canada felt it terribly. So, naturally, being all girls, we all go for the same line of reading material. To find it all tucked into one magazine is simply wonderful. Fashion, stories, comics and all the other things that we teen-agers *love*. Congratulations, and heaps of success with your and my magazine!"

Helen Rotvold, of Great Falls, Montana, adds to our necklace collection with this clever suggestion:

"All you need is some ribbon—any color—and some artificial fingernails (which can be bought in any dime store); paint them with nail polish or not, as you please, and string them on the ribbon. They look super, particularly when worn with a sweater."

And Mary Ellen Osborn of Houston, Texas, embodies heaps of tricky possibilities all in one suggestion:

"Take an old felt hat and cut it into shapes of butterflies, hearts, crescents, etc., etc. Next, sew rows 'n' rows of sequins (large quantities of which can be purchased for a comparatively small sum) on the pieces of felt. These ornaments may be worn on suits, dresses, attached to dime store combs for your hair, or may be sewn on a velvet ribbon in threes or fours for an evening headband."

A very fine idea that will save us all some money comes from Barbara Rogers, of Trenton, New Jersey:

"If you have lipsticks worn down to the point where they cannot be used any longer, take out the balance left in the tubes, melt them all together on the stove, reshape the lot and fit it back into one of the tubes and you have a perfectly new lipstick."

For all you girls who wear glasses and would love to have different ones to go with each dress, Carol LeVarn, Richmond, Vermont, has the solution:

"I have found that it is just too expensive for the average girl to have glasses with varied colored rims to go with different costumes, so I got the idea of coating the rims of my one pair of neutral-colored glasses with different shades of nail polish to match all my outfits. As soon as you are finished with one color, just remove it with polish remover." I think this is a honey of a suggestion, Carol, and I know lots of girls will profit by your cleverness.

Harriet Tuttle, Marlow, Georgia, sends in this nifty idea:

"If your mother has no place to keep a broom except to stand it up behind a closet door, tell her this one: take two large spools from which the thread has been used, nail them about two inches apart on the wall, then hang up your broom and it's out of the way. If you want a bright touch, paint the spools a lovely color and—presto! It's pretty, too!"

And here's a suggestion for your crowning glory. Arlene Miller, of Brooklyn, New York, writes:

"My tip is for the girls who, because (*Continued on page 65*)

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

September 30, 1945
Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann—

Sometimes I think life is just a conspiracy of confusion, don't you?

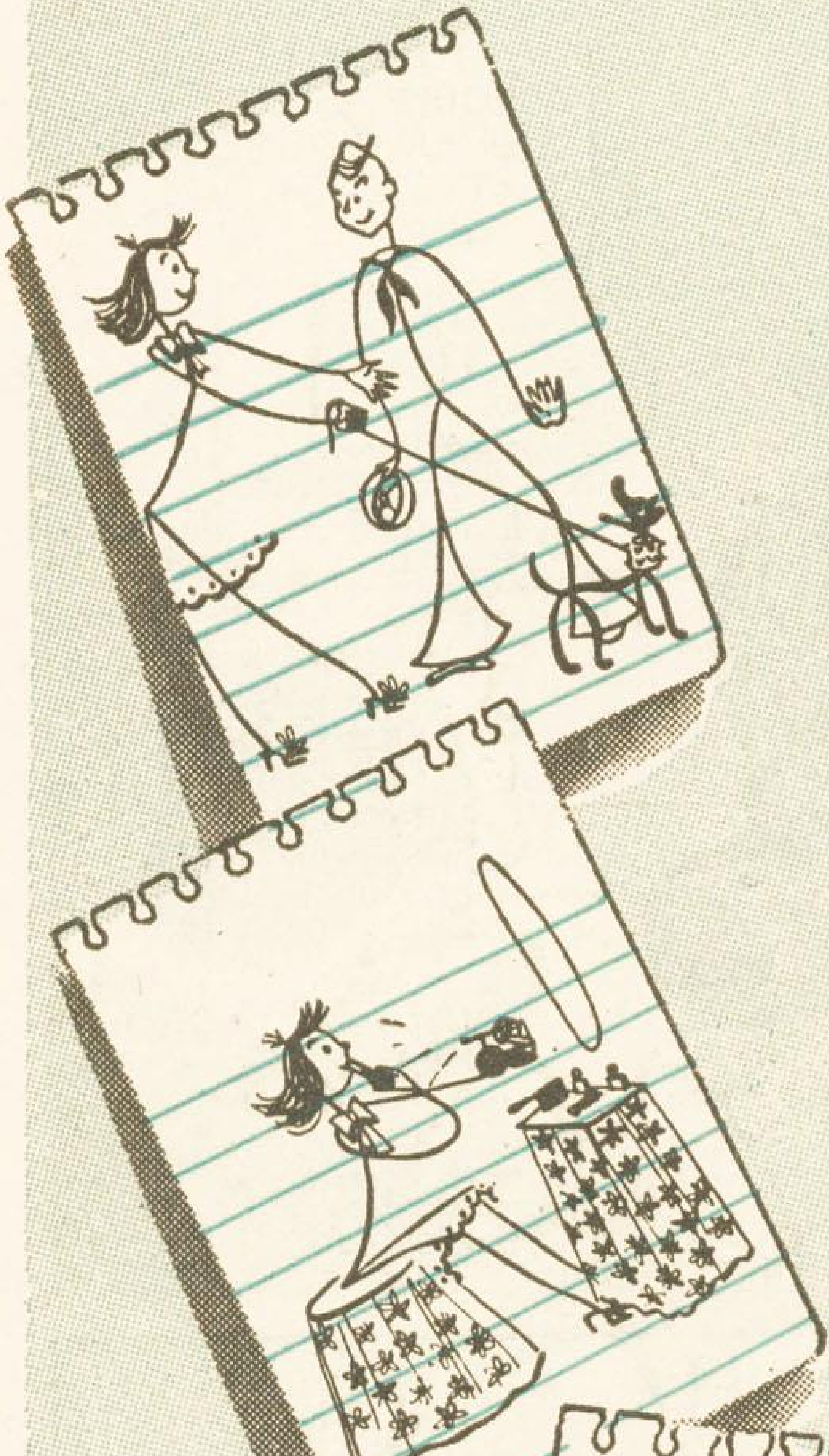
I am always making such beautiful plans, and what happens--everything but what I have planned.

And I try to be so thoughtful, and helpful and altruistic, in everything I do. (Don't you just love "altruistic", Betts? It sounds so elegant and sophisticated and everything.)

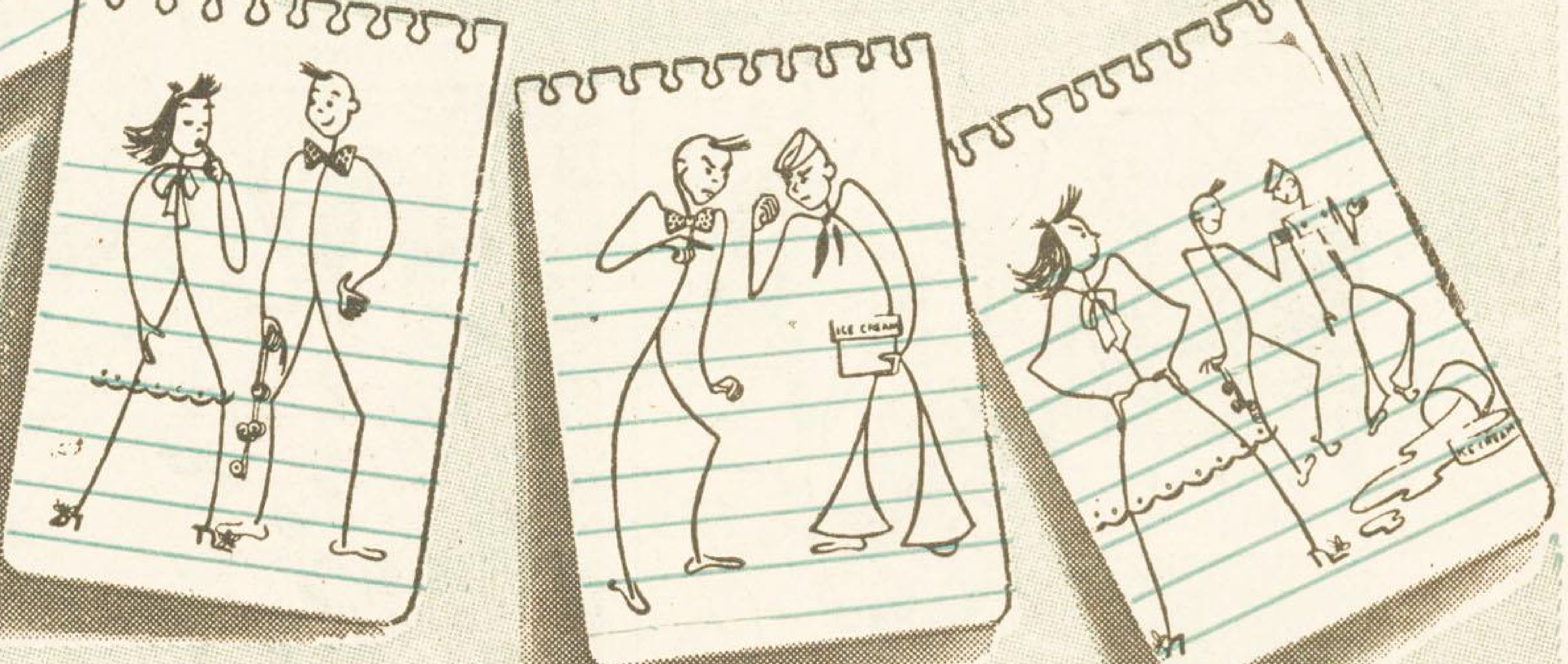
As you know, Rusty is the most prominent boy at Hollywood High. All of the girls are drooling over him, until, really Betts, it is slightly disgusting. But Rusty's been my exclusive property even though he is never romantic. Truly, he doesn't realize how lucky he is to have a girl like me, who's more than just a frizz-cap with a sense of jive.

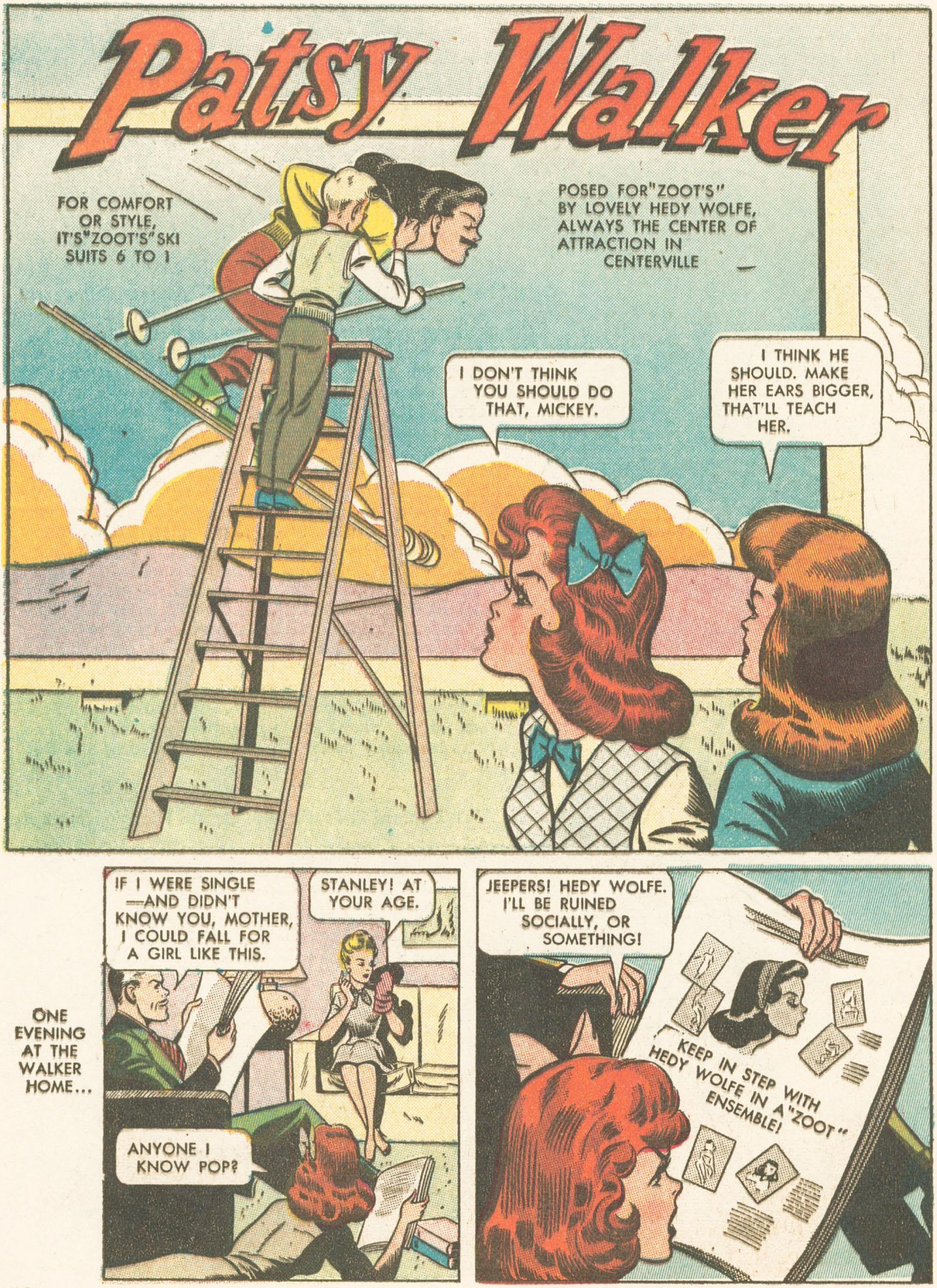
While I'm hep and everything--well, I'm intelligent and intellectual and refined. I sometimes think that if Rusty could just realize how lucky he is to have a girl of my type so interested in him, he'd appreciate me more.

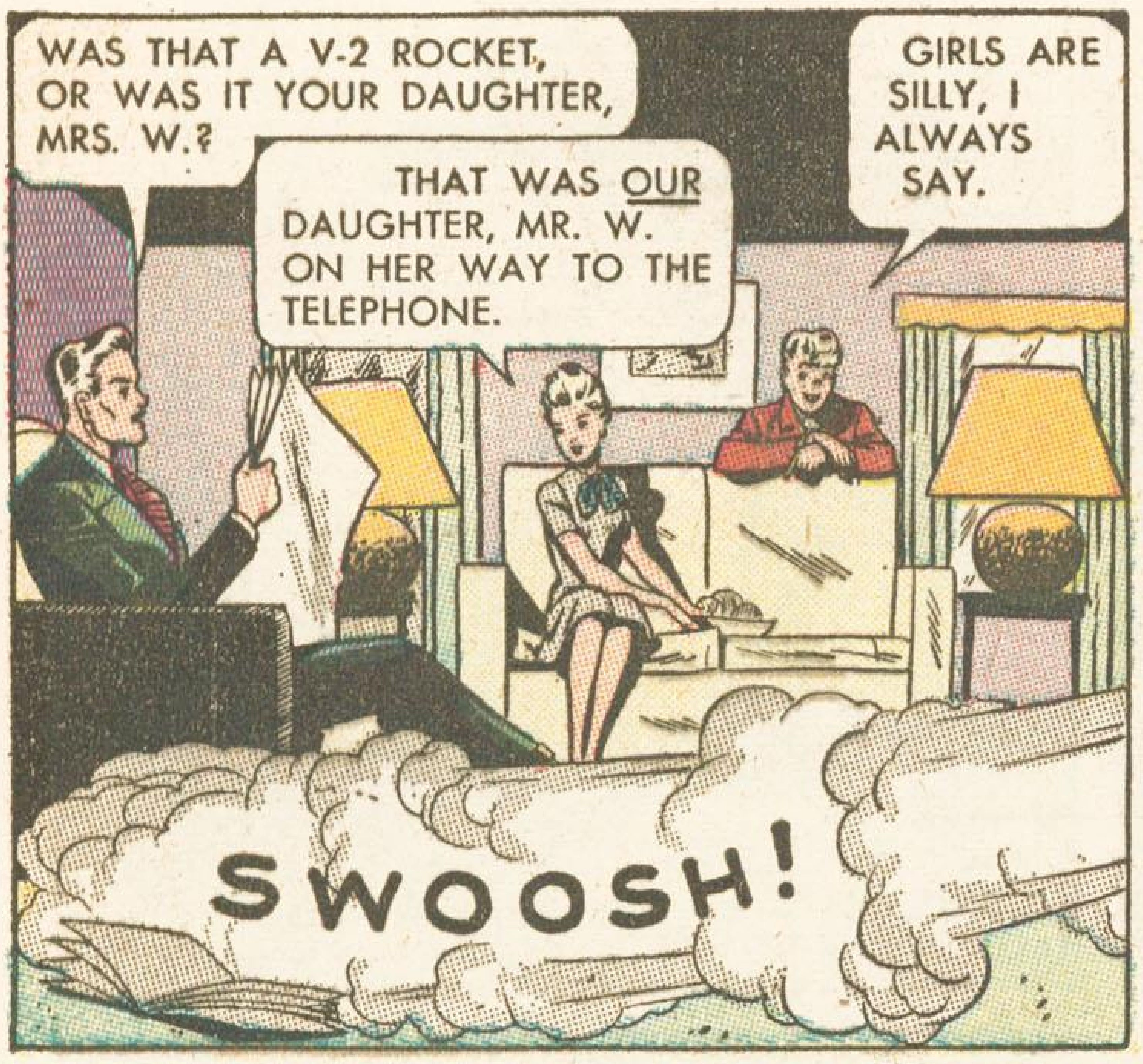
You know, Betts, Rusty never thinks of bringing a box of candy around, or flowers, or books or beautiful poems or a bracelet or anything. And while there is great harmony between (Continued on page 50)

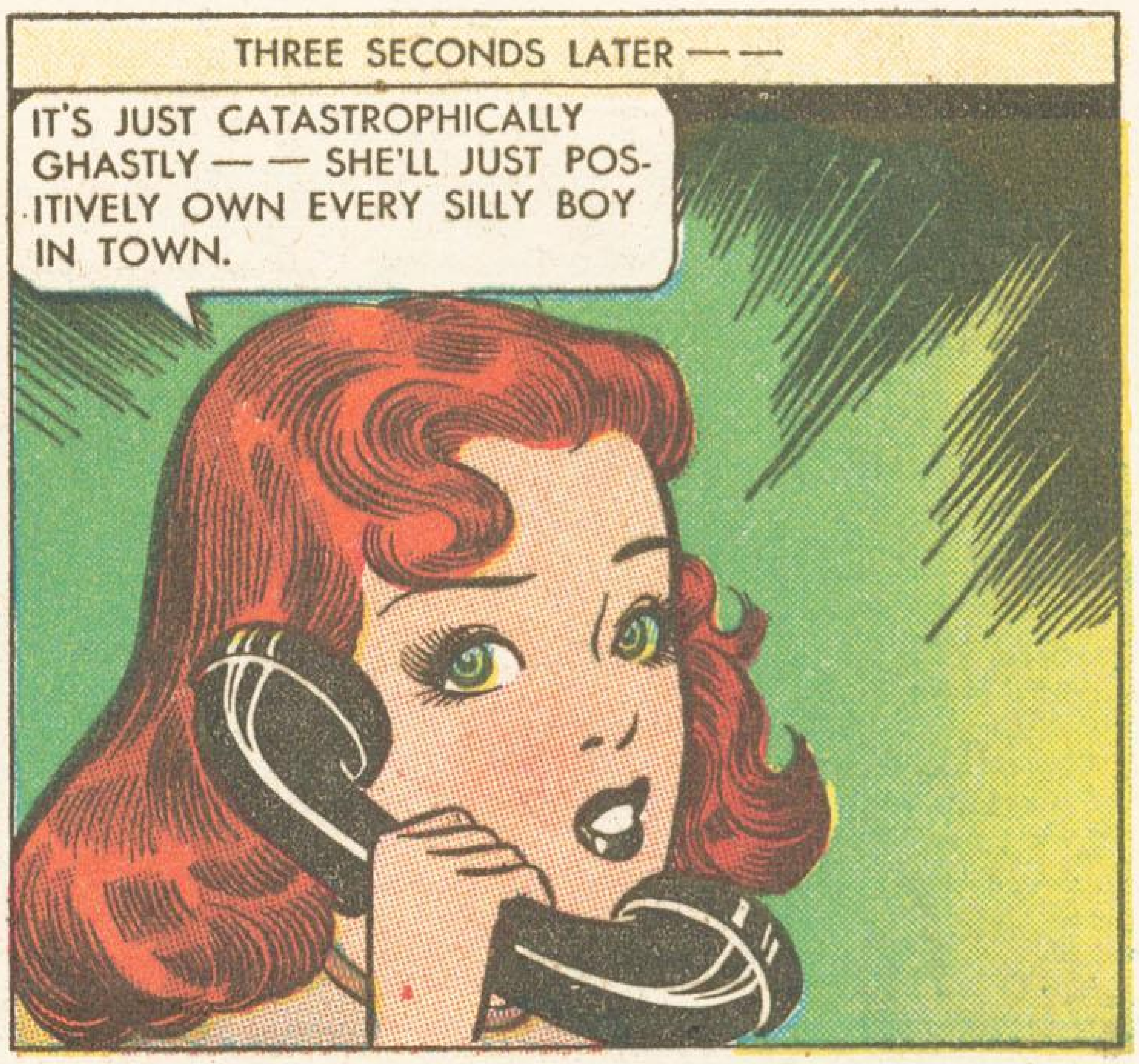


Victoria Allen Dunford finds that the Eternal Triangle has some mighty sharp angles—as she bitterly informs Betty Ann.

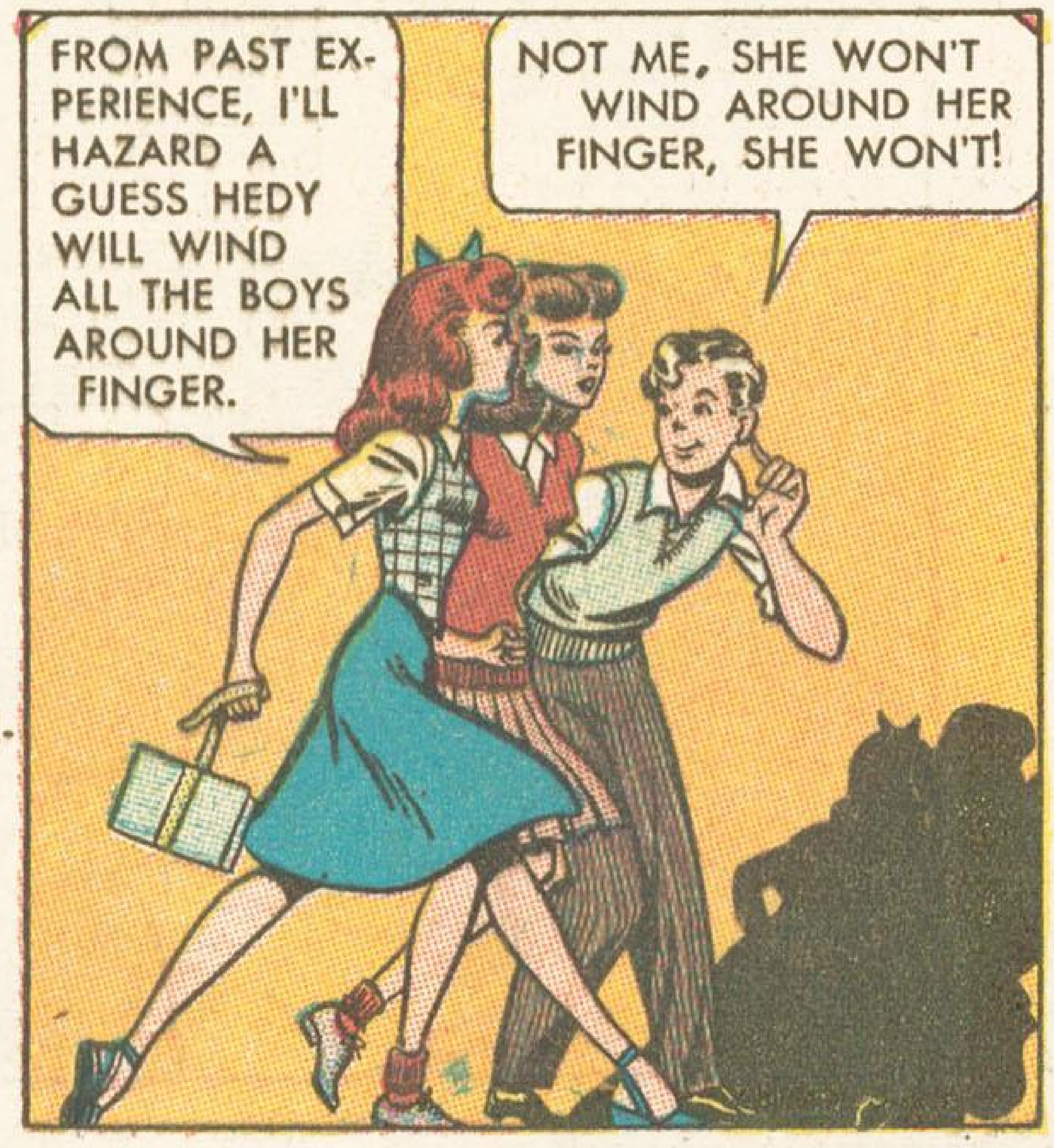



Patsy Walker
FOR COMFORT OR STYLE, IT'S "ZOOT'S" SKI SUITS 6 TO 1
POSED FOR "ZOOT'S" BY LOVELY HEDY WOLFE, ALWAYS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION IN CENTERVILLE
I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD DO THAT, MICKEY.
I THINK HE SHOULD. MAKE HER EARS BIGGER, THAT'LL TEACH HER.
ONE EVENING AT THE WALKER HOME...
IF I WERE SINGLE —AND DIDN'T KNOW YOU, MOTHER, I COULD FALL FOR A GIRL LIKE THIS.
STANLEY! AT YOUR AGE.
ANYONE I KNOW POP?
JEEPERS! HEDY WOLFE. I'LL BE RUINED SOCIALLY, OR SOMETHING!
KEEP IN STEP WITH HEDY WOLFE IN A "ZOOT" ENSEMBLE!

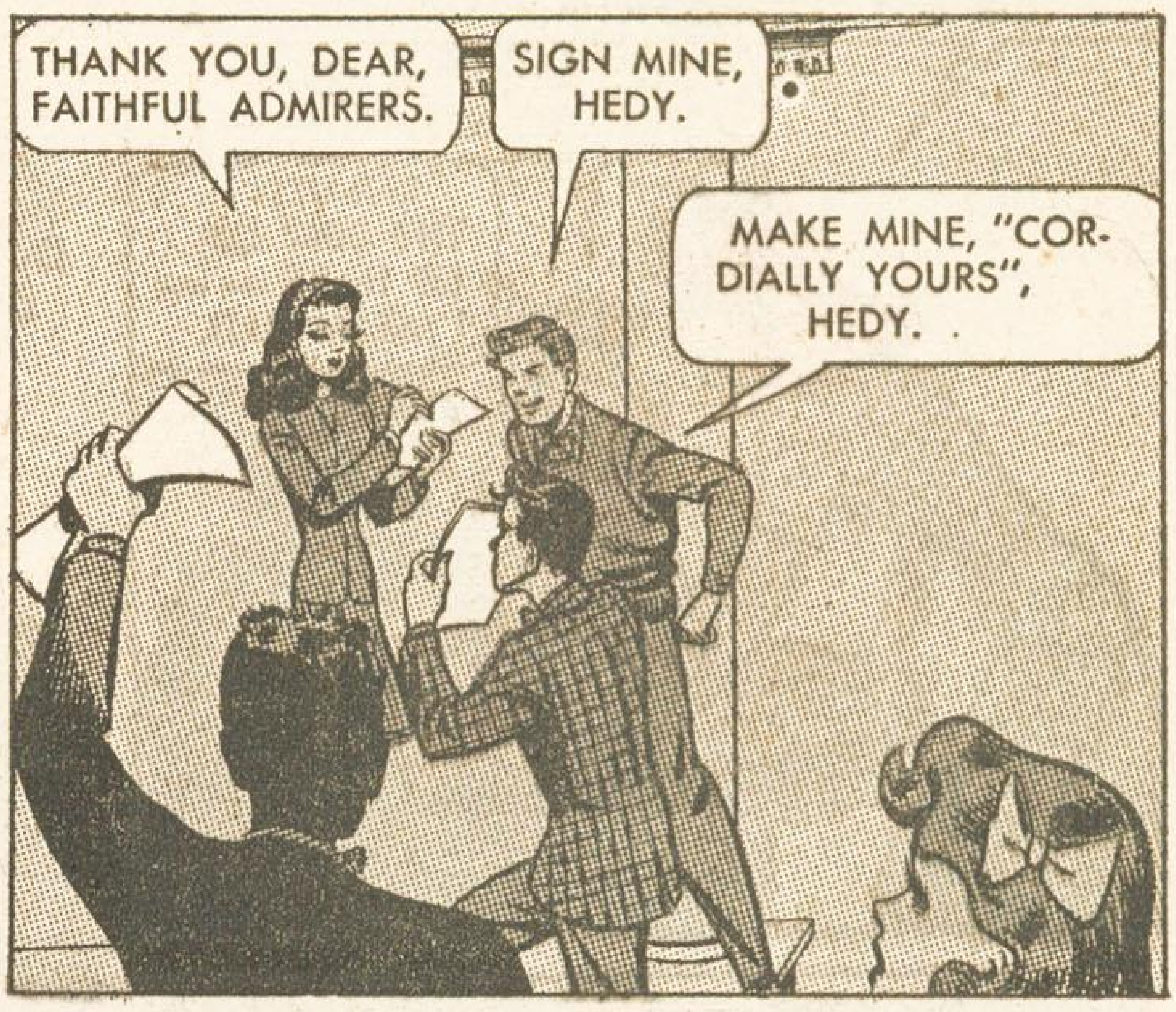

WAS THAT A V-2 ROCKET, OR WAS IT YOUR DAUGHTER, MRS. W.?
THAT WAS OUR DAUGHTER, MR. W. ON HER WAY TO THE TELEPHONE.
GIRLS ARE SILLY, I ALWAYS SAY.
SWOOSH!


THREE SECONDS LATER — —
IT'S JUST CATASTROPHICALLY GHASTLY — — SHE'LL JUST POSITIVELY OWN EVERY SILLY BOY IN TOWN.

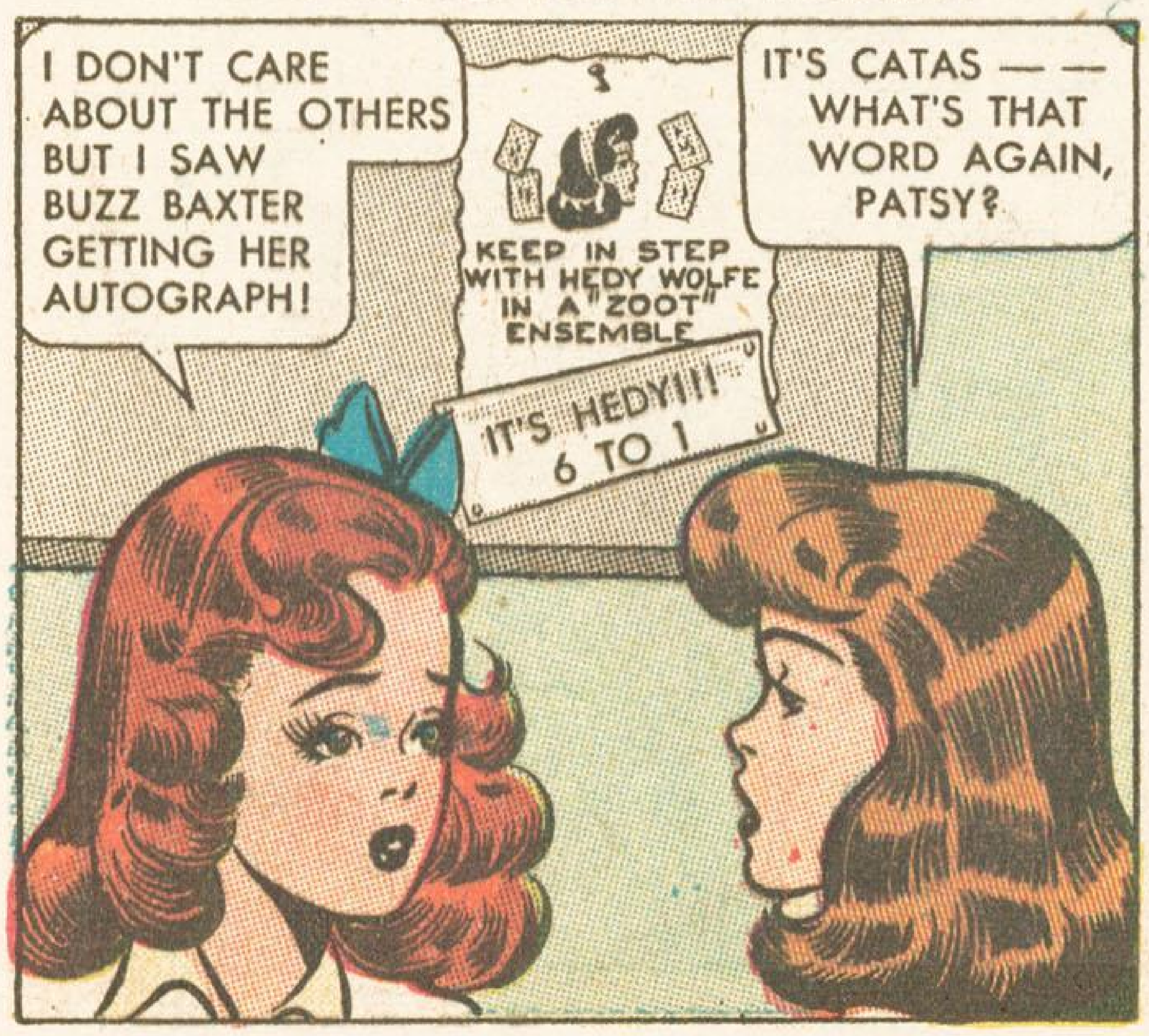
THE NEXT DAY, PATSY'S FEARS COME TRUE- ALL THE BOYS ARE RUNNING AFTER HEDY.


FROM PAST EXPERIENCE, I'LL HAZARD A GUESS HEDY WILL WIND ALL THE BOYS AROUND HER FINGER.
NOT ME, SHE WON'T WIND AROUND HER FINGER, SHE WON'T!

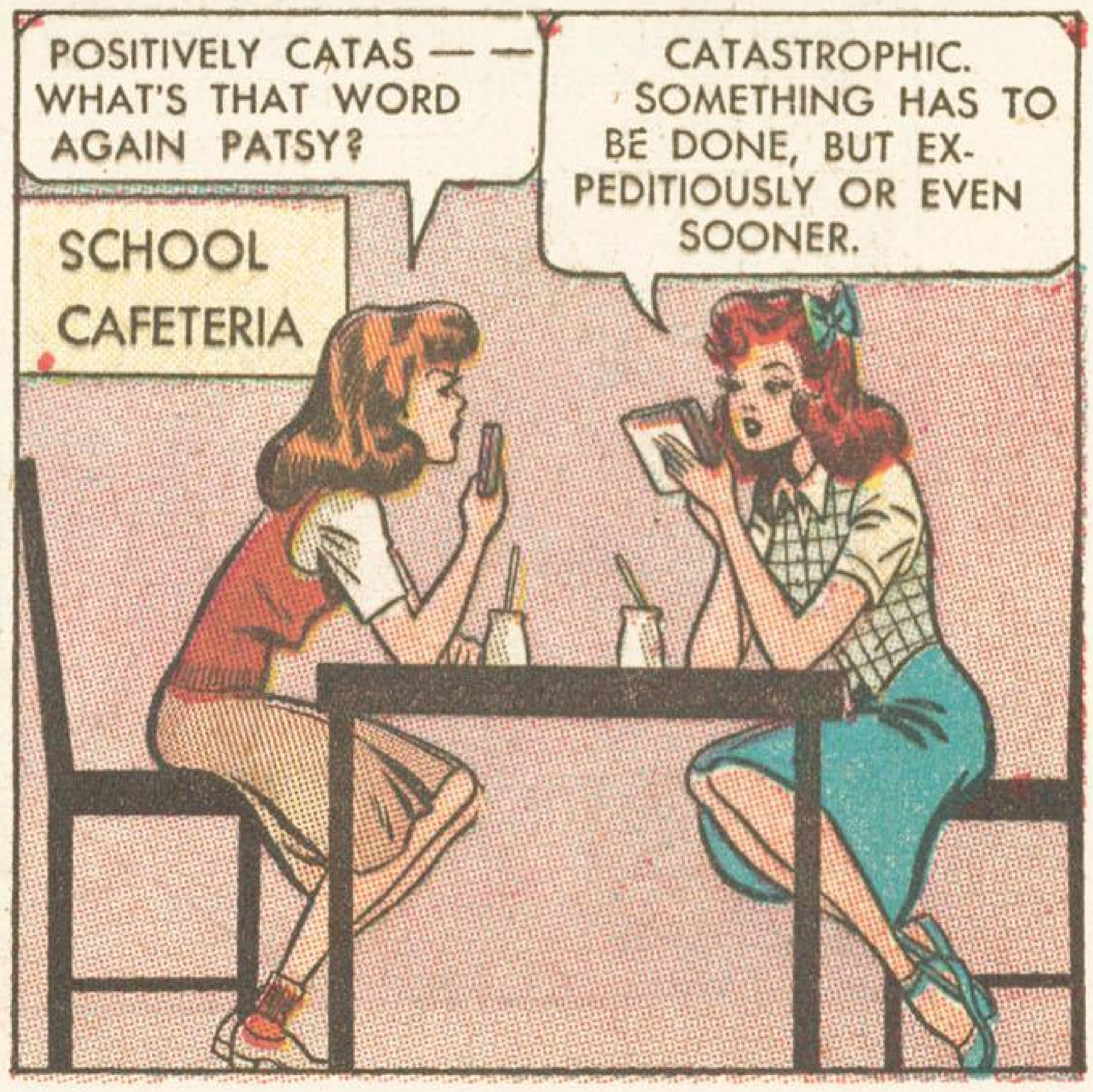
BUT PATSY IS RIGHT AGAIN — —


THANK YOU, DEAR, FAITHFUL ADMIRERS.
SIGN MINE, HEDY.
MAKE MINE, "CORDIALLY YOURS", HEDY.

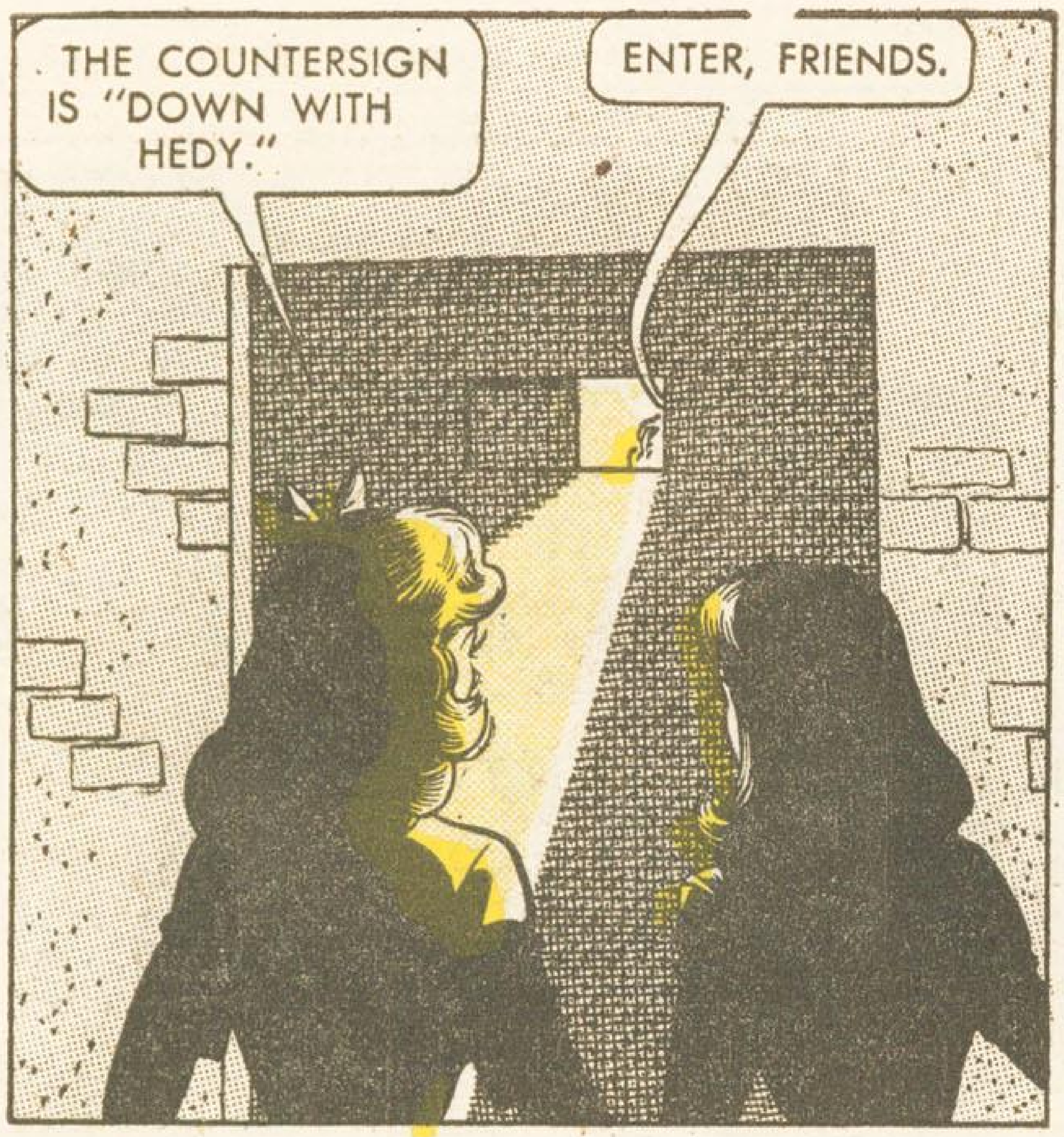
PATSY IS RIGHTER THAN SHE THOUGHT.

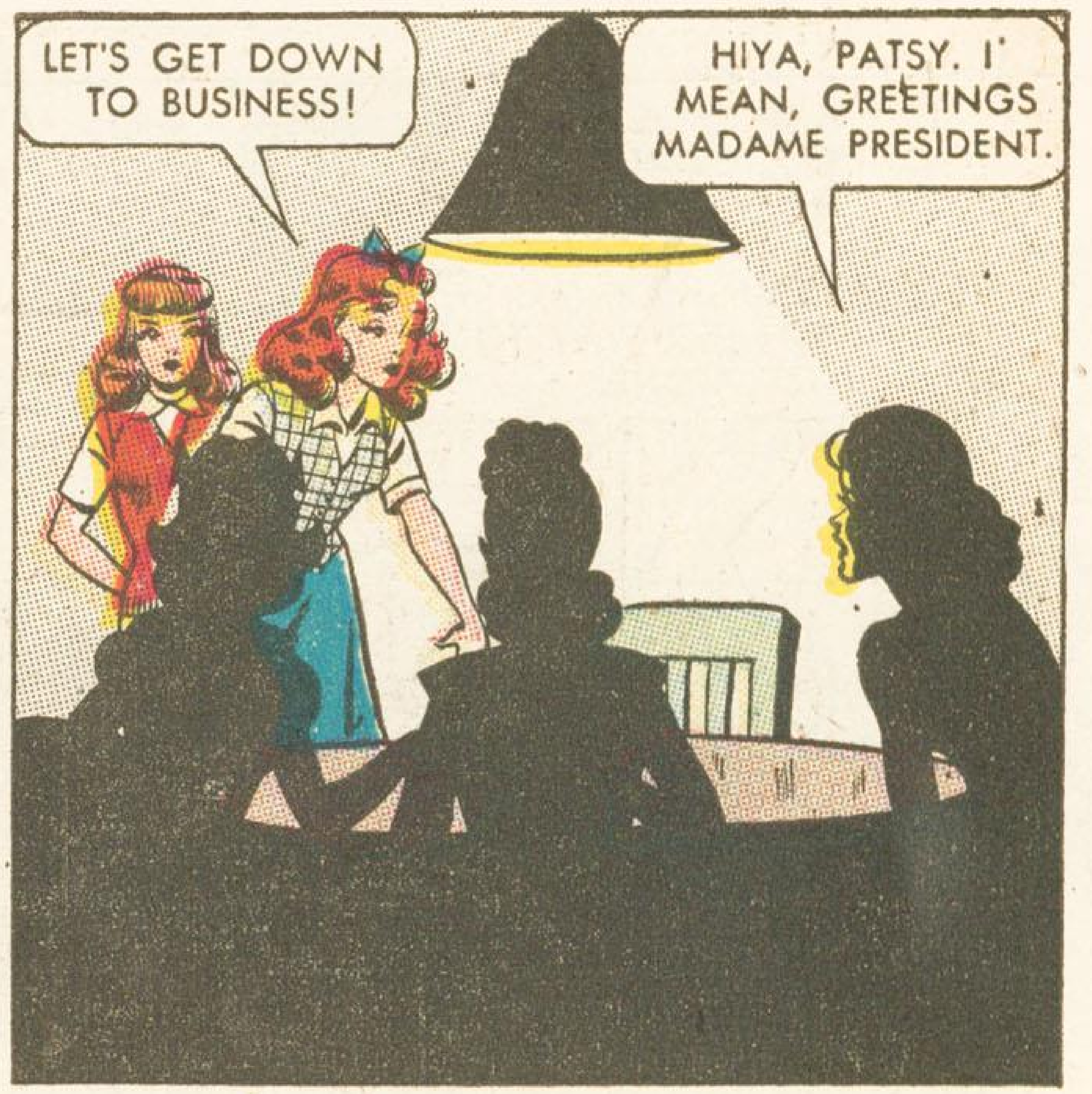

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE OTHERS BUT I SAW BUZZ BAXTER GETTING HER AUTOGRAPH!
KEEP IN STEP WITH HEDY WOLFE IN A "ZOOT" ENSEMBLE
IT'S HEDY!!! 6 TO 1
IT'S CATAS — — WHAT'S THAT WORD AGAIN, PATSY?

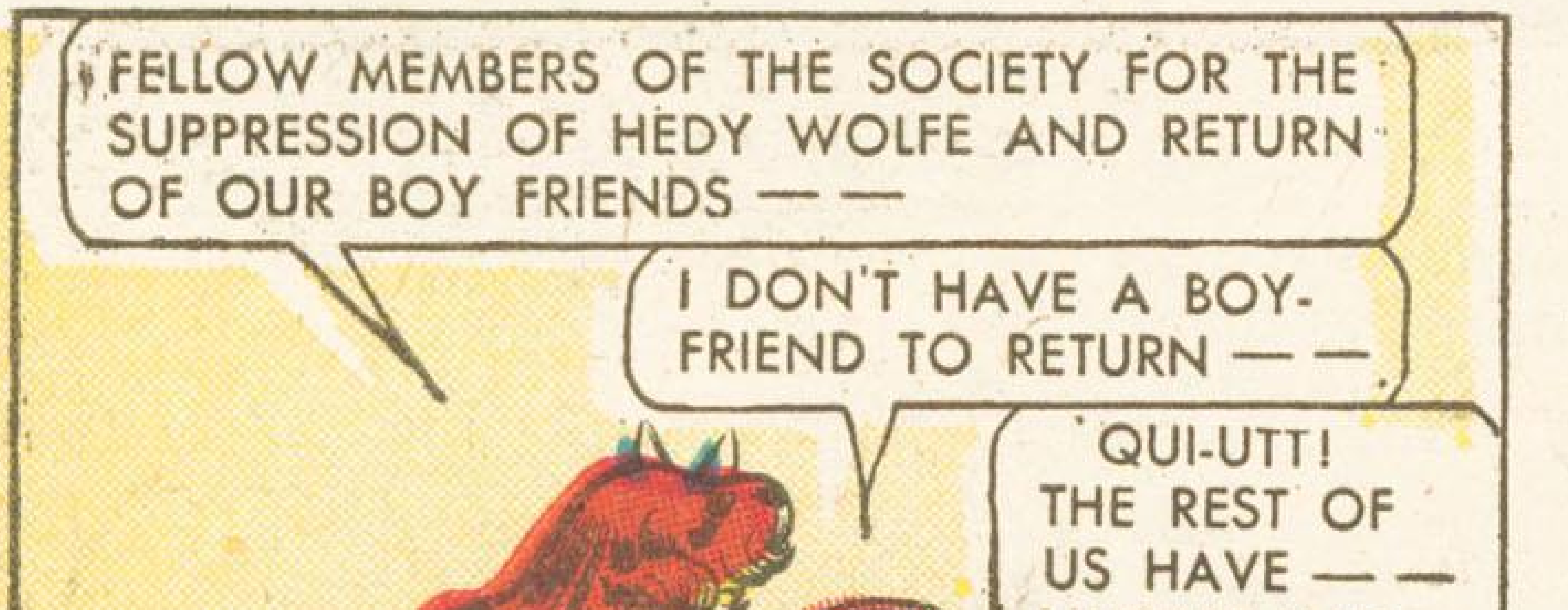
THAT NOON


POSITIVELY CATAS — — WHAT'S THAT WORD AGAIN PATSY?
CATASTROPHIC. SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE, BUT EXPEDITIOUSLY OR EVEN SOONER.
SCHOOL CAFETERIA

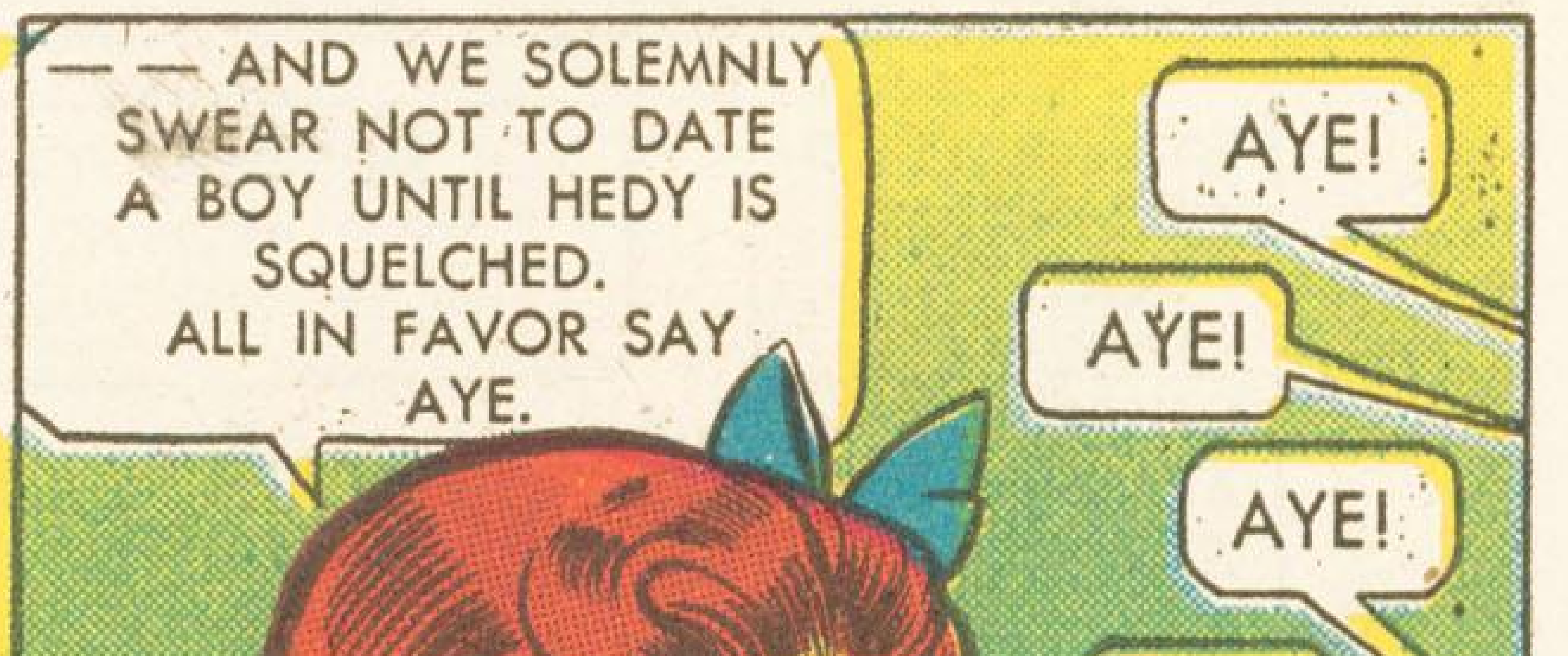
THAT NIGHT CENTERVILLE'S GIRLS HOLD A SECRET MEETING.


THE COUNTERSIGN IS "DOWN WITH HEDY."
ENTER, FRIENDS.

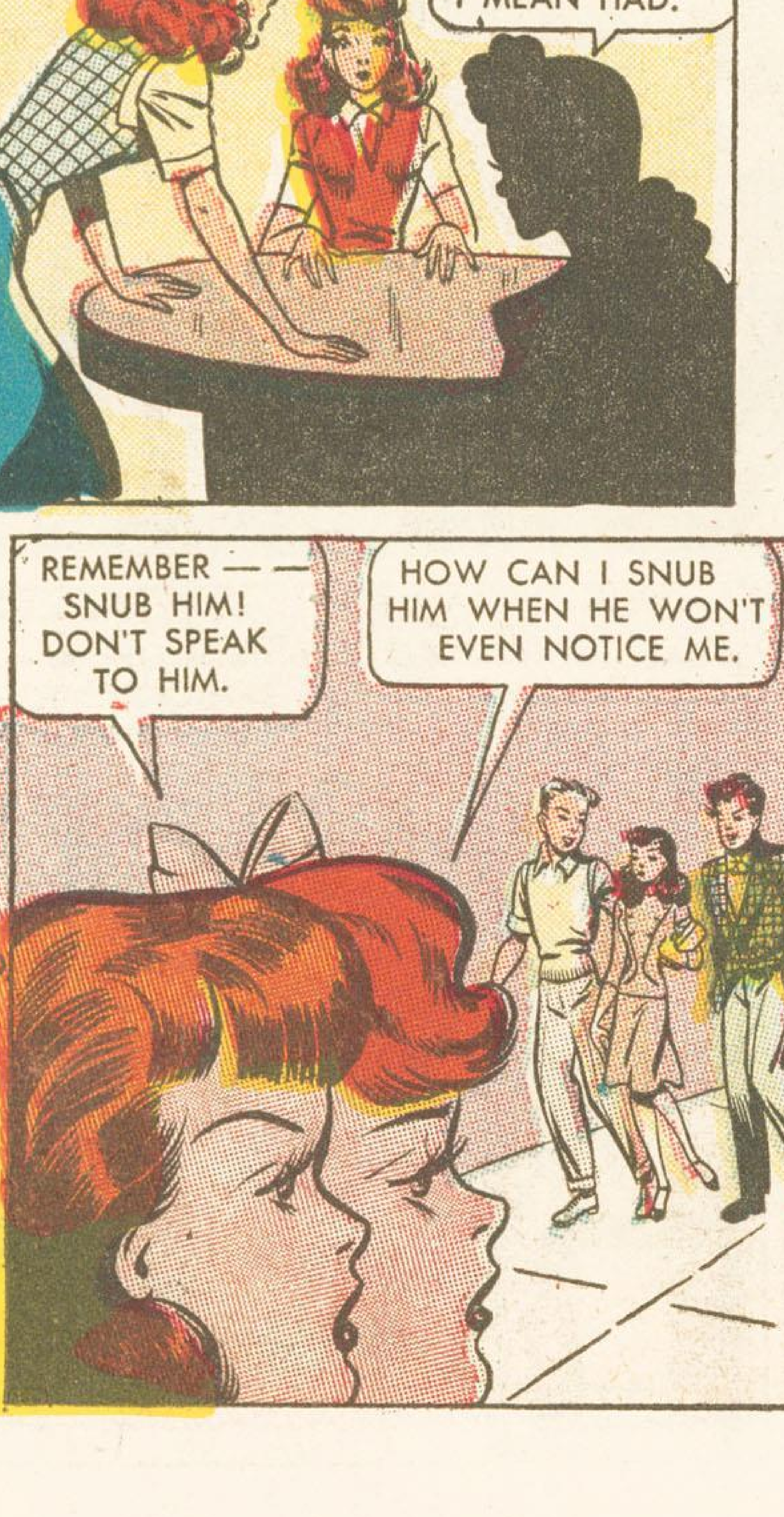

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
HIYA, PATSY. I' MEAN, GREETINGS MADAME PRESIDENT.

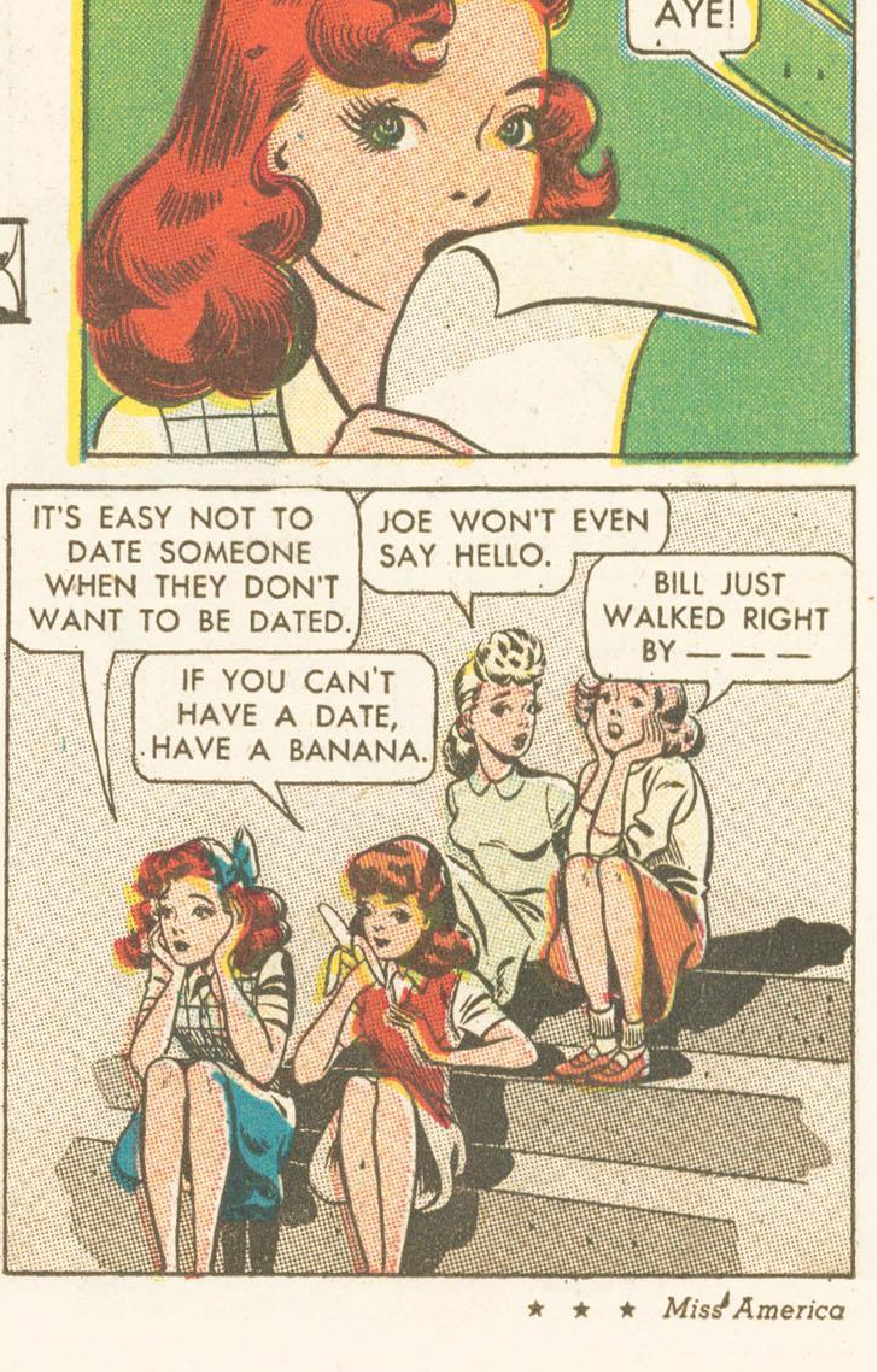

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HEDY WOLFE AND RETURN OF OUR BOY FRIENDS — —
I DON'T HAVE A BOY-FRIEND TO RETURN — —.
QUI-UTT! THE REST OF US HAVE — — I MEAN HAD.

AN HOUR GOES BY.

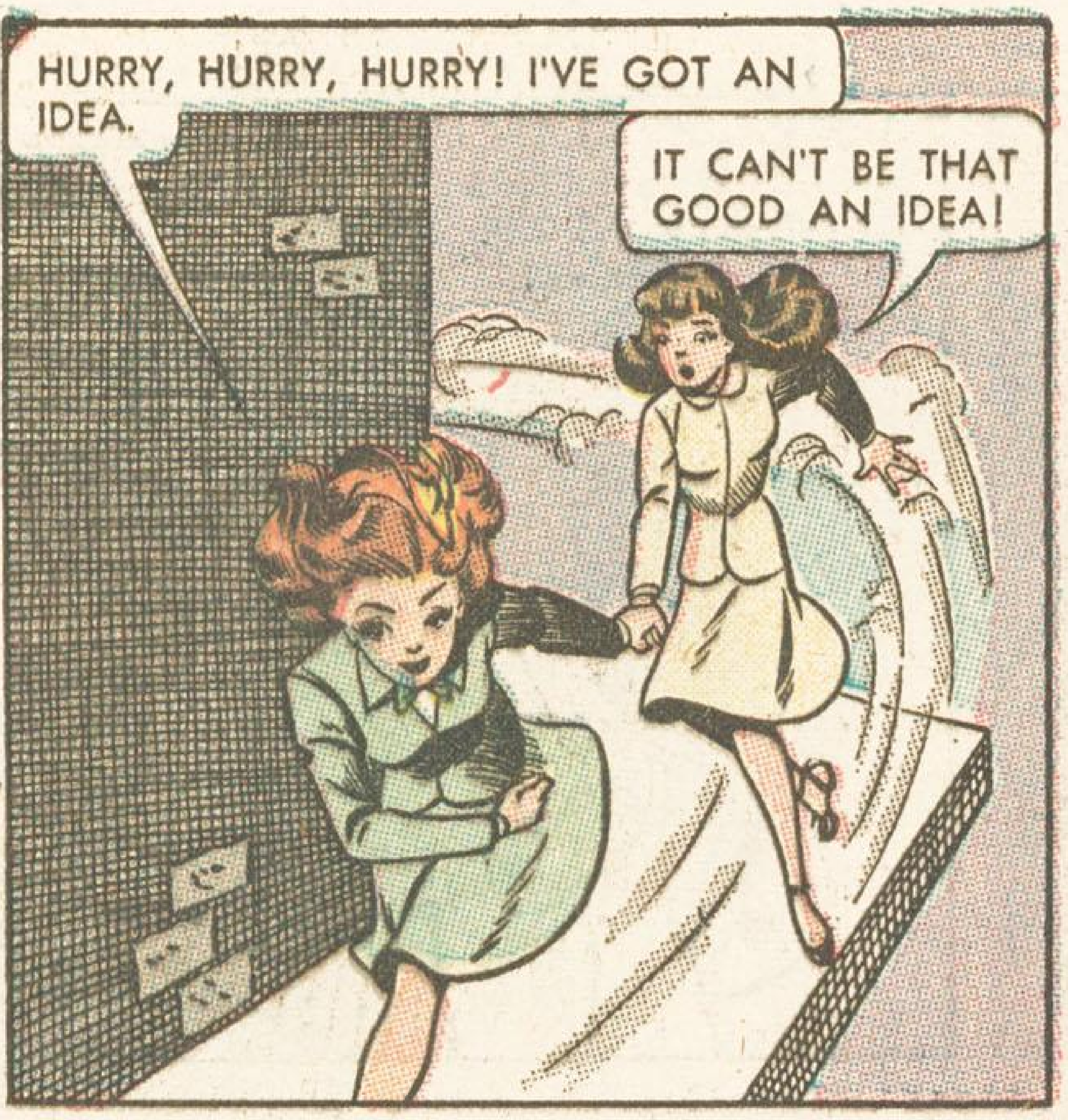

— — AND WE SOLEMNLY SWEAR NOT TO DATE A BOY UNTIL HEDY IS SQUELCHED. ALL IN FAVOR SAY AYE.
AYE!
AYE!
AYE!
AYE!

THE NEXT MORNING THE PLAN GOES INTO EFFECT.

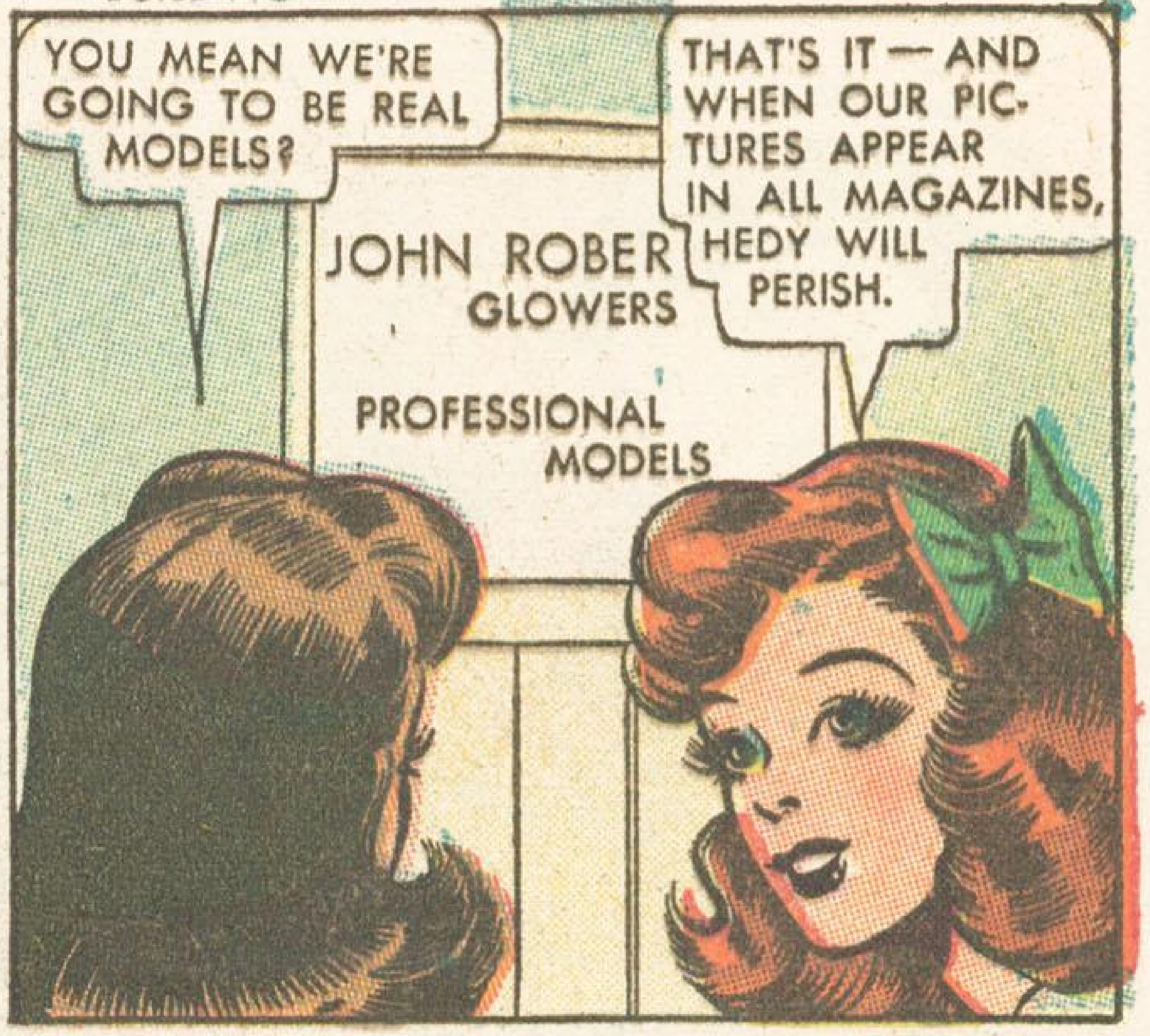

REMEMBER — — SNUB HIM! DON'T SPEAK TO HIM.
HOW CAN I SNUB HIM WHEN HE WON'T EVEN NOTICE ME.

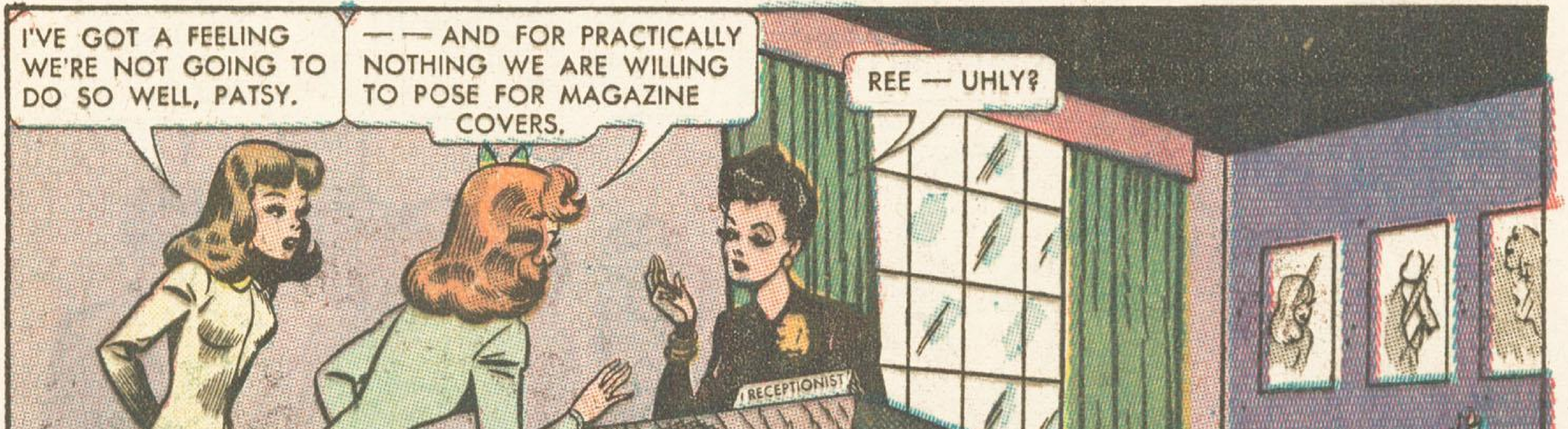

IT'S EASY NOT TO DATE SOMEONE WHEN THEY DON'T WANT TO BE DATED.
JOE WON'T EVEN SAY HELLO.
BILL JUST WALKED RIGHT BY — — —
IF YOU CAN'T HAVE A DATE, HAVE A BANANA.

THE WEEKS DRAG BY WITH HEDY STILL THE REIGNING BEAUTY WHEN SUDDENLY—

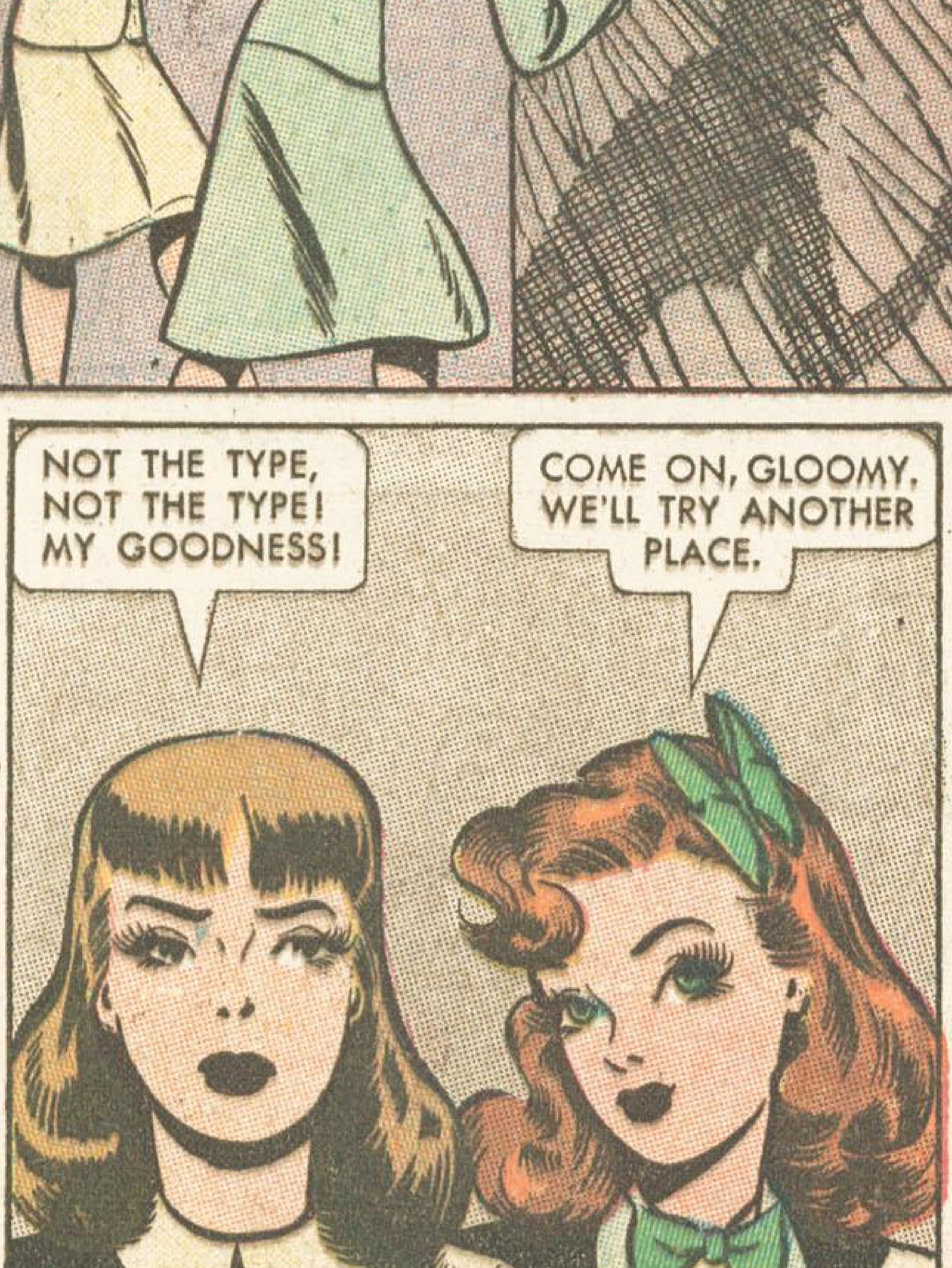

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
IT CAN'T BE THAT GOOD AN IDEA!

SO A FEW MINUTES LATER IN AN OFFICE BUILDING — — —

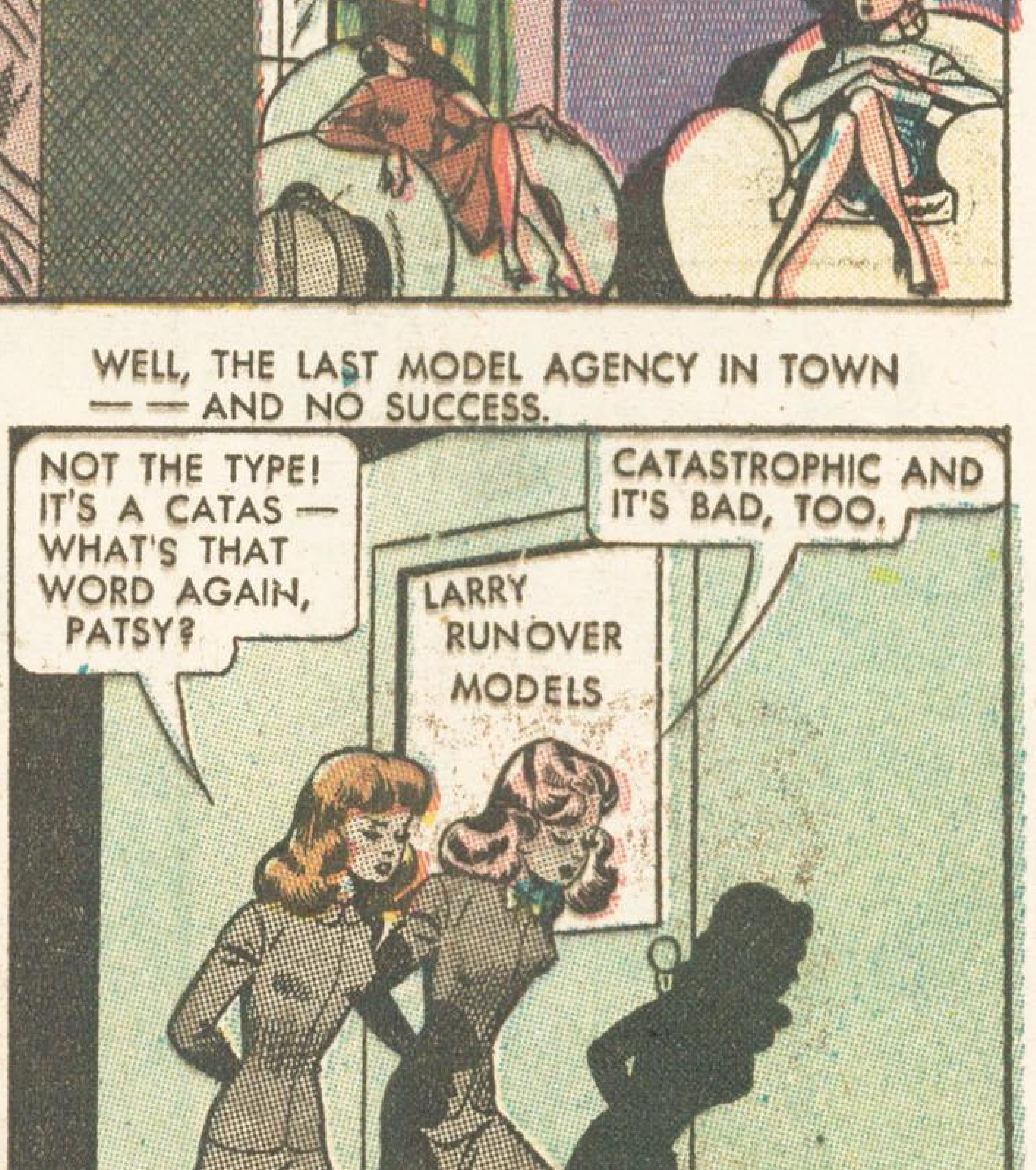

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO BE REAL MODELS?
THAT'S IT — AND WHEN OUR PICTURES APPEAR IN ALL MAGAZINES, HEDY WILL PERISH.
JOHN ROBER GLOWERS
PROFESSIONAL MODELS


I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO SO WELL, PATSY.
— — AND FOR PRACTICALLY NOTHING WE ARE WILLING TO POSE FOR MAGAZINE COVERS.
REE — UHLY?
RECEPTIONIST

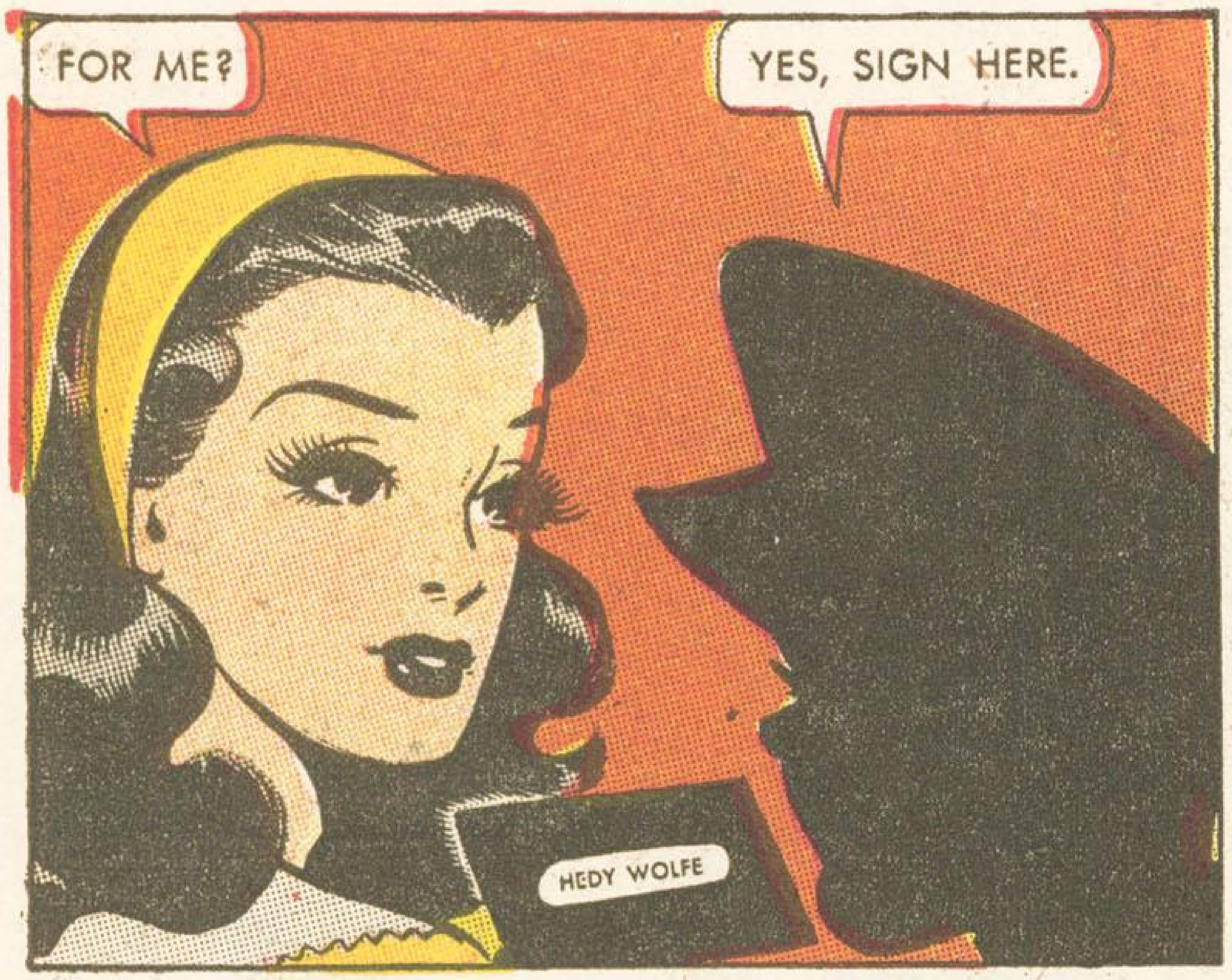
WHAT'S ONE FAILURE?


NOT THE TYPE, NOT THE TYPE! MY GOODNESS!
COME ON, GLOOMY, WE'LL TRY ANOTHER PLACE.

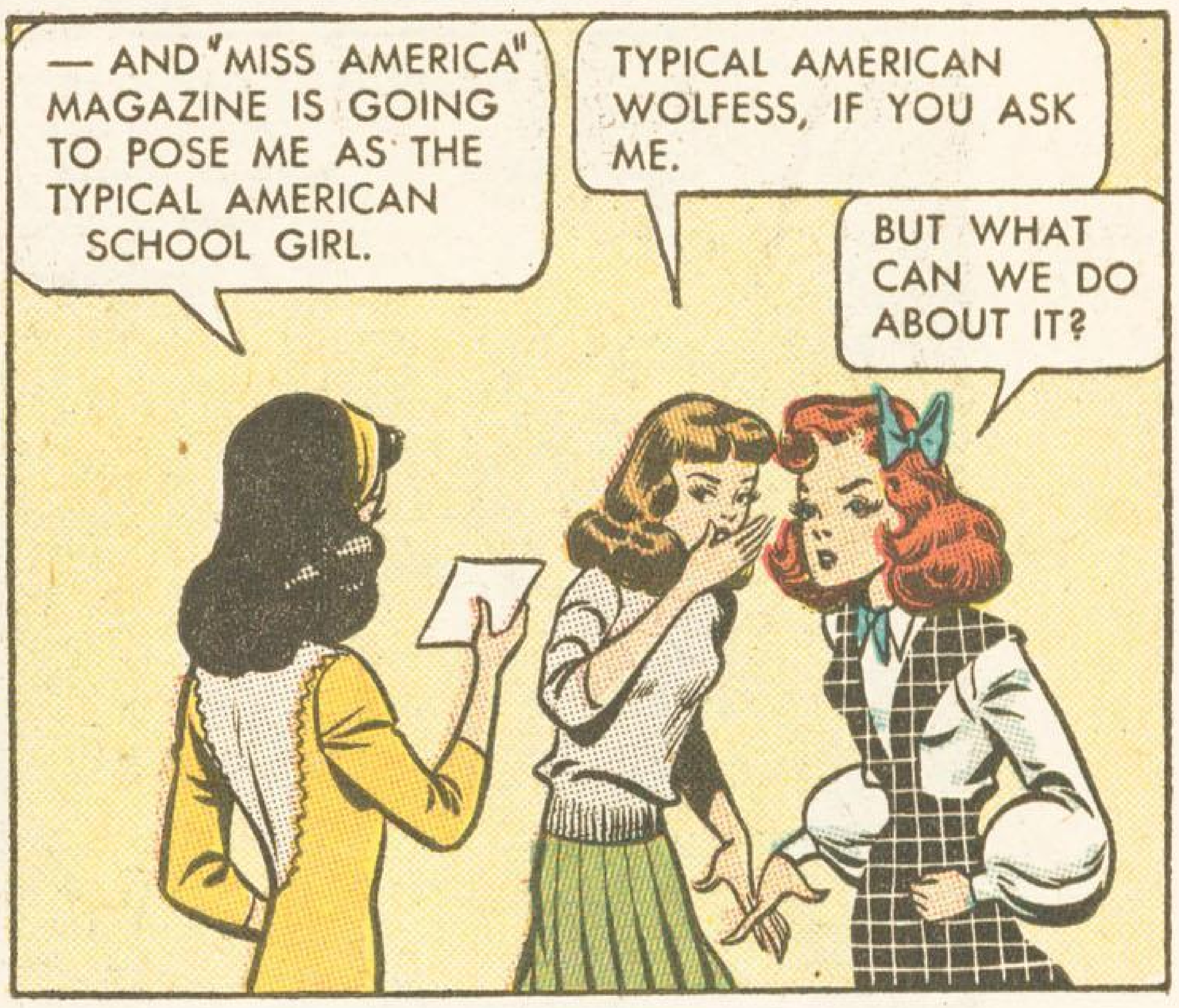
WELL, THE LAST MODEL AGENCY IN TOWN — — AND NO SUCCESS.


NOT THE TYPE! IT'S A CATAS — WHAT'S THAT WORD AGAIN, PATSY?
CATASTROPHIC AND IT'S BAD, TOO.
LARRY RUNOVER MODELS

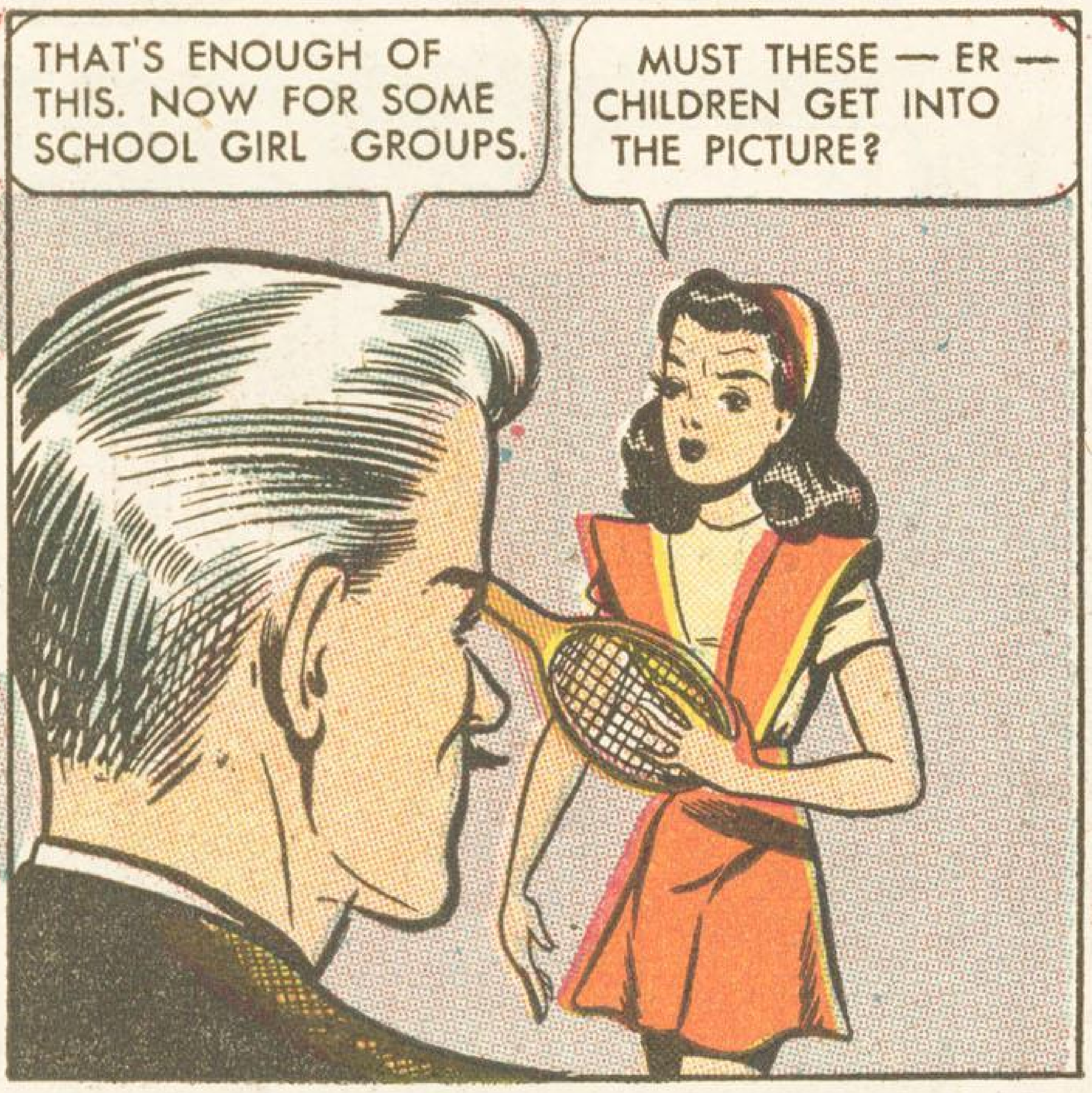
AS PATSY'S HOPES WANED, HEDY'S ROSE ANEW — —

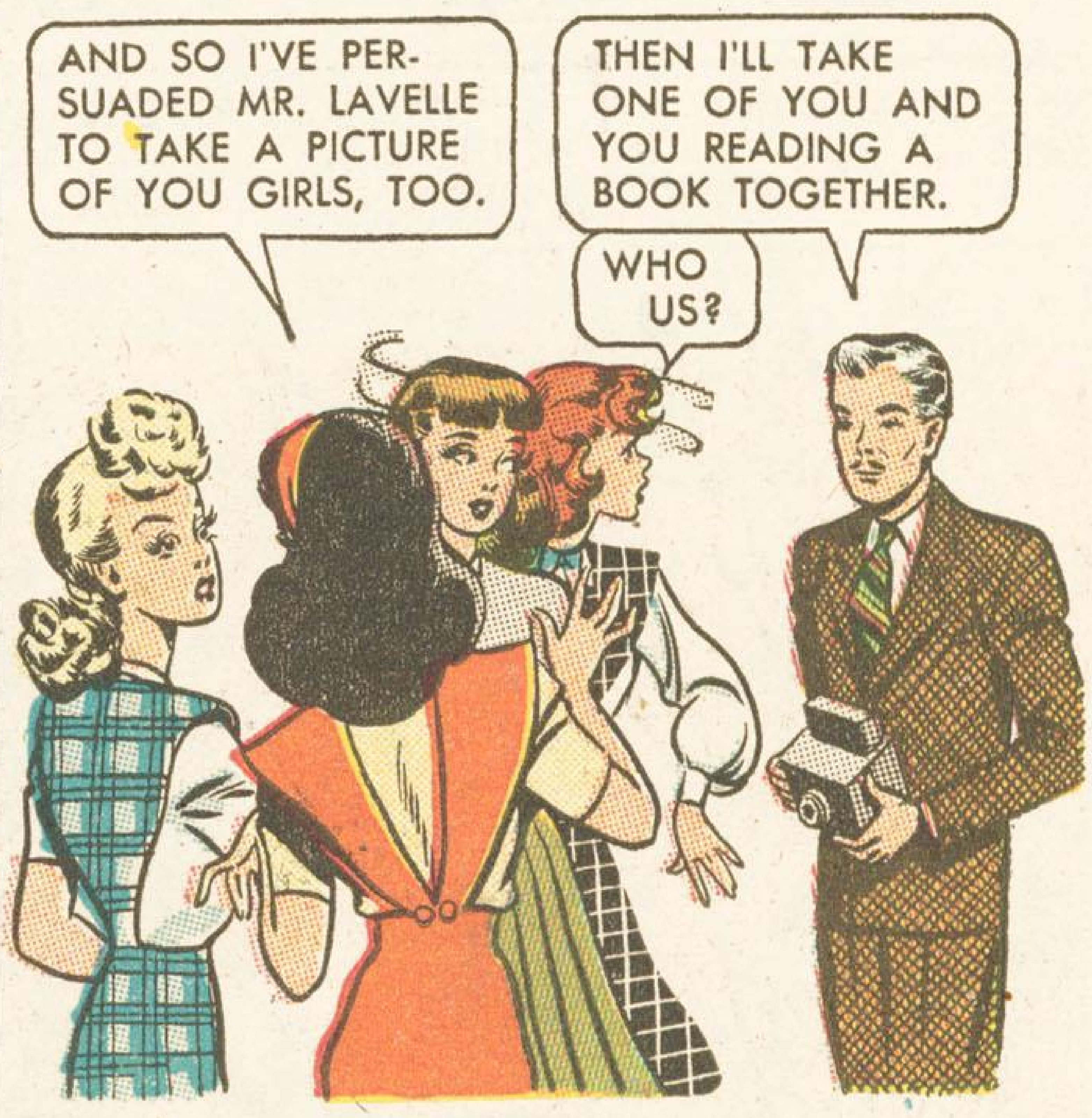

FOR ME?
YES, SIGN HERE.
HEDY WOLFE

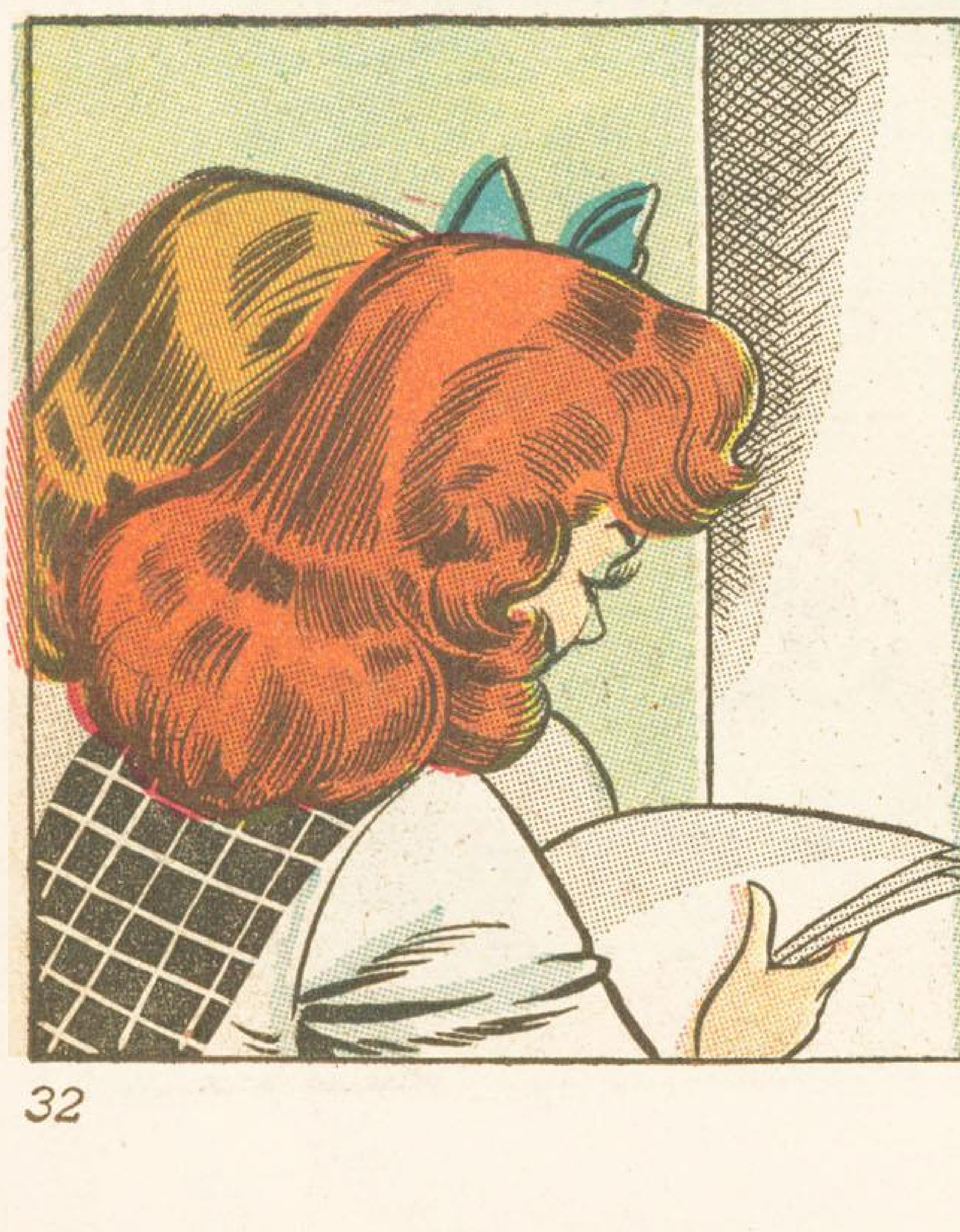
WOE UPON WOE!

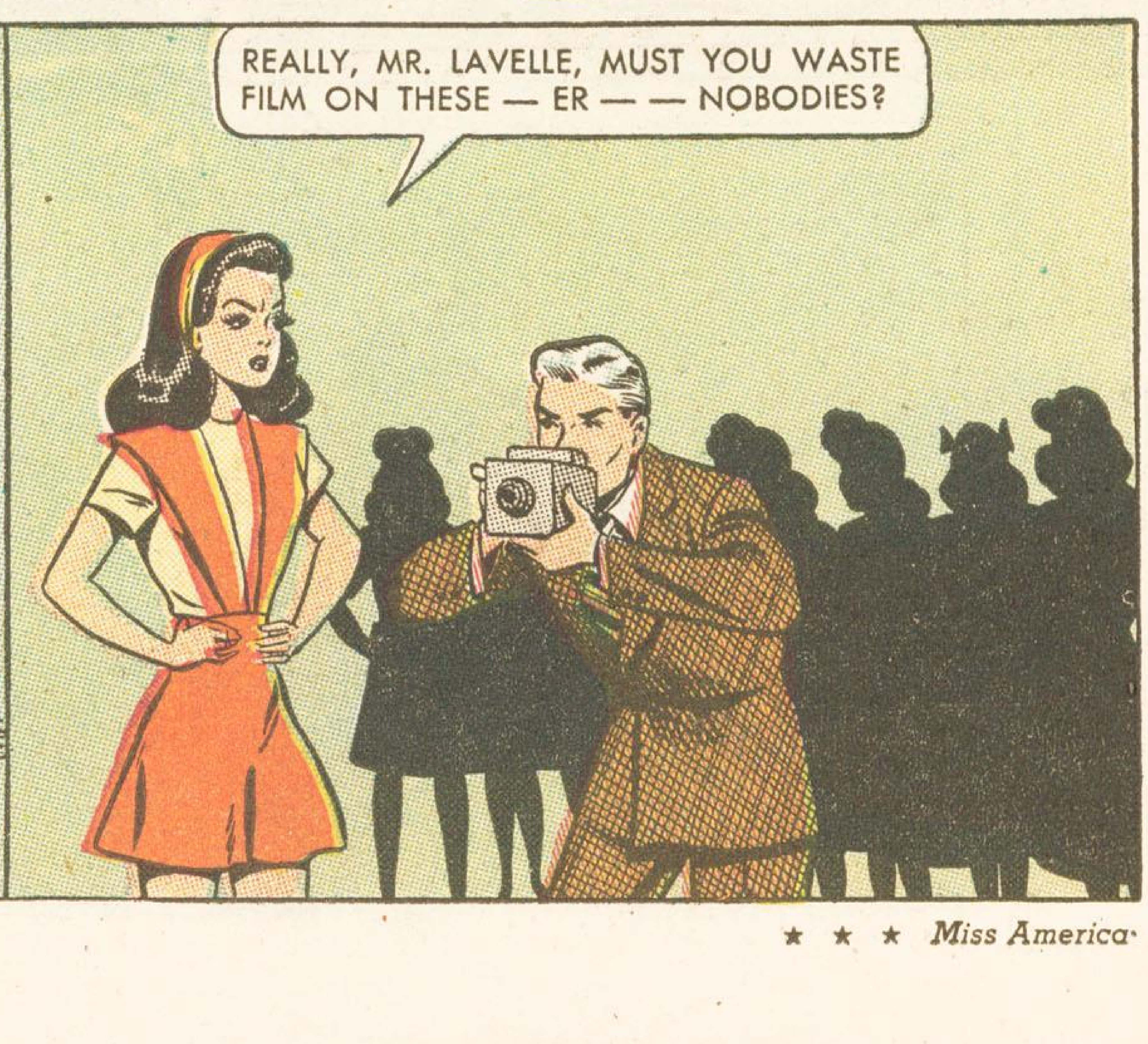

— AND "MISS AMERICA" MAGAZINE IS GOING TO POSE ME AS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRL.
TYPICAL AMERICAN WOLFESS, IF YOU ASK ME.
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

AFTER THE "MISS AMERICA" PHOTOGRAPHER AND REPORTER ARRIVED, THEY TOOK PICTURES AND PICTURES.

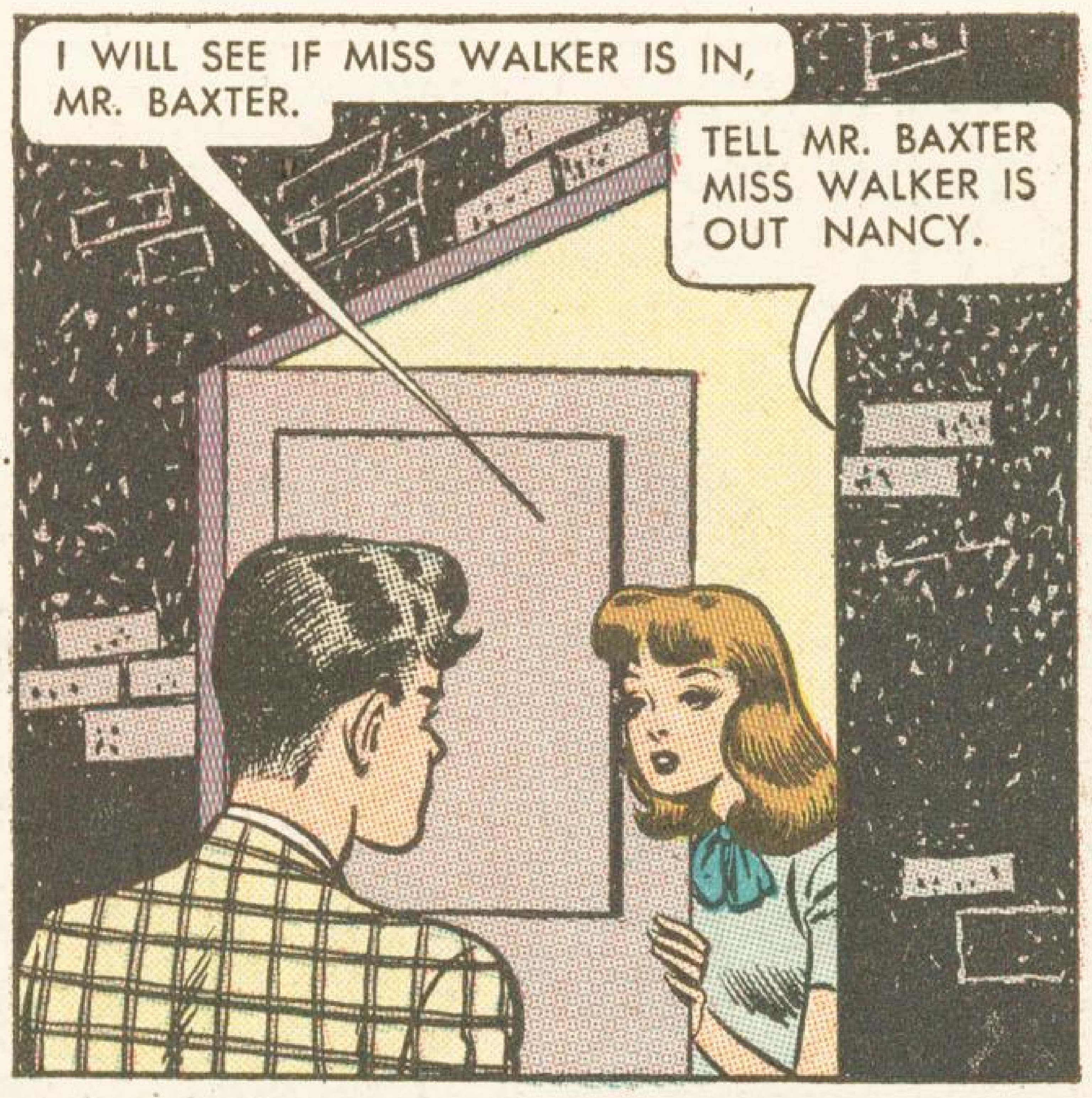

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS. NOW FOR SOME SCHOOL GIRL GROUPS.
MUST THESE — ER — CHILDREN GET INTO THE PICTURE?


AND SO I'VE PERSUADED MR. LAVELLE TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU GIRLS, TOO.
THEN I'LL TAKE ONE OF YOU AND YOU READING A BOOK TOGETHER.
WHO US?

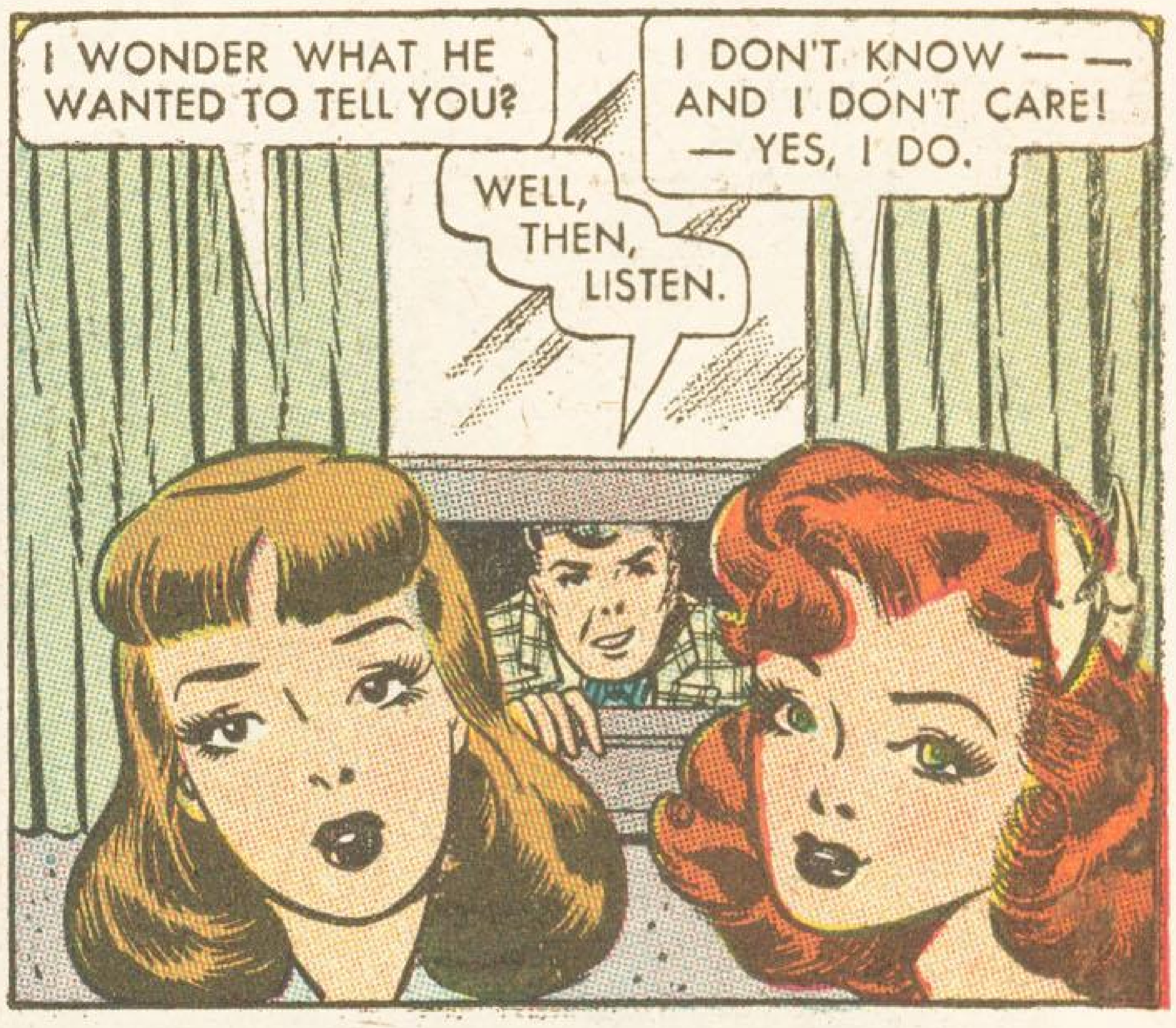


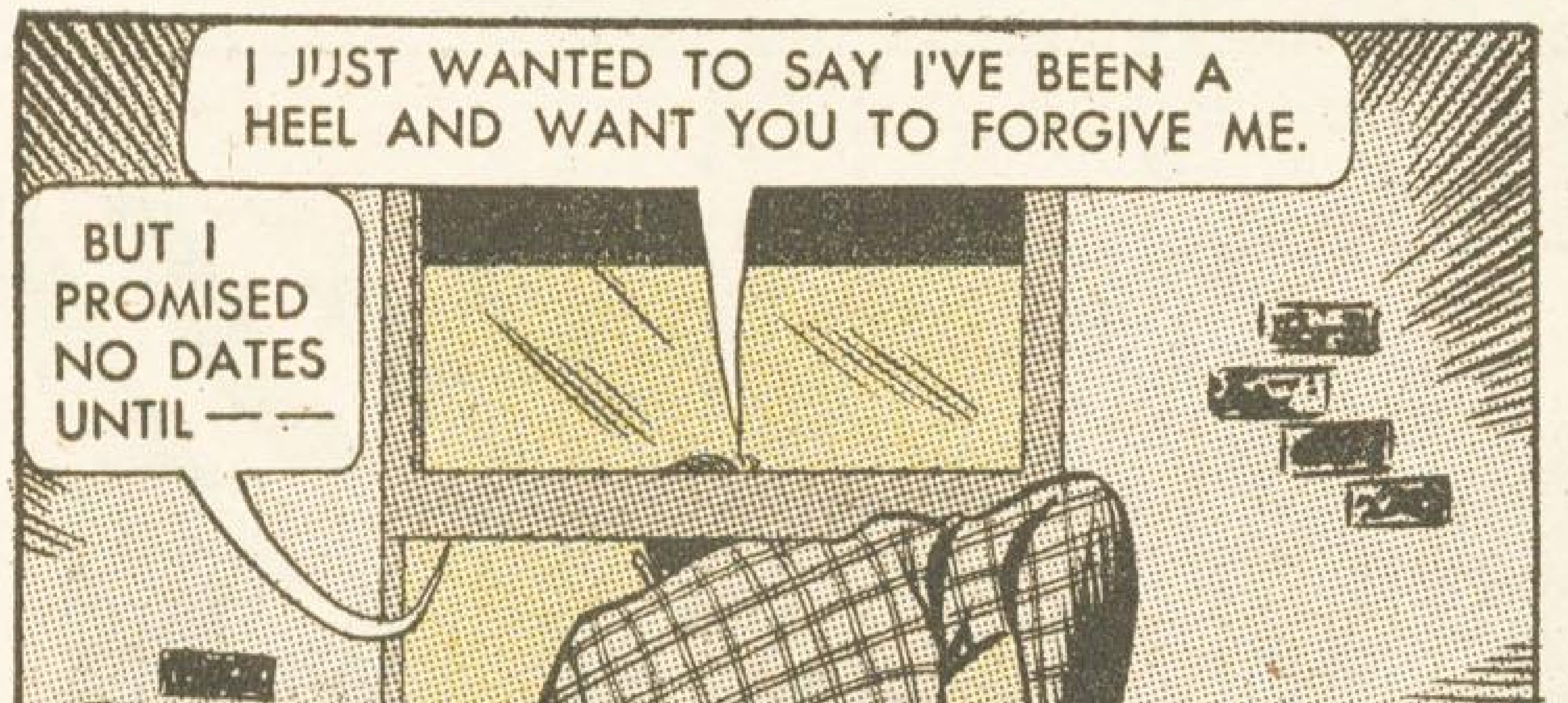

REALLY, MR. LAVELLE, MUST YOU WASTE FILM ON THESE — ER — — NOBODIES?

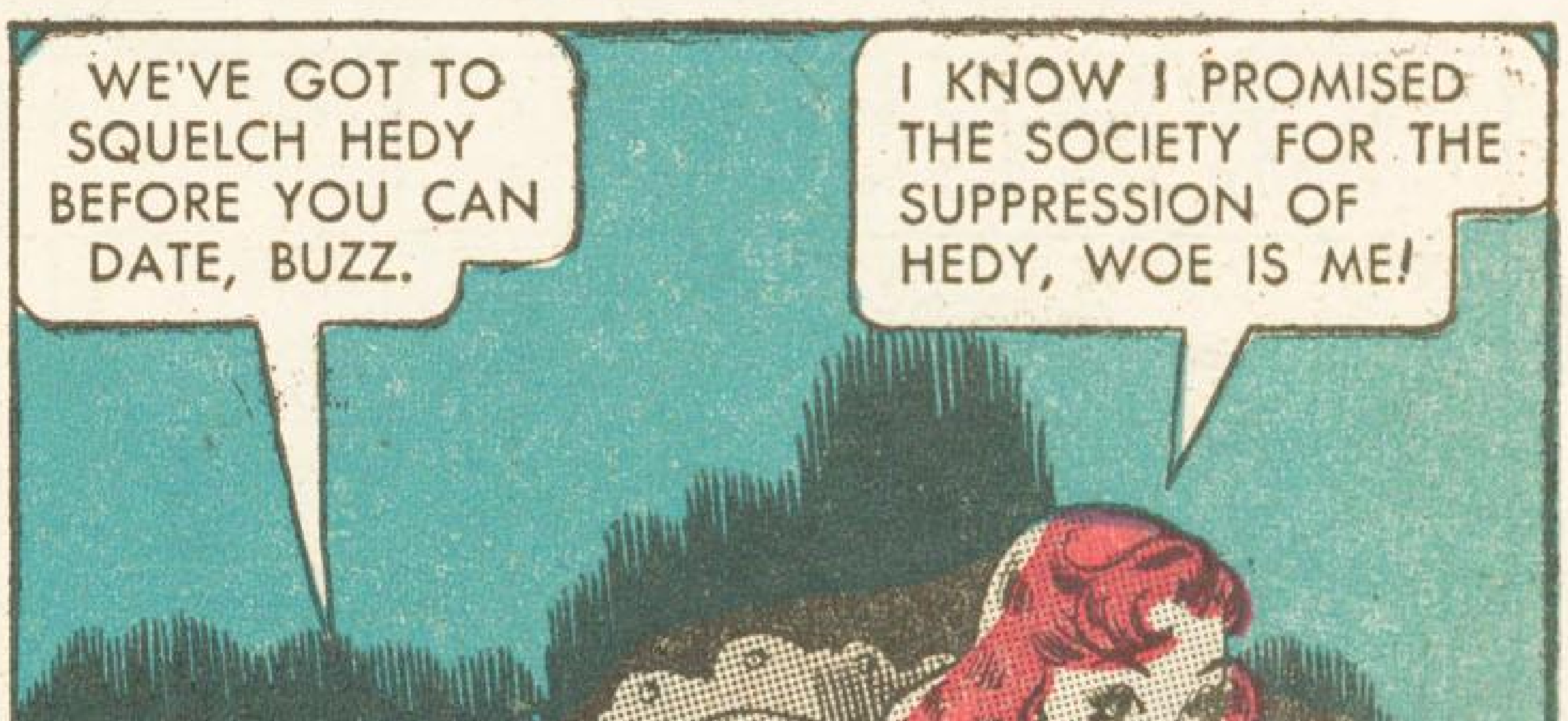
THAT NIGHT, PATSY HAS A VISITOR.


I WILL SEE IF MISS WALKER IS IN, MR. BAXTER.
TELL MR. BAXTER MISS WALKER IS OUT NANCY.

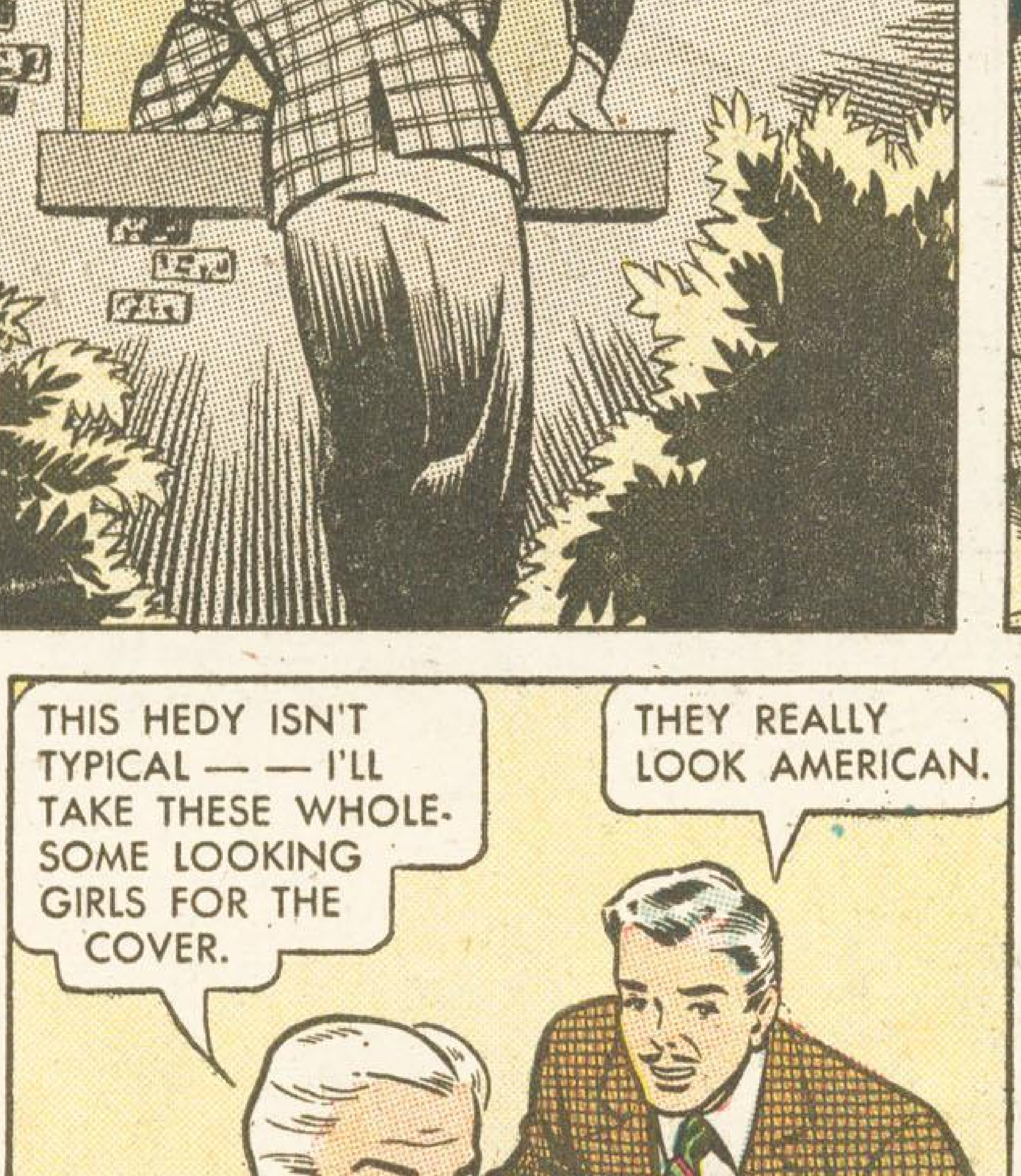
A FEW MINUTES AFTER BUZZ HAD LEFT.


I WONDER WHAT HE WANTED TO TELL YOU?
I DON'T KNOW — — AND I DON'T CARE! — YES, I DO.
WELL, THEN, LISTEN.

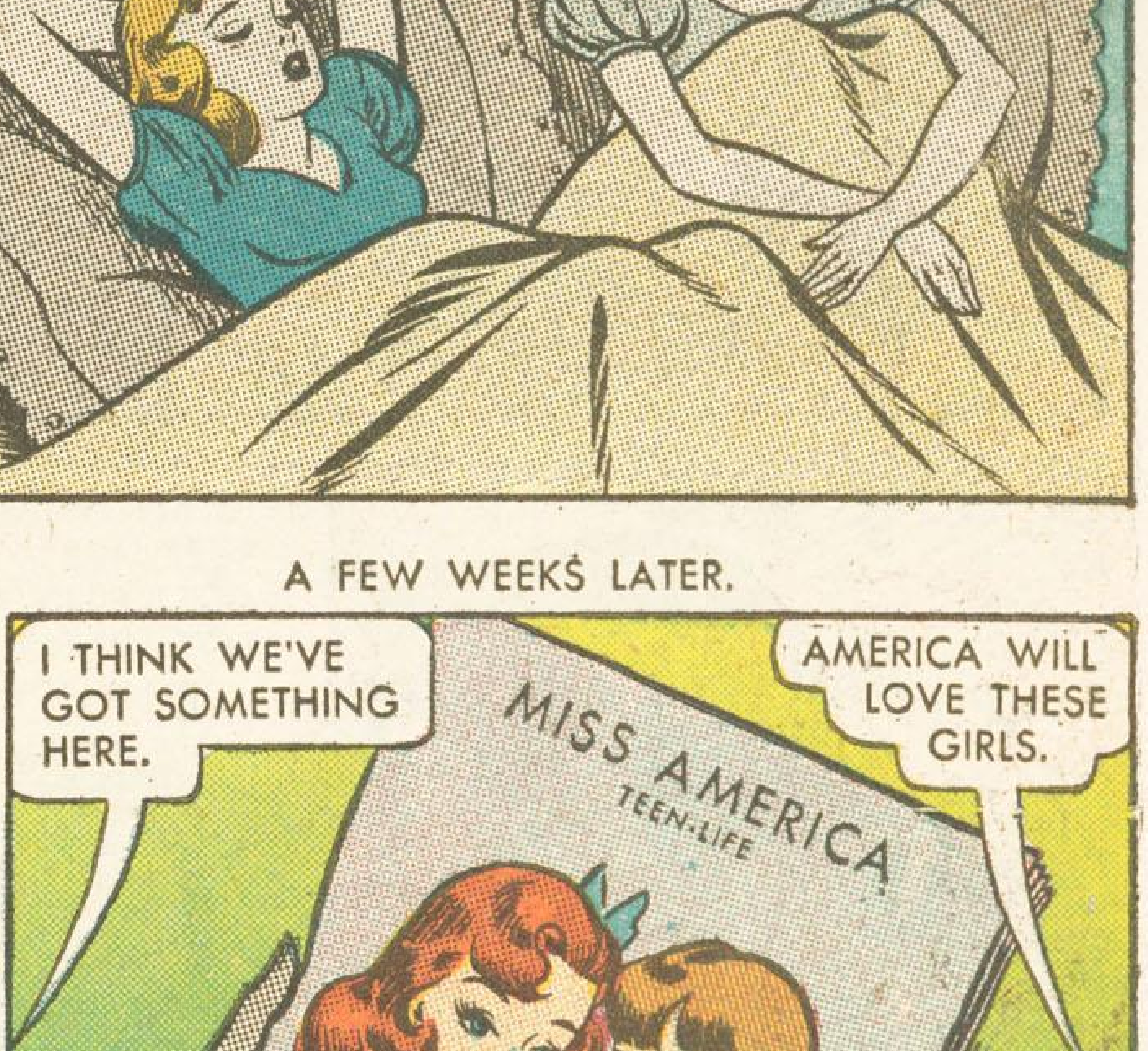

I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'VE BEEN A HEEL AND WANT YOU TO FORGIVE ME.
BUT I PROMISED NO DATES UNTIL — —

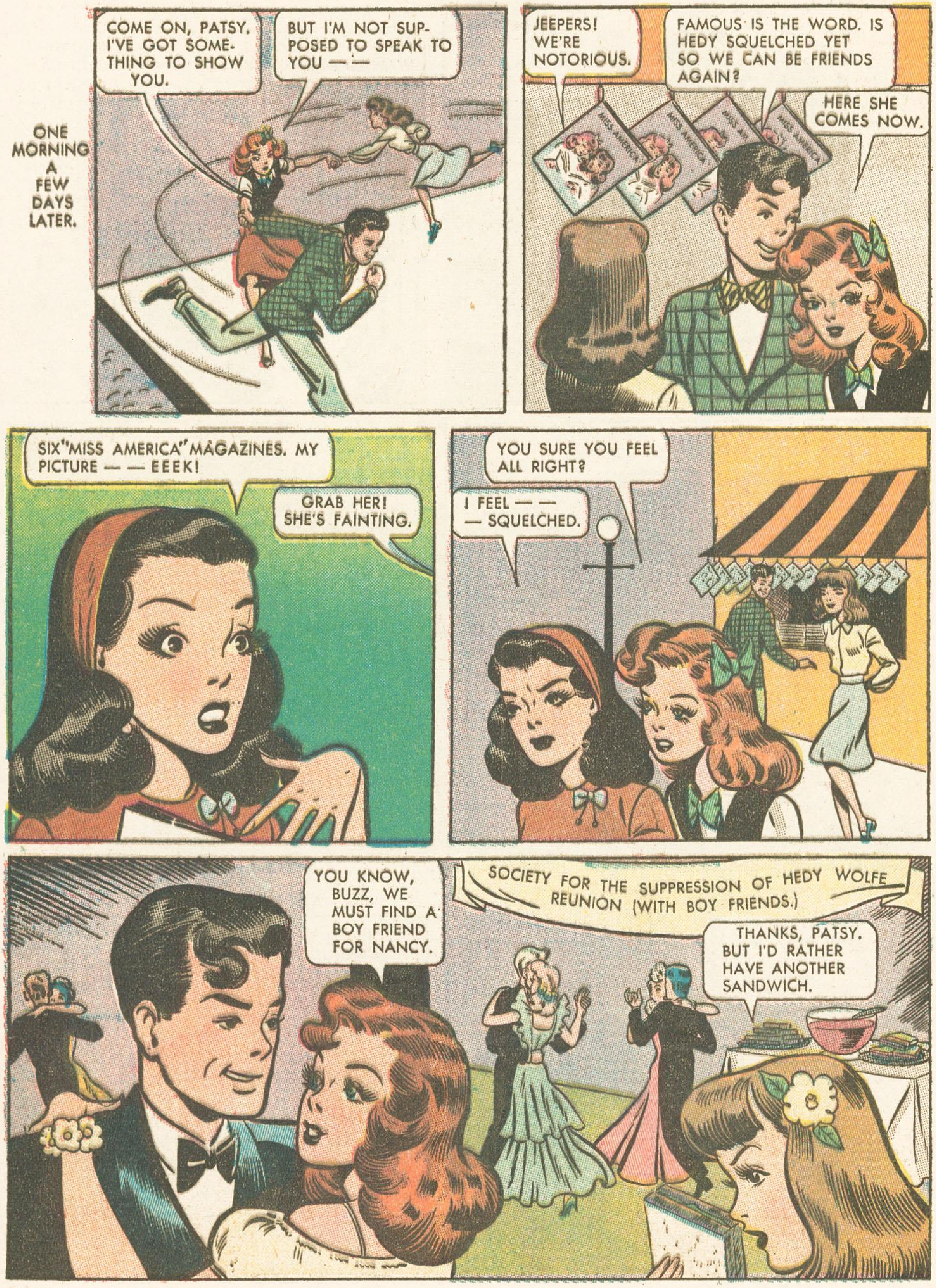

WE'VE GOT TO SQUELCH HEDY BEFORE YOU CAN DATE, BUZZ.
I KNOW I PROMISED THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HEDY, WOE IS ME!

IN NEW YORK, SOMEONE IS PREPARING TO SQUELCH HEDY FOR PATSY AND NANCY.


THIS HEDY ISN'T TYPICAL — — I'LL TAKE THESE WHOLESOME LOOKING GIRLS FOR THE COVER.
THEY REALLY LOOK AMERICAN.

A FEW WEEKS LATER.


I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE.
AMERICA WILL LOVE THESE GIRLS.
MISS AMERICA
TEEN-LIFE
AMERICAN TEEN-AGE BEAUTIES


ONE MORNING A FEW DAYS LATER.
COME ON, PATSY. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.
BUT I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO SPEAK TO YOU — —
JEEPERS! WE'RE NOTORIOUS.
FAMOUS IS THE WORD. IS HEDY SQUELCHED YET SO WE CAN BE FRIENDS AGAIN?
MISS AMERICA
HERE SHE COMES NOW.
SIX "MISS AMERICA" MAGAZINES. MY PICTURE — — EEEK!
GRAB HER! SHE'S FAINTING.
YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?
I FEEL — — — SQUELCHED.
YOU KNOW, BUZZ, WE MUST FIND A BOY FRIEND FOR NANCY.
SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF HEDY WOLFE REUNION (WITH BOY FRIENDS.)
THANKS, PATSY. BUT I'D RATHER HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH.

ARE YOU A HATER?

From page 21

American Way of Life, they acted quite differently. If Sonia did something of which they didn't approve, it was because she was a foreigner. If refugee Gretchen, struggling under the handicap of imperfect understanding of our customs, offended someone, "those sneaky foreigners should be sent back from where they came."

Susan, my young friend, and her chums met every Saturday for lunch at each other's homes, and spent a pleasant afternoon together. One day she suggested they try an experiment. Why not invite some of the girls whom she knew casually, who had recently moved to her block? Sophronia, for example, a Greek. A couple of her pals demurred. "She's different from us," they said.

"That's what will make it interesting," Susan replied. "My sister is different from me in lots of ways. That doesn't keep me from loving or understanding her, does it?"

So Susan invited Sophronia. "It was the most successful lunch we ever had, and we spent a wonderful afternoon. As soon as Sophronia, who was shy at first, realized we were trying to be friendly, not condescending, we had a grand time. She told us all about Greek customs; she danced a native dance. "Why, Kate," she added, "the very girls who were dubious about inviting her insisted she come again."

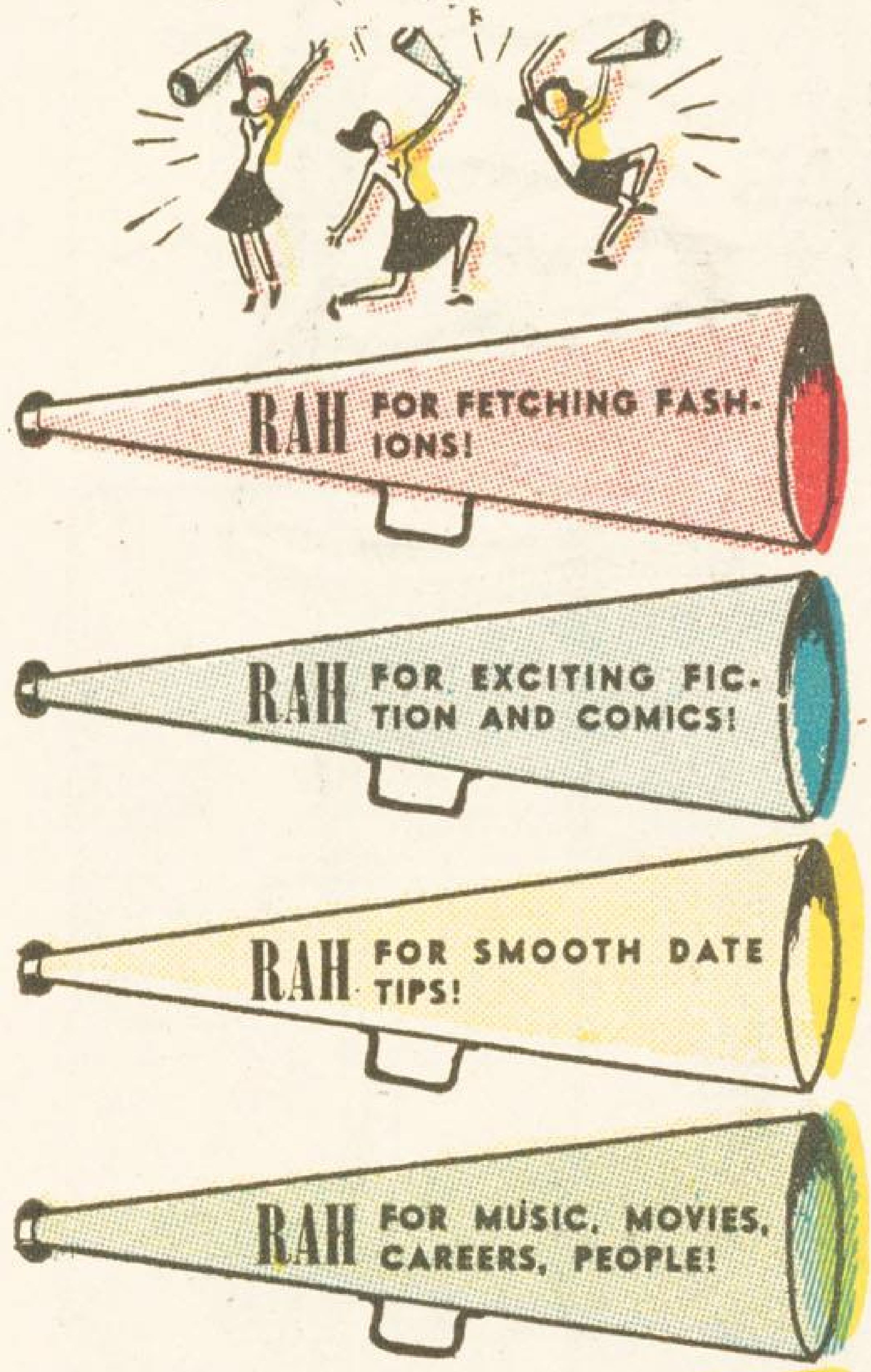
I'm glad the girls are having such a grand time together. But what pleases me more is that they have learned to look underneath the veneer of culture, and customs, and have discovered their neighbors are the same as they; just as eager to be admired, to be fine Americans.

Girls, the next time you swim or play tennis, seek out someone who differs from you in training, race or social status. If her father is president of the bank or a day laborer doesn't matter; pick her because you think she may need a friend.

Tolerance, like good news, has a way of spreading. And intolerance, like paralysis, spreads just as rapidly, once the seed has taken root. Try to understand all types and their problems. Remember, it's just an accident of birth that you're not one of the unfortunates upon whom you may look askance. Search your mind. Ferret out prejudices. Force yourself to eradicate them. If you find yourself saying, "Those colored folk are all right in their place, but I don't want to associate with them," do something active about learning about them. Friendly discussions are a good method. Reading books on how other people live is fine. But sharing in broadening experiences is best of all.

Your father and your father's father fought so our country could always remain the land of equal opportunity. It's your job and mine to see that America stays that way, and that we will never have another war caused by intolerance. We must all work together to wipe this scourge from the face of the earth.

We'll score no touch-downs if we don't keep the ball of freedom rolling!!


RAH FOR FETCHING FASHIONS!
RAH FOR EXCITING FICTION AND COMICS!
RAH FOR SMOOTH DATE TIPS!
RAH FOR MUSIC, MOVIES, CAREERS, PEOPLE!
RAH FOR MISS AMERICA, CREATED TO HELP EVERY TEEN-AGER!

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Ramon's Guitar

by Edith Doliber (AGE 13)

Ramon was different...Ramon was foreign...
But music is an international language...

AS Doris and Katherine neared the house, Doris saw her brother and Ramon cutting across the corner of the front yard toward the porch. Ramon's black, wavy hair was flattened under a huge basket he was carrying on his head — the laundry basket.

"Ramon! What are you doing with the washing balanced on your head?" Doris called.

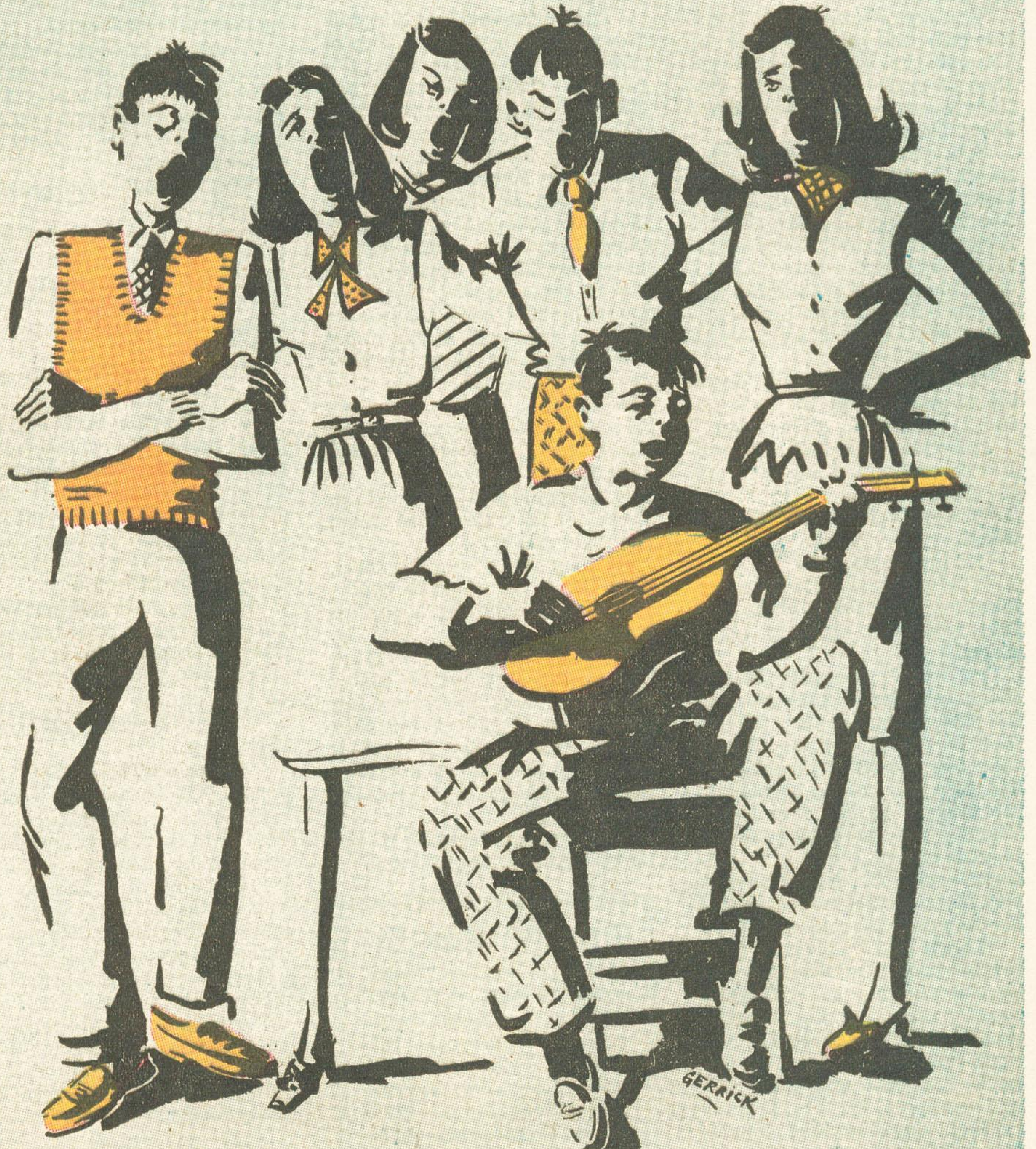
Ramon's brown eyes sparkled and his smile flashed white. "Your mother sent Jim to bring it, because she said it was not possible to use the very small gas left in the car unless very necessary. So I help him."

Jim looked very pouty, Doris thought, considering that he had had Ramon to carry the washing home for him.

She held open the screen door as the boys took the clothes in. Then she and Katherine sat down on the front steps. Katherine had been Doris' best friend ever since the first grade. They practically lived at each other's houses. (*Continued on page* 38)

Edith Doliber, thirteen-year-old resident of Groton, Massachusetts, is the proud recipient of $50.00 for her story, "Ramon's Guitar," entered in MISS AMERICA's teen-age story and article contest. We feel that this young author writes with a remarkable sense of easy style and a fine flair for natural dialogue and character delineation. The editors are happy to present Edith Doliber's story in print.

MISS AMERICA's story and article contest is open to all teen-age girls in the United States and Canada. Submit your script, written on one side of the paper only, along with your name, age and address.



"Guess what," Katherine announced. "I finally got Mother talked into letting me have a birthday party. She hasn't any extra sugar, she says, so I can't invite a lot of people, but the main thing is, I can have a party!"

Doris nodded, her blond curls bobbing in the sunlight. "I knew she'd let you. And what did she say about Ramon?"

"She says it's up to me, but I can only ask seven, outside of you and Jim, and I've lots more than seven real good friends that I've always asked so I don't know about Ramon."

"Oh, please do, Kathy! Ramon's bashful until he gets to know you, but he's really lots of fun. Nobody gives him a chance. He has feelings and he doesn't go where he's not wanted and I don't blame him. And if you ask him he'll feel that he's wanted — everybody always is welcome at your house."

"That's just the trouble—there are so many people I like a lot, and I want them all to come."

The screen door slammed, and Jim came out and sat down by the girls.

"Where's Ramon?" Doris asked.

"He had to go home."

"You're to blame for that, Jim Henders. You didn't make him feel welcome or he'd have stayed."

"So what?" snapped Jim. "I didn't ask him to come along in the first place. He just offered. And of course I thought he'd take one handle of the basket and help me instead of making me a sight all the way home. There I was, walking beside a regular circus! Make him welcome — *nuts!* He doesn't have to stay in America if he doesn't like it — he's only here on trial."

"That's just it. I think we're pretty poor Americans if we have a visitor from a friendly country and treat him so badly that he doesn't want to stay. And right now I'm telling you the truth: Ramon wants to go back to Guatemala. He's homesick."

"Well, why doesn't he go back, then? Nobody's stopping him." Jim got up and ran across the street, yelling for his friend, Harold, to come out.

"If Jim would only like him," Doris sighed, "it would help so much. Everybody follows Jim's lead."

"What did Jim mean, Doris, saying Ramon's only here on trial? I thought the Manning's adopted him. Didn't they bring him home with them from Guatemala?"

"They want to adopt him, but they aren't going to unless they're sure he'll be happy here. It's America that's on trial, not Ramon. You see, when the Manings stayed at a hotel in Guatemala City, Ramon was working there. They found out he had no parents or relatives and they liked him so well that after they came home, they decided to adopt him. They wrote and asked him to come up and visit them for six months. Now, if he wants to stay, they will adopt him."

Katherine sat silent for several minutes. Then she said slowly, "Well, I guess that means he comes to the party. Someone else—I don't know who yet—will have to stay away."

"Come on!" Doris jumped up. "Let's go next door and invite him right now!"

As they ran across the lawn, they heard guitar notes beginning to shower the afternoon with music.

"That's Ramon," Doris sighed. "He always gets out his guitar when he's lonely. Everytime Jim goes across the street and calls Harold out to play some ball game and they don't ask him, there goes his guitar. It gives me a sad feeling."

"Maybe he'll bring it to the party," Katherine suggested.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

At last! Your very own "Pen-Pal" section! By POPULAR REQUEST we are going to feature the first one in the November issue of MISS AMERICA. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to make new friends all over the country! Yes — and in Canada, England, France and Ireland, too!

And he did. At first he just sat there, all dressed up, and smiled and talked to Doris and Katherine, and held his guitar. Then Katherine's mother suggested, "Ramon, we've never had anyone before who could play a guitar. Play something for us, won't you?"

"It will make me very happy to do so," Ramon said. "What would you like to hear?" and he named several songs.

"Those are Spanish songs from Guatemala," Doris explained, "I've heard Ramon play them often. You choose one you like, Ramon — we won't know the words anyway.

"Heck, no," Jim growled, "Spanish!"

Ramon's face clouded, but instantly he smiled brightly again and began to play something. It started slowly and got faster and lighter and made everybody's feet restless.

"Another one!" Katherine called out when it ended.

So he played another one. Nobody knew the words but it didn't matter. The music seemed to dance in the leaves of the trees around the back yard and echo in the sunshine. It made everybody feel better to hear it. Suddenly Doris had an idea.

"Ramon—you know that Western music we've been having in class at school? Maybe if we'd sing a tune, you could pick it up on your guitar."

"I'll try," he said. "I'll be glad to try."

" 'Home on The Range'," Jim yelled. "Go ahead — we'll sing."

Someone started it and before they were through with the first verse, Ramon had it on his guitar. By the time they had sung it over again, the guitar was filling in with little trills and strums between phrases, making the song sound wonderful. Katherine's mother said to her softly, "You children are doing more shouting than singing. I'm going to see about the refreshments and I'll call you and Doris when I'm ready for you to help me."

They were singing Negro favorites now, and it was "Li'l Liza Jane": *(Continued on Page 46)*

For Girls Only

You told Aunt Nina about those problems — now she tells *you* how to make them get smaller and smaller . . .

Fashion Flash. The old-fashioned legging is back in style. Just think of it, long, long leggings that reach to the knee and button up the side, like the ones our baby brothers wear. In fleece-lined stockinet, too, of the brightest colors, green, shocking blue, to show off against the snow! With thumb-mittens to match, and beanies. Sometimes even a muff-purse to complete the ensemble.

A flock of teen-age models tried them out on the early snows at Bear Mountain Lake, California, the other day and caused a sensation. Bare legs? Yes, indoors. But for outdoors this winter — well, better borrow your grandmother's button-hook, girls, you're sure going to need it!

* * *

Picture-Pretty. Emily L. Yes, I think your friend is both pretty and attractive. So are the others in the pictures. A sweet expression, such as she has, will help any girl to be attractive.

* * *

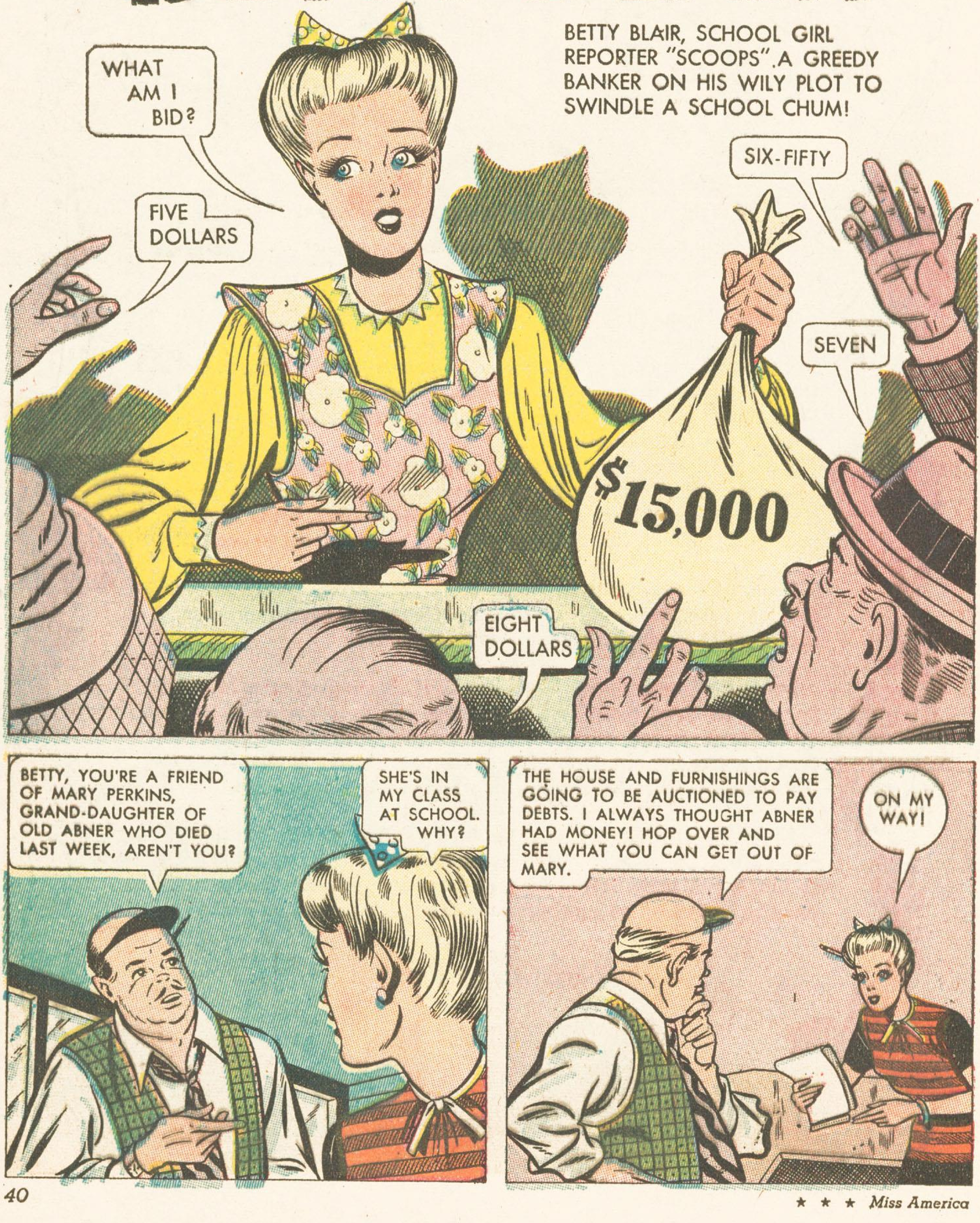
Loves-me-Loves-me-not Dept. For D. K. B. and Katherine M. All you can do about those boys who ignore you, is to always look as attractive as you can, and seem happy, occupied with your own affairs, even if you're left out. If they do not come back to you then—try to find somebody else! Remember, the world is full of nice boys.

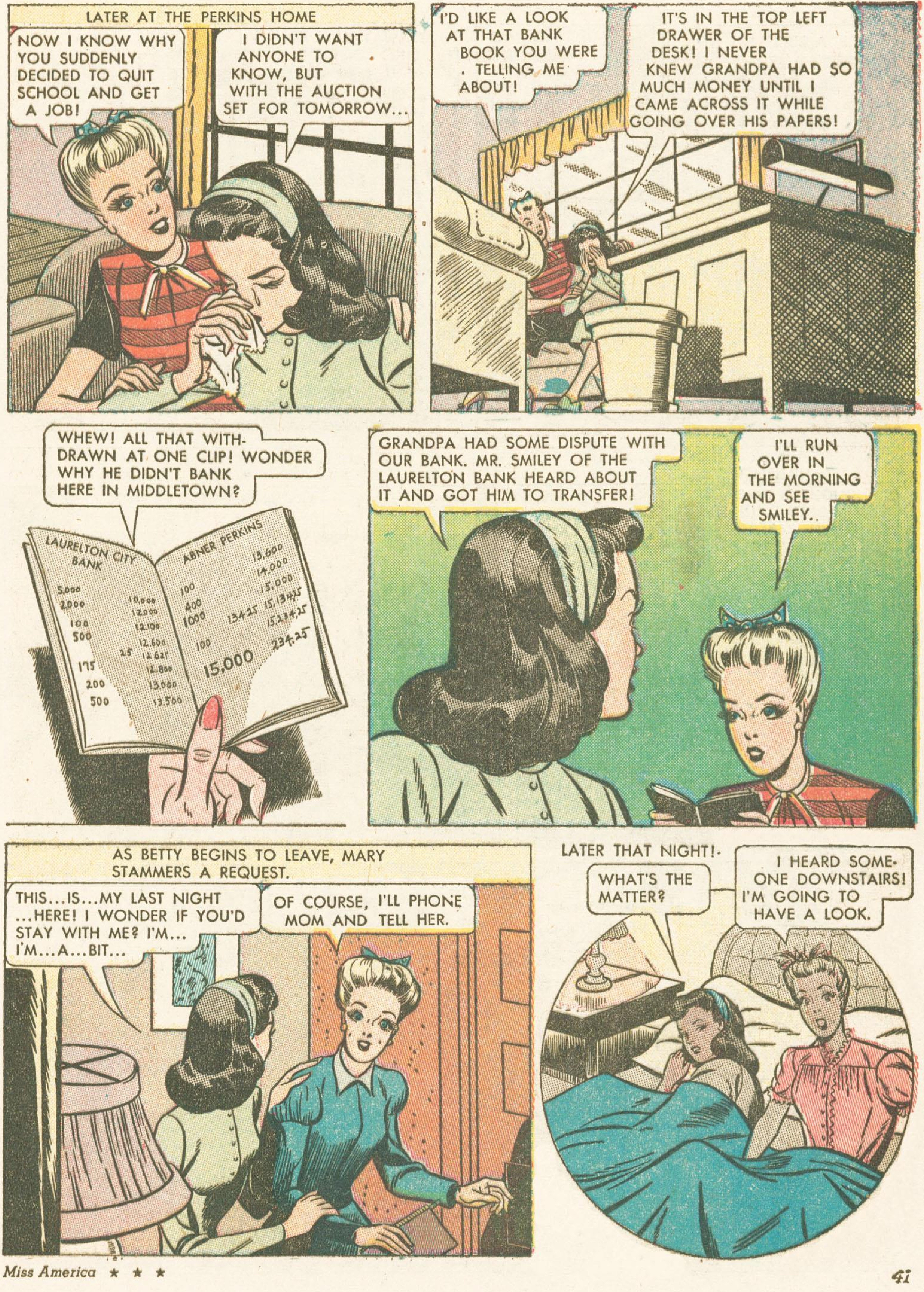
* * *

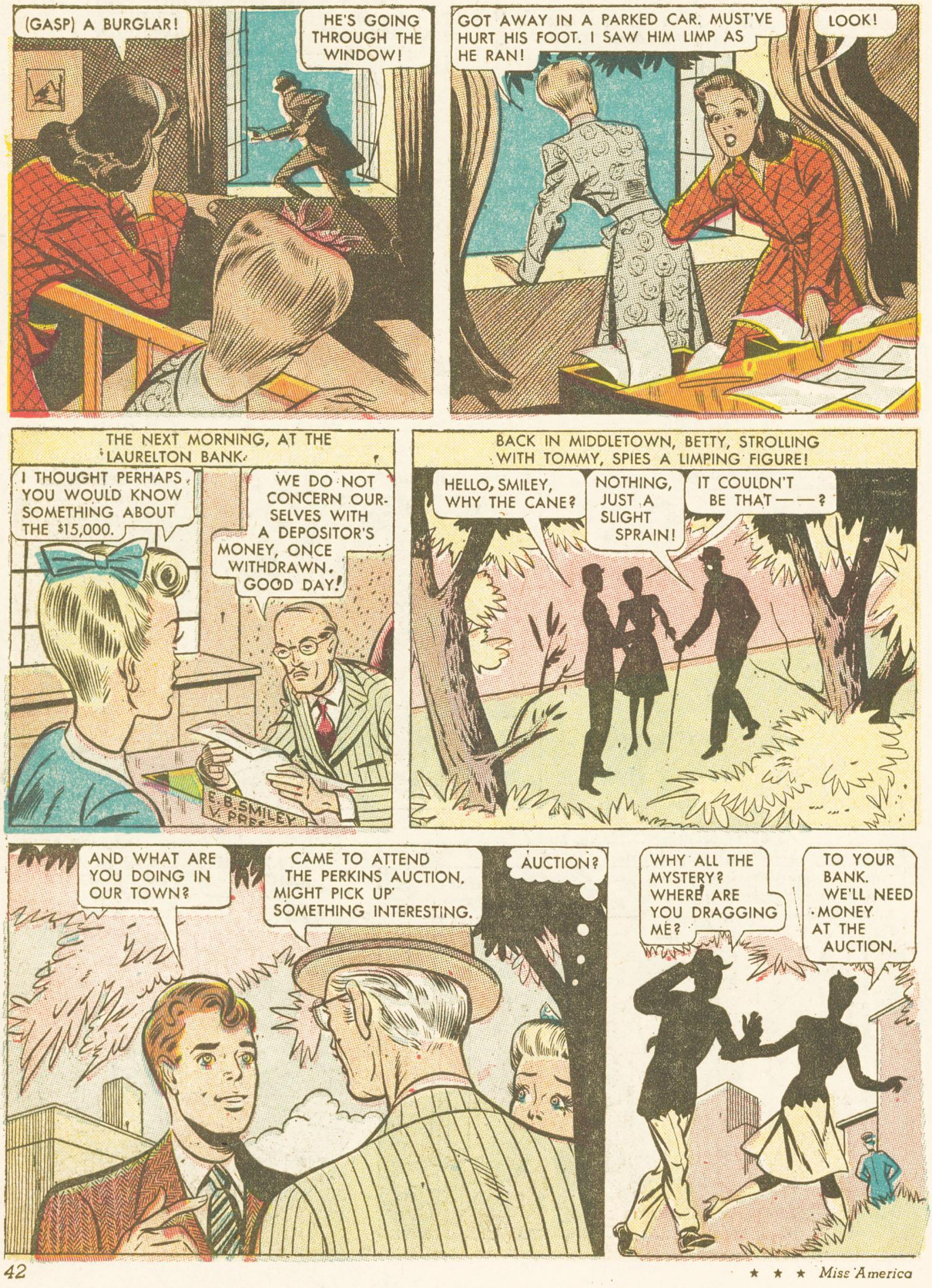
Night Owlet: Delores S. A girl of fifteen should be in by ten-thirty at the latest. On weekday nights during the school term she should not go out. Familiarities is bad for both boys and girls, physically and morally, and cheapens a girl's standards and (*Continued on page* 46)

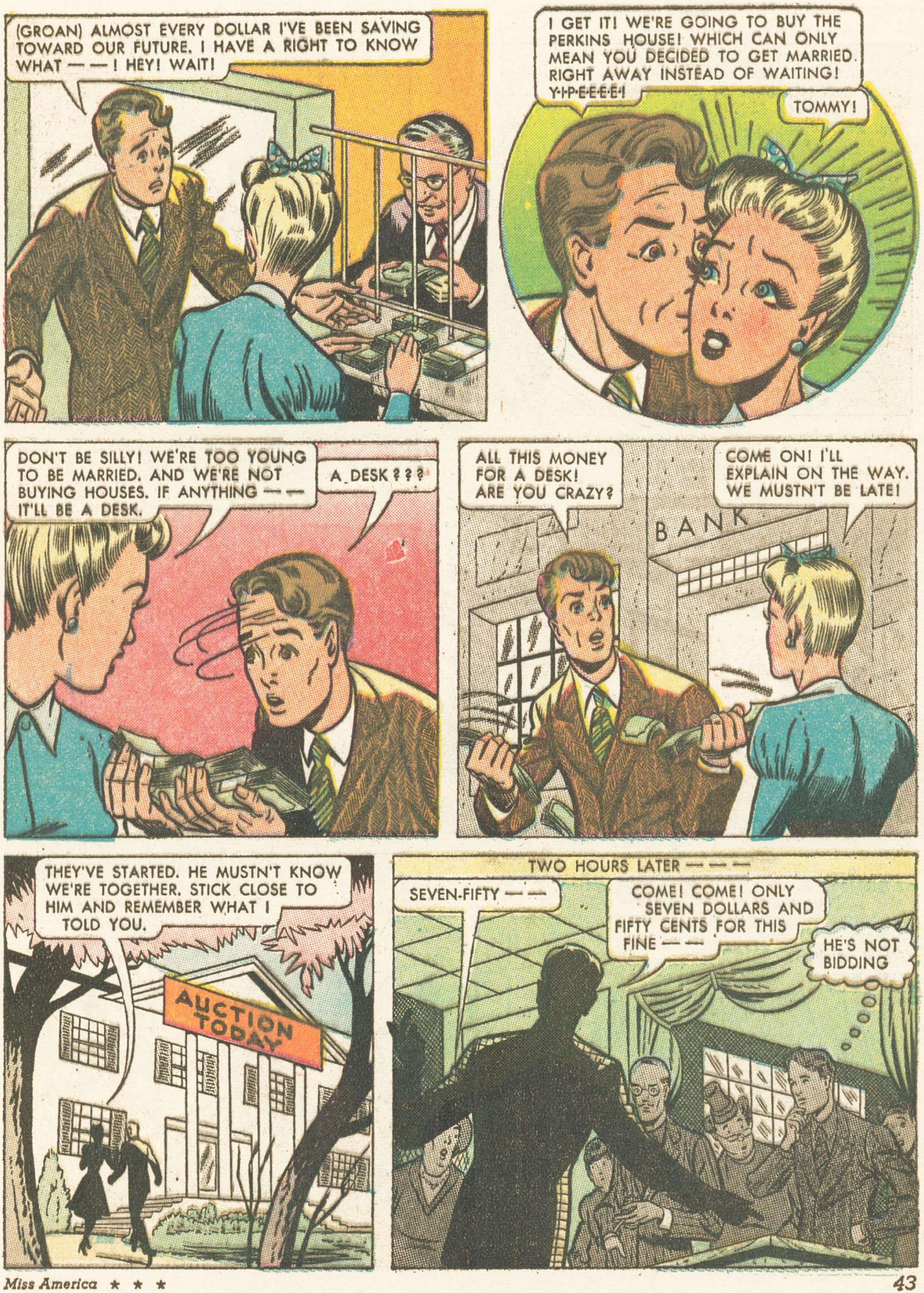
by Nina Wilcox Putnam

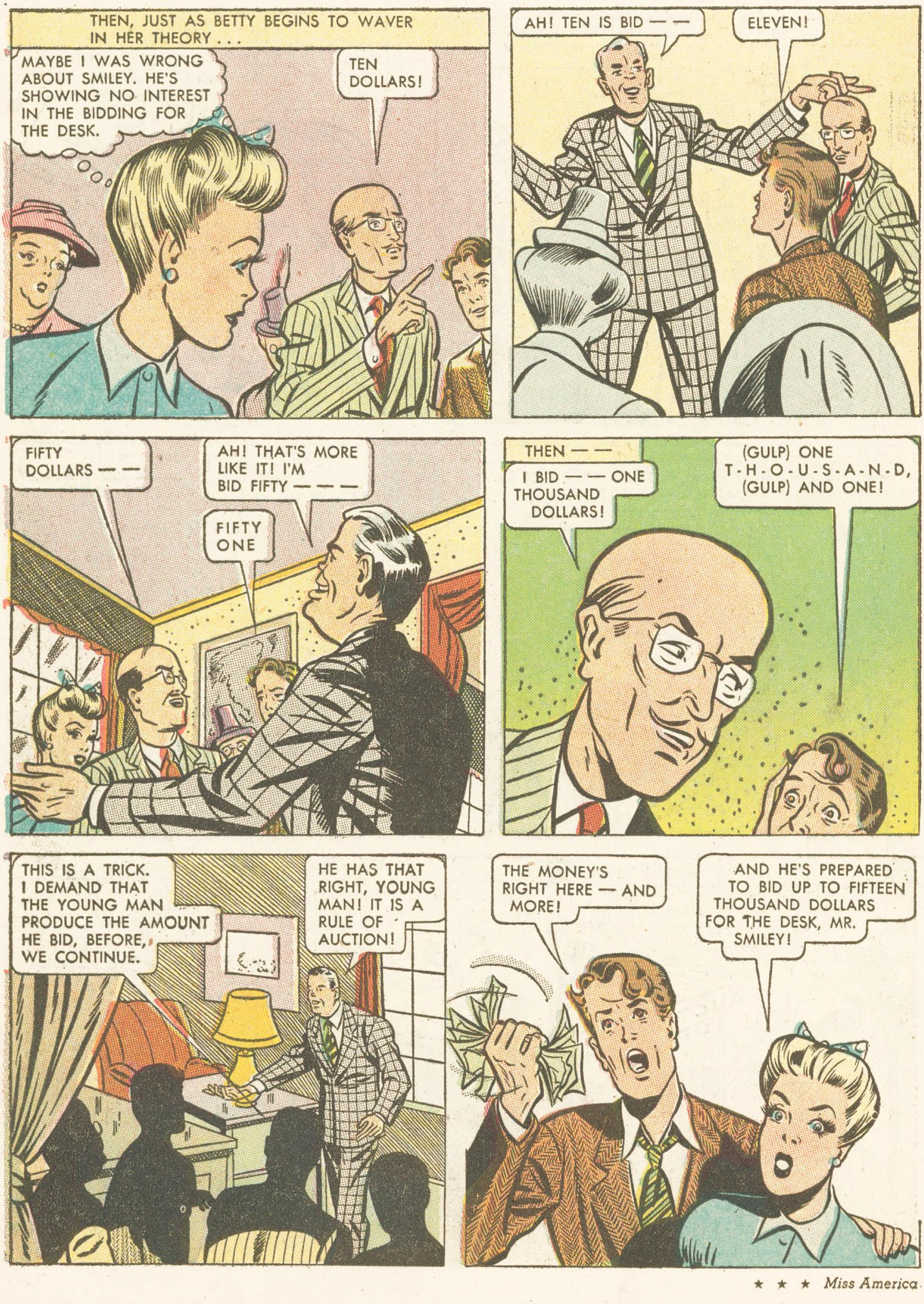
BETTY BLAIR

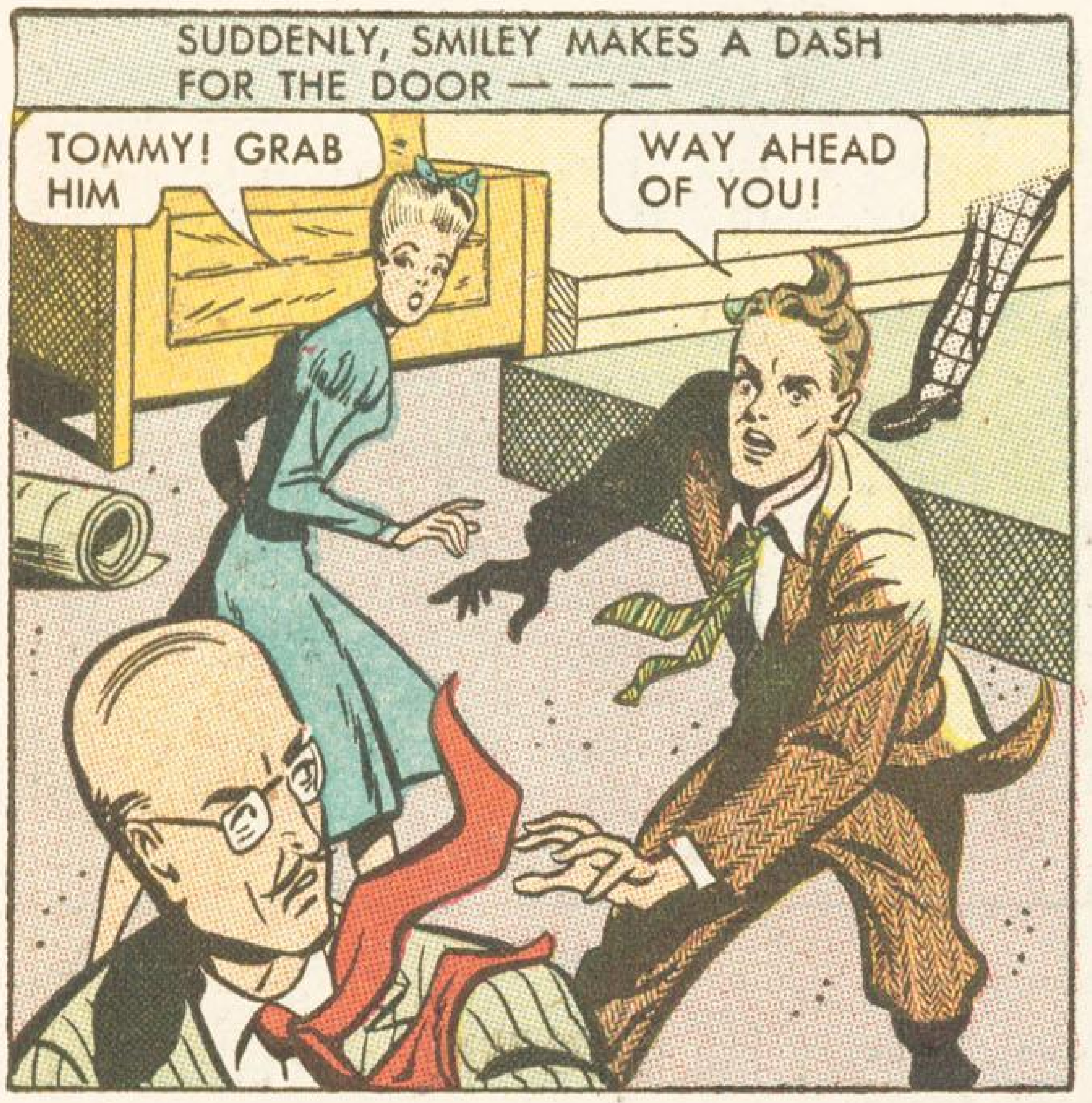

BETTY BLAIR, SCHOOL GIRL REPORTER "SCOOPS" A GREEDY BANKER ON HIS WILY PLOT TO SWINDLE A SCHOOL CHUM!
WHAT AM I BID?
FIVE DOLLARS
SIX-FIFTY
SEVEN
$15,000
EIGHT DOLLARS
BETTY, YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MARY PERKINS, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF OLD ABNER WHO DIED LAST WEEK, AREN'T YOU?
SHE'S IN MY CLASS AT SCHOOL. WHY?
THE HOUSE AND FURNISHINGS ARE GOING TO BE AUCTIONED TO PAY DEBTS. I ALWAYS THOUGHT ABNER HAD MONEY! HOP OVER AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF MARY.
ON MY WAY!

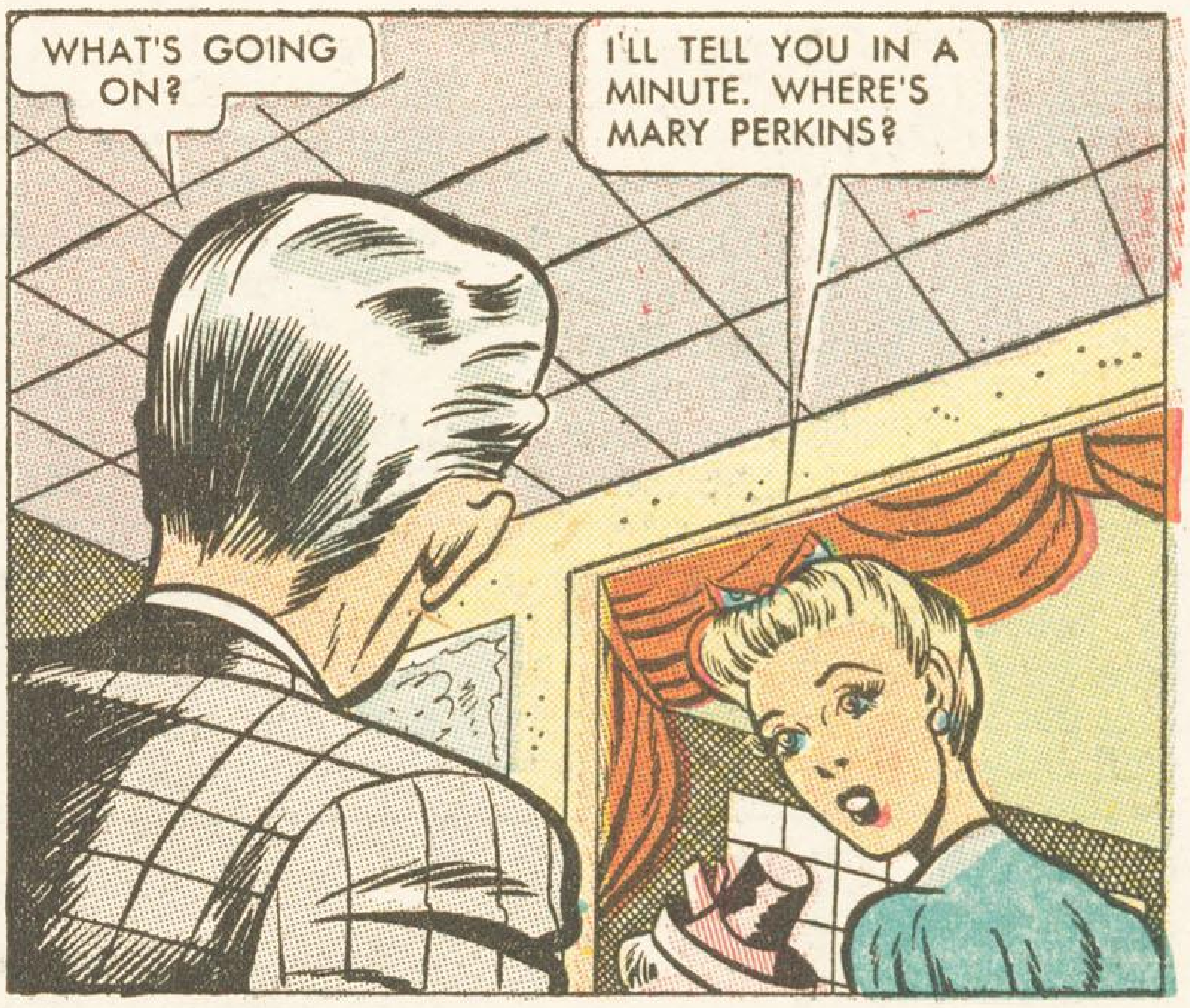

LATER AT THE PERKINS HOME
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU SUDDENLY DECIDED TO QUIT SCHOOL AND GET A JOB!
I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW, BUT WITH THE AUCTION SET FOR TOMORROW...
I'D LIKE A LOOK AT THAT BANK BOOK YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT!
IT'S IN THE TOP LEFT DRAWER OF THE DESK! I NEVER KNEW GRANDPA HAD SO MUCH MONEY UNTIL I CAME ACROSS IT WHILE GOING OVER HIS PAPERS!
WHEW! ALL THAT WITHDRAWN AT ONE CLIP! WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T BANK HERE IN MIDDLETOWN?
LAURELTON CITY BANK
ABNER PERKINS
15.000
GRANDPA HAD SOME DISPUTE WITH OUR BANK. MR. SMILEY OF THE LAURELTON BANK HEARD ABOUT IT AND GOT HIM TO TRANSFER!
I'LL RUN OVER IN THE MORNING AND SEE SMILEY..
AS BETTY BEGINS TO LEAVE, MARY STAMMERS A REQUEST.
THIS...IS...MY LAST NIGHT ...HERE! I WONDER IF YOU'D STAY WITH ME? I'M... I'M...A...BIT...
OF COURSE, I'LL PHONE MOM AND TELL HER.
LATER THAT NIGHT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I HEARD SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK.

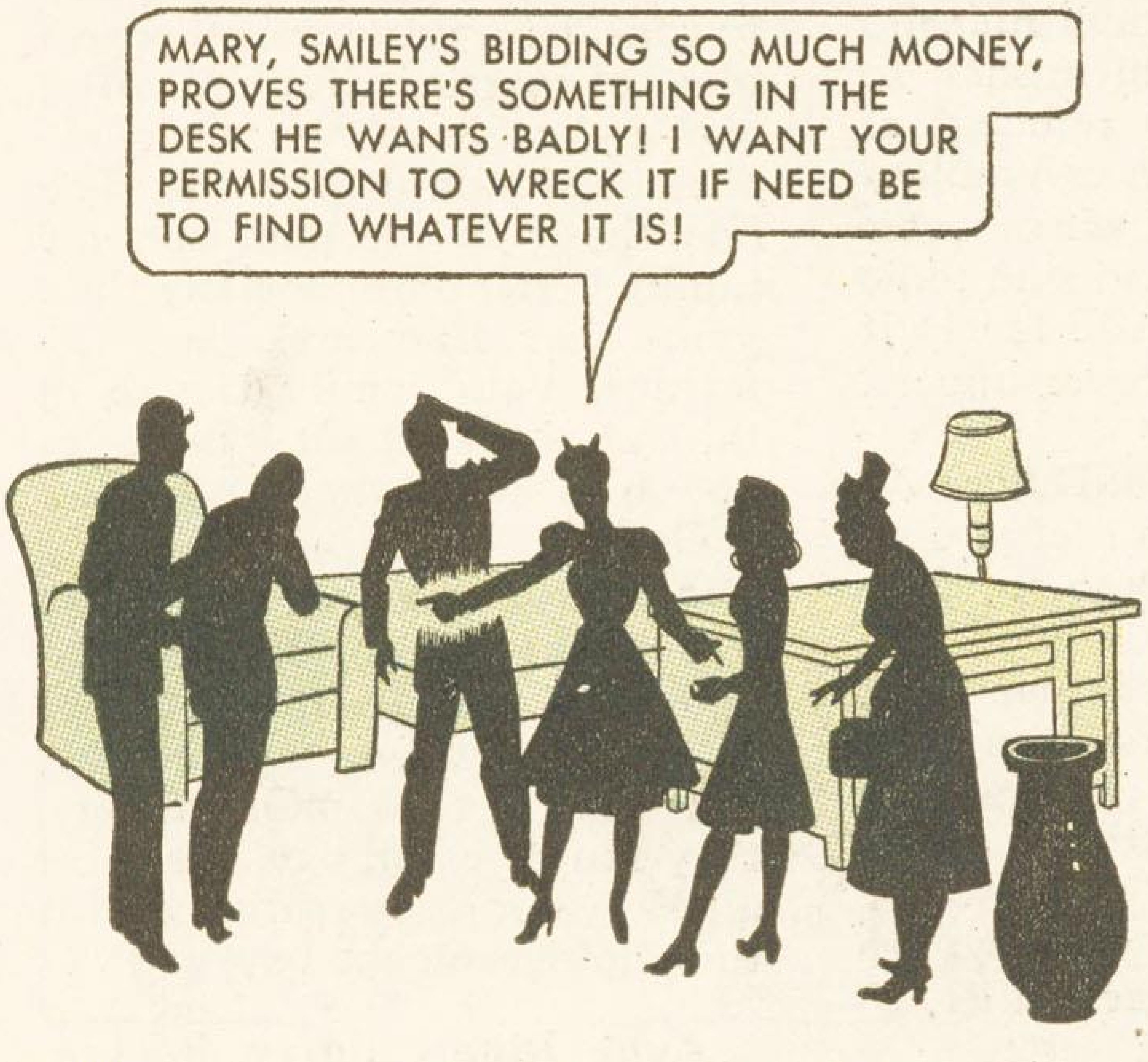

(GASP) A BURGLAR!
HE'S GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW!
GOT AWAY IN A PARKED CAR. MUST'VE HURT HIS FOOT. I SAW HIM LIMP AS HE RAN!
LOOK!
THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE LAURELTON BANK
I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE $15,000.
WE DO NOT CONCERN OURSELVES WITH A DEPOSITOR'S MONEY, ONCE WITHDRAWN. GOOD DAY!
E. B. SMILEY V. PRES.
BACK IN MIDDLETOWN, BETTY, STROLLING WITH TOMMY, SPIES A LIMPING FIGURE!
HELLO, SMILEY, WHY THE CANE?
NOTHING, JUST A SLIGHT SPRAIN!
IT COULDN'T BE THAT — — ?
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN OUR TOWN?
CAME TO ATTEND THE PERKINS AUCTION. MIGHT PICK UP SOMETHING INTERESTING.
AUCTION?
WHY ALL THE MYSTERY? WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME?
TO YOUR BANK. WE'LL NEED MONEY AT THE AUCTION.

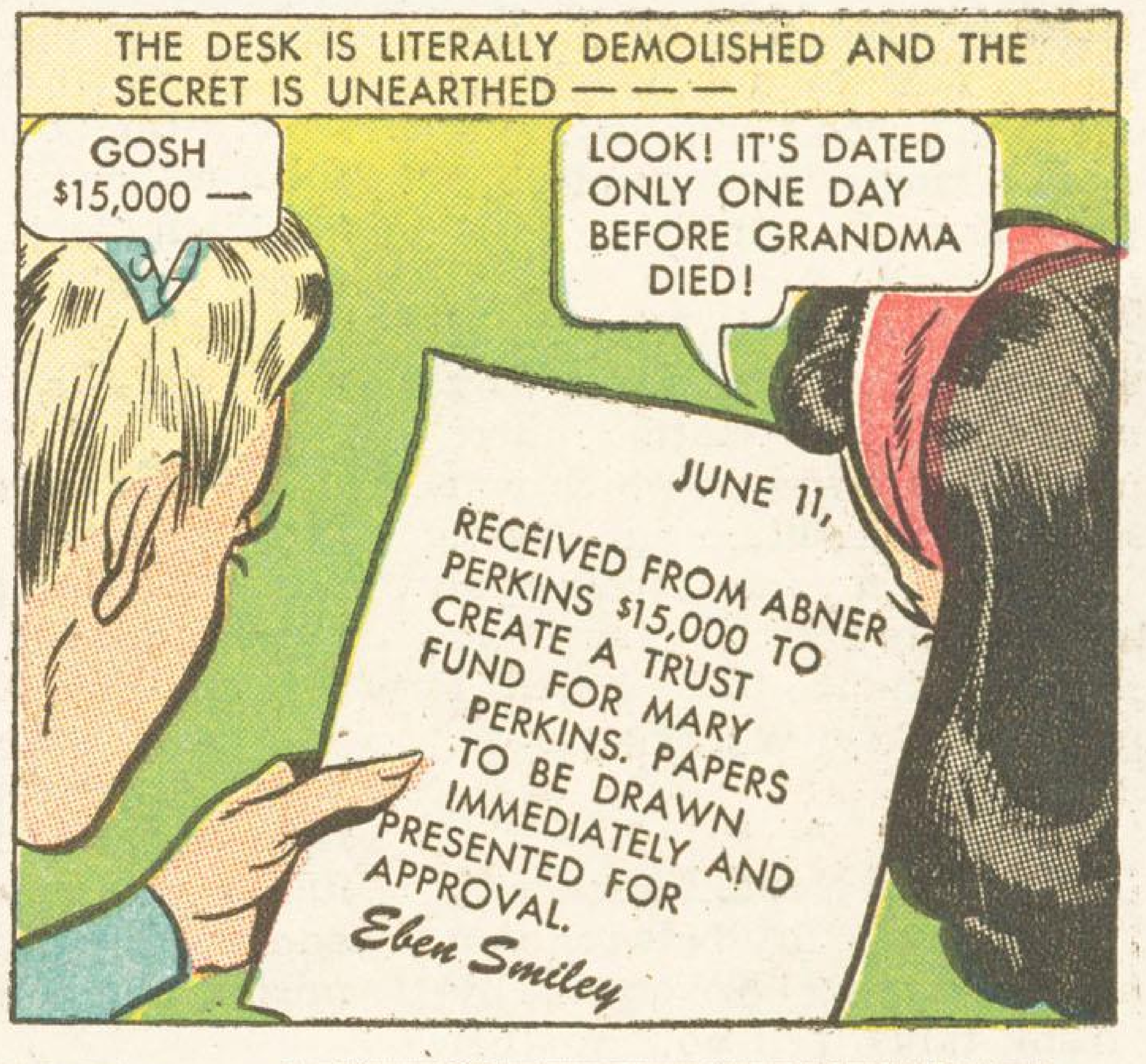

(GROAN) ALMOST EVERY DOLLAR I'VE BEEN SAVING TOWARD OUR FUTURE. I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT — —! HEY! WAIT!
I GET IT! WE'RE GOING TO BUY THE PERKINS HOUSE! WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN YOU DECIDED TO GET MARRIED. RIGHT AWAY INSTEAD OF WAITING! Y-I-P-E-E-E-E-!
TOMMY!
DON'T BE SILLY! WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE MARRIED. AND WE'RE NOT BUYING HOUSES. IF ANYTHING — — IT'LL BE A DESK.
A DESK???
ALL THIS MONEY FOR A DESK! ARE YOU CRAZY?
BANK
COME ON! I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY. WE MUSTN'T BE LATE!
THEY'VE STARTED. HE MUSTN'T KNOW WE'RE TOGETHER. STICK CLOSE TO HIM AND REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU.
AUCTION TODAY
TWO HOURS LATER — — —
SEVEN-FIFTY — —
COME! COME! ONLY SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS FOR THIS FINE — —
HE'S NOT BIDDING

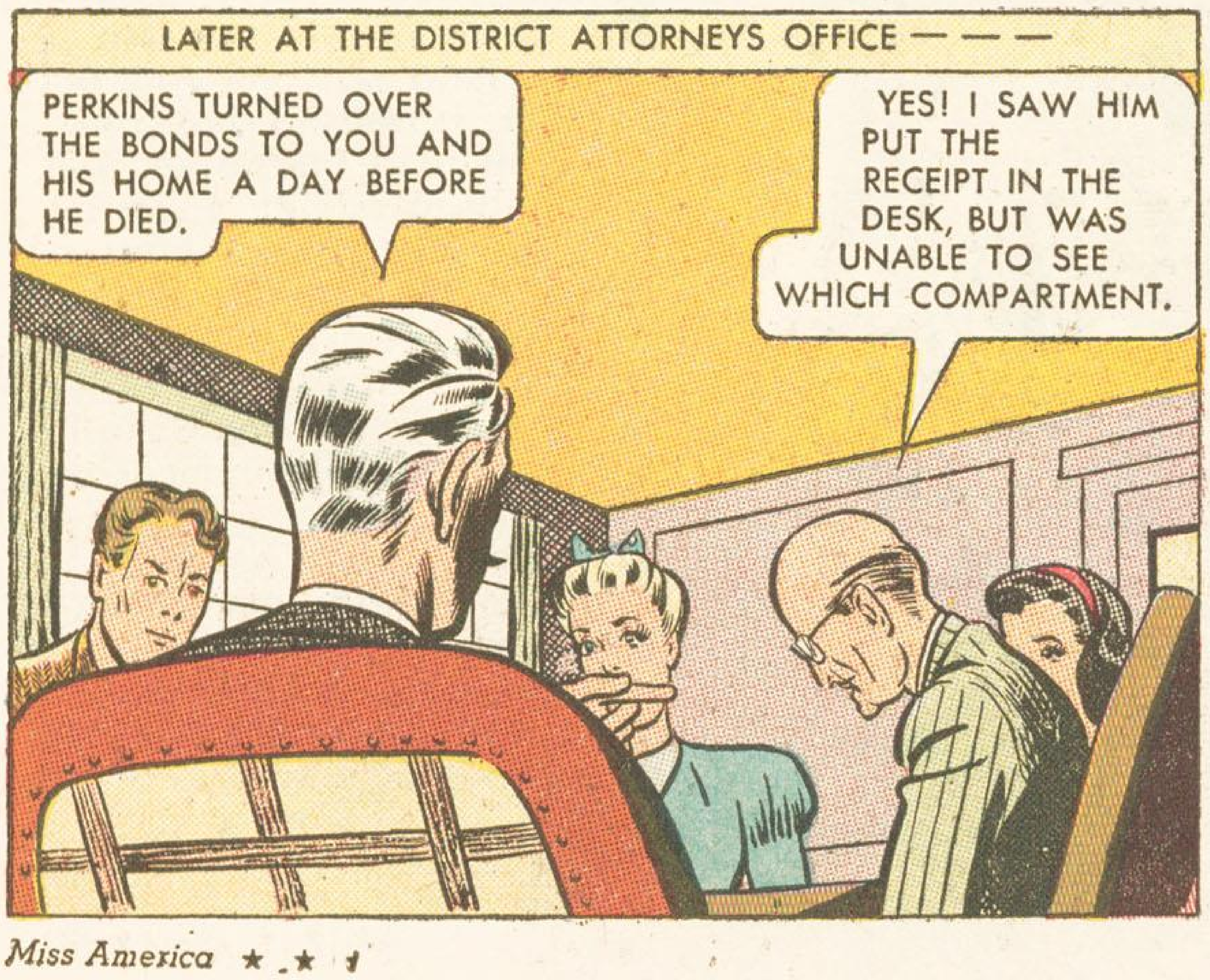

THEN, JUST AS BETTY BEGINS TO WAVER IN HER THEORY . . .
MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT SMILEY. HE'S SHOWING NO INTEREST IN THE BIDDING FOR THE DESK.
TEN DOLLARS!
AH! TEN IS BID — —
ELEVEN!
FIFTY DOLLARS — —
AH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I'M BID FIFTY — — —
FIFTY ONE
THEN — —
I BID — — ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
(GULP) ONE T-H-O-U-S-A-N-D, (GULP) AND ONE!
THIS IS A TRICK. I DEMAND THAT THE YOUNG MAN PRODUCE THE AMOUNT HE BID, BEFORE, WE CONTINUE.
HE HAS THAT RIGHT, YOUNG MAN! IT IS A RULE OF AUCTION!
THE MONEY'S RIGHT HERE — AND MORE!
AND HE'S PREPARED TO BID UP TO FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE DESK, MR. SMILEY!

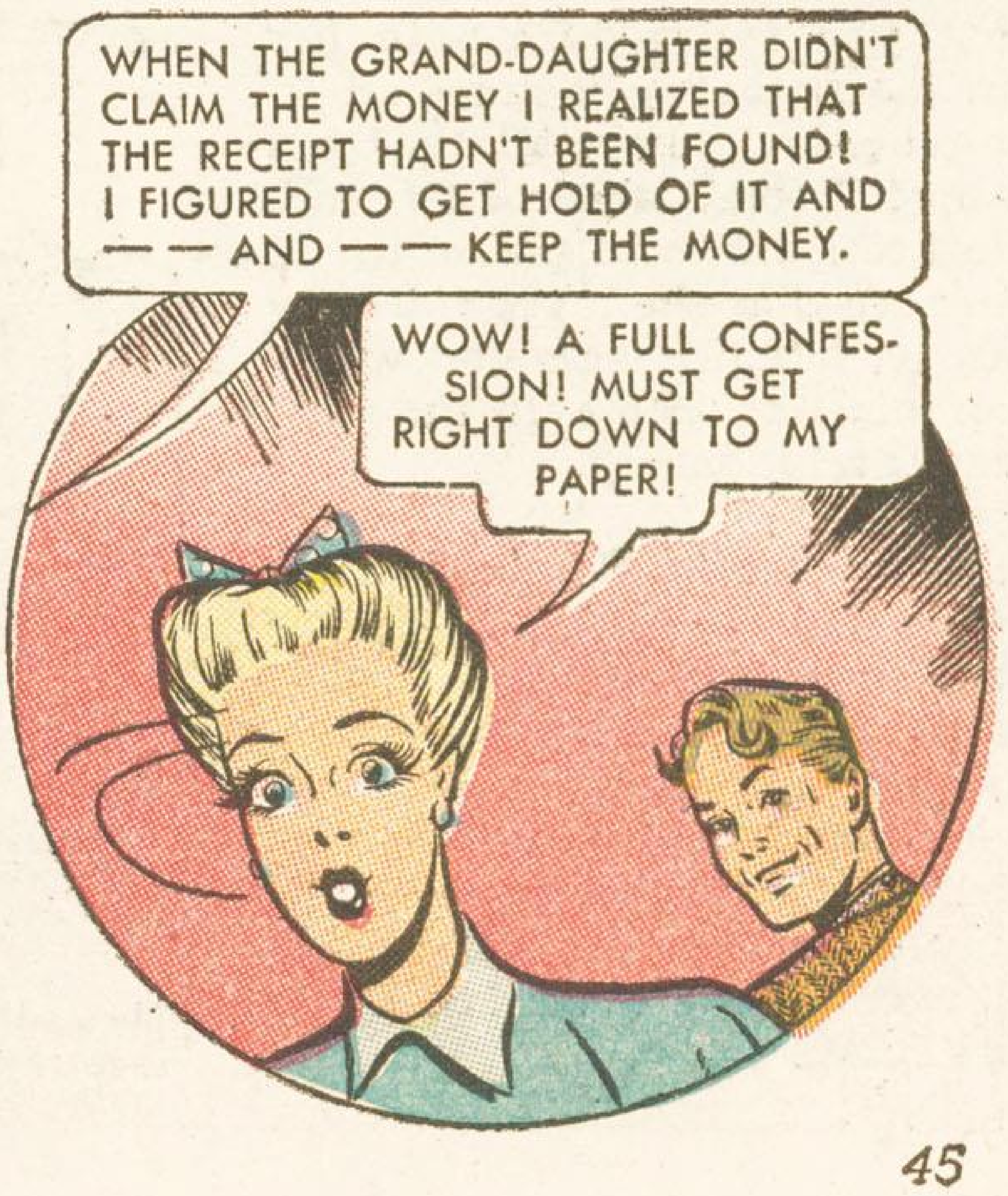

SUDDENLY, SMILEY MAKES A DASH FOR THE DOOR — — —
TOMMY! GRAB HIM
WAY AHEAD OF YOU!


WHAT'S GOING ON?
I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE. WHERE'S MARY PERKINS?


MARY, SMILEY'S BIDDING SO MUCH MONEY, PROVES THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE DESK HE WANTS BADLY! I WANT YOUR PERMISSION TO WRECK IT IF NEED BE TO FIND WHATEVER IT IS!


THE DESK IS LITERALLY DEMOLISHED AND THE SECRET IS UNEARTHED — — —
GOSH $15,000 —
LOOK! IT'S DATED ONLY ONE DAY BEFORE GRANDMA DIED!
JUNE 11,
RECEIVED FROM ABNER PERKINS $15,000 TO CREATE A TRUST FUND FOR MARY PERKINS. PAPERS TO BE DRAWN IMMEDIATELY AND PRESENTED FOR APPROVAL.
Eben Smiley


LATER AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEYS OFFICE — — —
PERKINS TURNED OVER THE BONDS TO YOU AND HIS HOME A DAY BEFORE HE DIED.
YES! I SAW HIM PUT THE RECEIPT IN THE DESK, BUT WAS UNABLE TO SEE WHICH COMPARTMENT.


WHEN THE GRAND-DAUGHTER DIDN'T CLAIM THE MONEY I REALIZED THAT THE RECEIPT HADN'T BEEN FOUND! I FIGURED TO GET HOLD OF IT AND — — AND — — KEEP THE MONEY.
WOW! A FULL CONFESSION! MUST GET RIGHT DOWN TO MY PAPER!

RAMON'S GUITAR

From page 38

Crowds o' chillun 'roun' de do',
Li'l Liza Jane!
Oh, Eliza, li'l Jane!

They were really shouting now.

"It is that way in Guatemala," Ramon told them. "We have large families there, too. Everybody is very happy. They wear bright colored clothes, and everywhere there are bright colored flowers and fruits—you will see." He smiled radiantly. "Someday, when the Pan-American Highway finishes itself, we will all go down there on a visit. And I will show you how beautiful."

Doris saw Katherine's mother beckon. "Did you hear that, Katherine?" she asked as they went in. "He said that someday we would all go down there on a *visit* — just a *visit* — and he said *someday* —"

Katherine nodded. She held plates for the sandwiches. "Hurry, Mother. He's telling the kids about Guatemala."

Jim's voice came through the kitchen door. "Why don't you try out for operetta, Ray? With that guitar, and the way you sing — "

"Sure," somebody agreed "Why don't you?"

"Ray!" Katherine's mother sighed. "Wouldn't you know they'd change a beautiful name like Ramon to a nickname?"

"Well, anyway, his guitar doesn't give me a sad feeling anymore," Doris said.

From that day on, Ramon was included when the boys played ball and almost everyday some boy or girl would go over to the Mannings' to hear him play his guitar.

Ramon stayed and enjoyed America very much, thanks to Doris and Katherine.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 39

her reputation as well.

* * *

Cross-Patch. Johnnie R. Being too nice to a boy who is rude to you won't help you. This boy is taking advantage of your good-nature. Forget him!

* * *

Radio Songbird: Nita A. If you were accepted as a singer by an eastern radio station, there must be some way in which you can get an audition in Texas. Find out from your nearest local station, write them the facts and ask for a chance to be heard. I am sure they will cooperate. Good luck!

* * *

A Friend in Need. Florence C. Can't the difficulty between you and your mother be overcome by a frank talk? Tell your mother that you sympathize with her tiredness, that you are glad to help her and, above all, that you want her for your closest friend. Do little things to please her. I am sure that she loves you very dearly, but tiredness and worry can interfere with even the most tender relationship.

* * *

Shilly-Shally: Bernice L. Your boy friend is evidently one of those weak persons who listens to the last girl he's with. If you like him well enough to grab him back from that boy-snatching girl, just remember you'll probably experience the same thing all over again when the next new girl comes along.

Soap-box Preachment: Pancake makeup is all wrong for a girl of fourteen. Heavy makeup can help spread blemishes so concentrate on the removal of them rather than on camouflaging them. Soap and warm water and a good medicated skin tonic will make your skin so lovely it won't need heavy cover-uppers.

* * *

Time Out Section: Dolores V. If your mother won't let you go out with girls, or talk to boys, she must think she has a good reason. Are you sure she can trust you to behave yourself in every way? Any young girl has the right to have friends and a little fun. Try to talk to your mother and see if perhaps you two are misunderstanding each other.

My weekly inventory shows I borrowed one sweater more than I lent out!

Never Too Young: Jane F., you are a lucky girl to have a fine boy love you and to love him in turn. Of course it is not wrong to consider a future together. An ideal of marriage, formed early, can make one of the most important standards in a life. The fact that you are poor and his family better off financially than yours should not make any difference. Your family is rich in the things that count — love, devotion to each other, and belief in God.

* * *

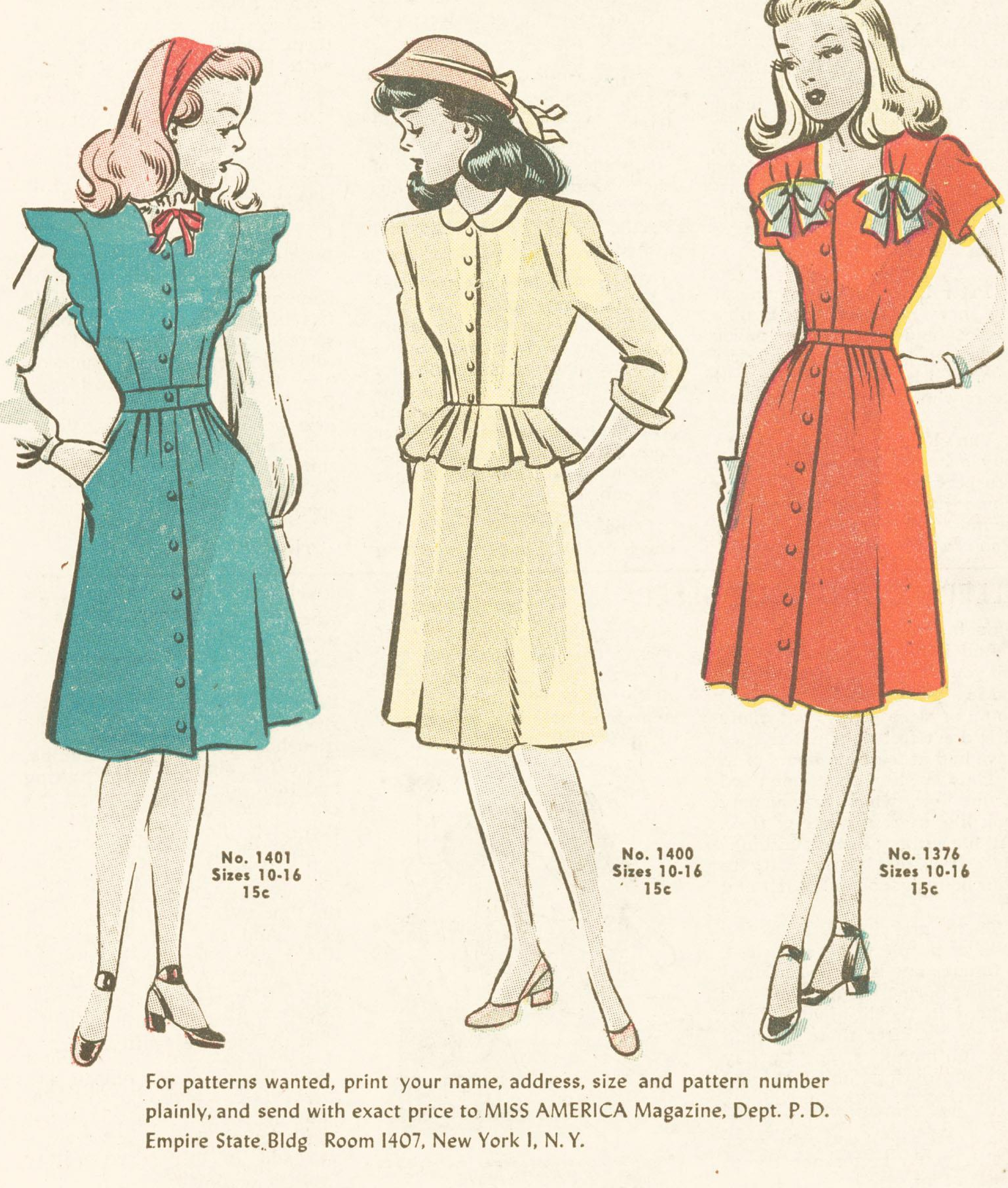
Address Unknown. Dorothy E. I can't give you Jane Powell's address. I am sure she would be glad to know you admire her, but stars get so many letters, they simply cannot answer them all. Why not just be satisfied with the photograph she sent you?

* * *

Aunt Nina's Party Recipe. Get some good firm baking apples, large size, allowing one to each person to be served. Wash and core but do not peel. Fill the centers with a mixture of finely chopped frankfurters, pickle, and a little dry mustard to which a small quantity of sugar has been added. Top apples with any sharp, quick-melting cheese and bake in moderate oven until apples are tender. Serve hot.

Hot gingerbread made from a good ready-mix and topped with light cream makes a good dessert, and hot tea served in tall glasses with lemon is a good beverage to add to this crisp weather supper or luncheon.

PATTERN PRETTIES



No. 1401
Sizes 10-16
15c

No. 1400
Sizes 10-16
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Sizes 10-16
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For patterns wanted, print your name, address, size and pattern number plainly, and send with exact price to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. P. D. Empire State Bldg Room 1407, New York 1, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

intention of letting six furry competitors move in on him! So I took the six kittens back to their mother, a gray persian named Lady, and Mrs. Lady was happy to have her family safely returned.

Incidentally, Ann completed her senior high school course right there in bed, and received her diploma. Among the many gifts brought to her by her friends was a cute black puppy, nameless at the moment, from Eddie Ryan, and a short-snorter form of letter bearing messages with 700 signatures from the gang at Universal.

* * *

Peter Lawford is now one of the new raves of the Bobbie Socks, and requires a police escort when he appears at previews. Girls, he's fancy-free and heart-whole!

* * *

Van Johnson was all set to buy a house, but says with the prospect of building his own home just around the corner, he may wait. Personally, I think Van is wishing that the right girl would appear on his horizon, and then it would be wedding bells.

* * *

Junie Allyson has just finished "For Better or Worse" and may marry Dick Powell most any day for "better or worse, or richer or poorer"—etc.

* * *

Esther Williams, the luscious, really thinks Sgt. Ben Gage is terrific. And a cute couple they make. Esther carries a tiny snapshot with her of the two of them swimming. Too, she has just bought a new house in the Pacific Palisades and has furnished it.

* * *

When Angela Lansbury was told she'd have to wait for three months for interior decorators to do her new home in the Hollywood Hills, she and her mother decided to do it themselves. They've been chin deep with valance boards, hammer and nails, chintz, fringe, and what-have-you, and are doing a cute job.

* * *

Donald O'Connor and his Gwen are back in Hollywood on a 21 day leave. They started out by plane. Gwen was "bumped" and had to take the train. She arrived a week after Don. Their luggage arrived a week later. Don, who puts on an army radio show at Atlantic City, says "When I was a civilian I worked on stages. In the army I build them." Don in the AAF not only writes his plays, but directs them, and builds stages and scenery, etc., as well.

* * *

Jeanne Crain was Lon MacCallister's only date when he was home "on leave-enroute" recently Gorgeous Jeanne gave Lon a delayed Christmas gift, a book entitled "Forever."

Cute Vera Ellen, in Danny Kaye's "Kid From Brooklyn," has been taking flying lessons, secretly, and proudly passed her solo test. But the studio grounded her. So she's now studying French with her mom, as her new hobby. Incidentally, Vera collects hearts—not males'. Anything from heart-shaped boxes to lockets. If you have a heart to spare, send it to her.

* * *

That's Hollywood!

SLEEP—WONDERFUL SLEEP

From page 10

enough.

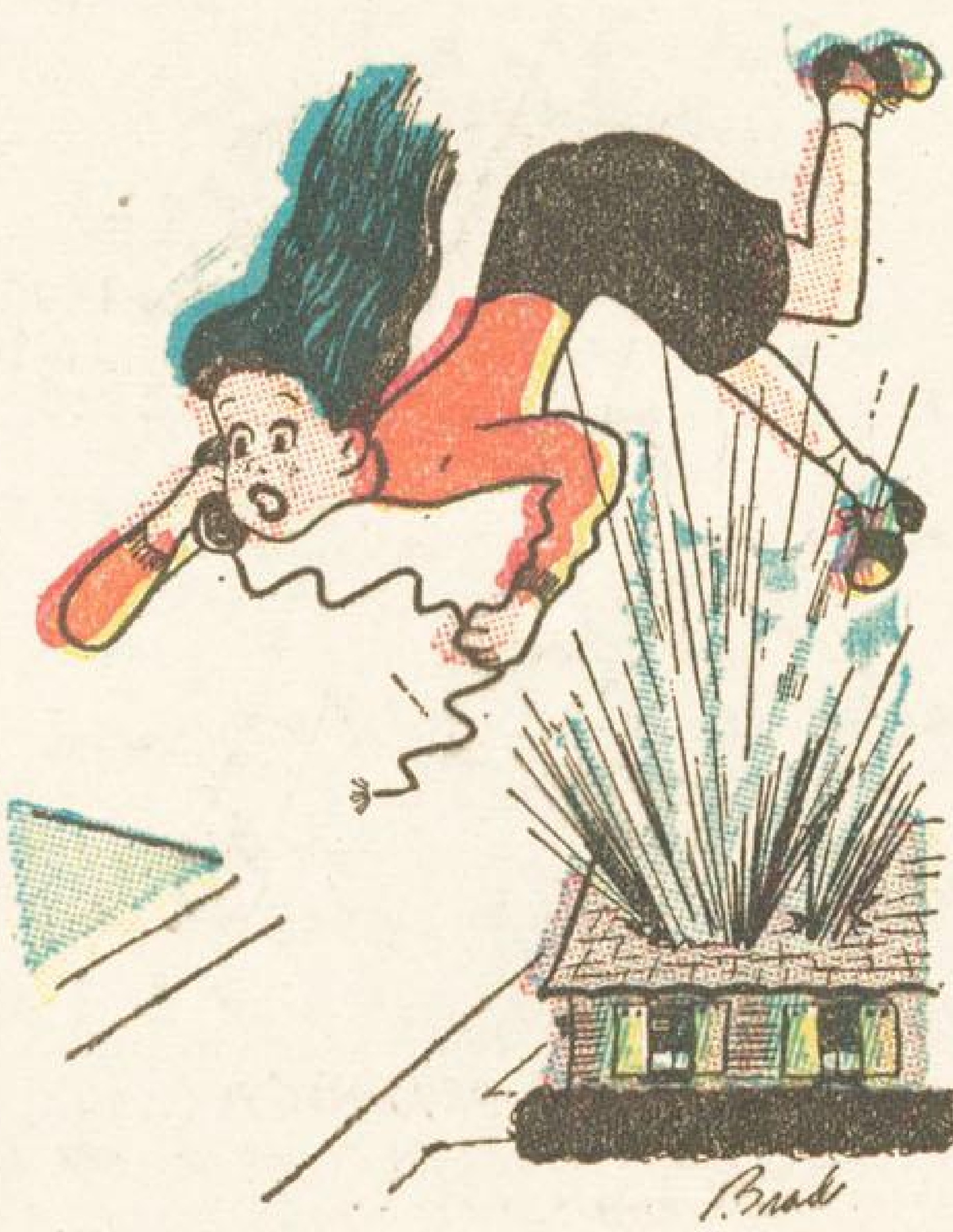
And just to pick out one, I'll tell you a few things about No. 5.

Most people need about eight hours of sleep a day, but many girls don't feel right unless they have had at least ten hours of it.

Thus we sleep about one third of our lives, which to you may look like a great waste of time. But life without sleep is unthinkable. It is just as necessary to your body as food and water and air.

There are, however, a few cases of people who never slept. A famous one is that of a Hungarian businessman who was injured in the head and never felt sleepy after that. He held two fulltime jobs, one by day and one during the night, and was perfectly healthy and happy. But, as I said, he was an exceptional case, and if you value your health you'd better not try to imitate him.

Of course, sleeping itself doesn't require much effort, because the body takes care of it all by itself. But falling asleep is a different story and it can be quite difficult sometimes.



Hold the wire a minute, Betty—our boiler just blew up!

Most people begin to worry when they don't fall asleep right away, but they always forget that it may take a perfectly normal person half an hour or so before the sandman finally arrives. You, too, have probably tried hard to count sheep or to recite the alphabet backwards, and then you discovered that it doesn't do much good. Most everybody finds that out for himself sooner or later. The reason is that while you counted you were thinking secretly all the time "Why am I not asleep yet?" And the more a person thinks about sleep, the more she stays awake. A poet once said, "Sleep is no servant of the will; it has caprices of its own. When most pursued 'tis swiftly gone." How right he was!

No matter how tired you feel, you won't fall asleep easily while you are in the grip of some emotion. Stewing over things that happened, having qualms of conscience, being in suspense, or even being overjoyed will keep you awake. Being sad or disappointed has the same effect. But you may find it easier if you can cry into your pillow. Tears are wonderfully soothing for rumpled emotions.

Some people are able to sleep anywhere, any time, under almost any conditions; on the floor, standing on their feet, or even at a noisy party. But most girls need a dark room, a bed, and quiet. A bed can be hard or soft, although a mattress that is a little on the hard side is usually better. The room ought to be well-aired, but when there is a draft from an open window it shouldn't fall directly upon the sleeper. Many girls sleep well on their backs, but there is no reason why you shouldn't sleep on your side, all curled up, if you prefer it that way.

You may have wondered how you look when you are sleeping. Chances are that your cheeks will be flushed, your breathing slow, and all your muscles, every single one of them, completely relaxed. If somebody would gently raise your eyelids without waking you up, your pupils would look very small, the eyes would have lost some of their natural luster, and the eyeballs would be rolled outward and up.

By the way, this relaxation of the muscles is a very important thing for restful sleep. Every time you are all "tensed up"—you probably know that feeling—sleep just won't come.

Experiments have shown that this tension can often be overcome if you lie down for about ten minutes or so before your usual bedtime, and just relax. Make an effort to let all your muscles go, one by one—your jaw, your neck, your stomach, the legs and arms; and don't forget your fingers and toes. It takes a little practice at first to do it right, but once you have mastered the art of Pre-Sleep Relaxing, you'll find it very helpful—and fun, too. Yes, fun. Everything that contributes to health should be good fun. No kidding, that's the way we doctors would like it to be.

BRUSH-UP NOTES

From page 18

shampoo, too, whenever you wash your hair! And never, never use someone else's comb. And here's a hat tip: So many girls overlook that soiled hat rim and wear it on a nice clean head.

If, a few days after your shampoo, you have an occasion, a date, or something, and your hair has already become oily and you want to do something to make it look specially nice, try this: Spray a little cologne over your hair, then brush up into a soft, natural fluffiness.

Use your brush, too, to get rid of loose dandruff. Dandruff is the result of bad circulation, and can be corrected. Miss Harrison recommends frequent massaging of the scalp. The way to do this is to grasp the scalp with the cushions of your fingers and move the scalp around, for it should be loose, not tight. Sometimes dandruff will form a tight pack in one spot. For this, try a hot oil treatment followed by a shampoo. But never try to pick off such a spot.

Girls with dry hair and split ends ought to apply a hair cream to the ends of their hair. First rub the cream into your palms and then briskly rub your palms together over the ends of your hair, creating a friction. This helps the hair to more quickly absorb the oil. If the scalp is dry, the cream can be rubbed into the scalp. This you can do about three times a week, brushing the hair immediately afterwards. Girls with oily hair ought to brush their hair often, and *after each stroke of the brush, wipe it off on a towel.*

The secret of healthy hair is a healthy body—so, girls, be sure to drink your quota of milk daily and, above all, don't give your crowning glory the brush-off!

PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

Are You a Good Daughter?

Following are twenty questions to rate you, Miss America, as a teen-age daughter. Answer them honestly. Score five points for each "No" and zero for each "Yes." If you score 100 points you are an almost unbelievably perfect daughter. 80 to 95, better than average. 65 to 75, good. 50 to 60, fair. If you score below 50 points, wake up, Miss America!

1. Do you demand clothes and other possessions regardless of the fact that it may be necessary for your parents to make sacrifices to get them for you?
2. Do you resent being compelled to go to bed early?
3. Are you ashamed to bring friends to your home because you think it isn't nice enough?
4. Do you speak disrespectfully to your parents?
5. Are you fussy about your food?
6. Do you have to be reminded regularly to be neat?
7. Do you go into tantrums when you don't have your way at home?
8. Do you ever complain about one of your parents to the other?
9. Do you fail to show proper interest in the activities of your parents?
10. Do you resent the interest of your parents in your own activities?
11. Do you try to get out of helping with the dishes?
12. Do you keep within your allowance?
13. Do you have dates with boys who haven't met your parents?
14. Do you tie up the bathroom while you dawdle over your hair or shower?
15. Are you careless about the furniture in your home?
16. If you have brothers or sisters, do you fancy that your parents have favorites among you?
17. Do you ever tell fibs to your parents?
18. Do you forget your parents birthdays?
19. Are you ungrateful for all that is done for you?
20. Do you sulk?

DEAR BETTY ANN

From Page 27

us, I would like him to be a little more on the Alan Ladd side—rushing me with gifts and things, like the movie magazines say Laddie gives Sue.

'Course, I must consider that Rusty and I aren't married like Alan Ladd and Sue, but then I am going to marry Rusty someday, and even though he doesn't know it, I think now is the time to train him and get him started as a romantic character.

For two weeks I have given considerable thought to this. "Always day-dreaming," Pops says. Little does he suspect the depth and maturity of my character, which developed this summer.

When I was despairing of ever having an idea to "spark the flame of Rusty's latent romantic nature," (that's the way it is expressed in Van, Johnson's new movie) opportunity came right along in the person of Slats Perkins.

Slats is a cute sailor boy, sorta' fresh and nineteen, two years older than Rusty, and with a year in the Navy. Well, Slats (that's his nickname for Andrew, and everyone calls him Slats because he's so thin that his ribs show through like Frankie Sinatra's; which of course makes him all the more adorable,) had a four day leave and came to visit his Aunt Nancy who lives down the block.

The first day he came by our place, Jiggers, our dog tore out yelping at Slats. I don't know how Jiggers could be so unpatriotic, and I am sure he was only showing off, and only meant to scare Slats. But anyway, I ran out and scolded Jiggers and apologized to Slats.

Slats isn't good-looking, Betts, and is not even taller than I am, which is kind of runty. But he has a man of the world manner that made Rusty seem momentarily juvenile. He mentioned being in the Navy for a whole year, and of seeing girls in every town from Chicago to San Diego. And he pulled out a wallet, and you should have seen all of the girls that are crazy about him. So I began looking him over, using a combination of my Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall appeal.

He said, "You're a wonderful girl, Miss Dunford. Is there a fellow around here lucky enough to rate your attention?"

I told him there were several, but that I wasn't engaged or serious with any of them. So Slats said, that he would be honored if I would give him my time during his four day stay. That I was just the girl he had been looking for all of his life.

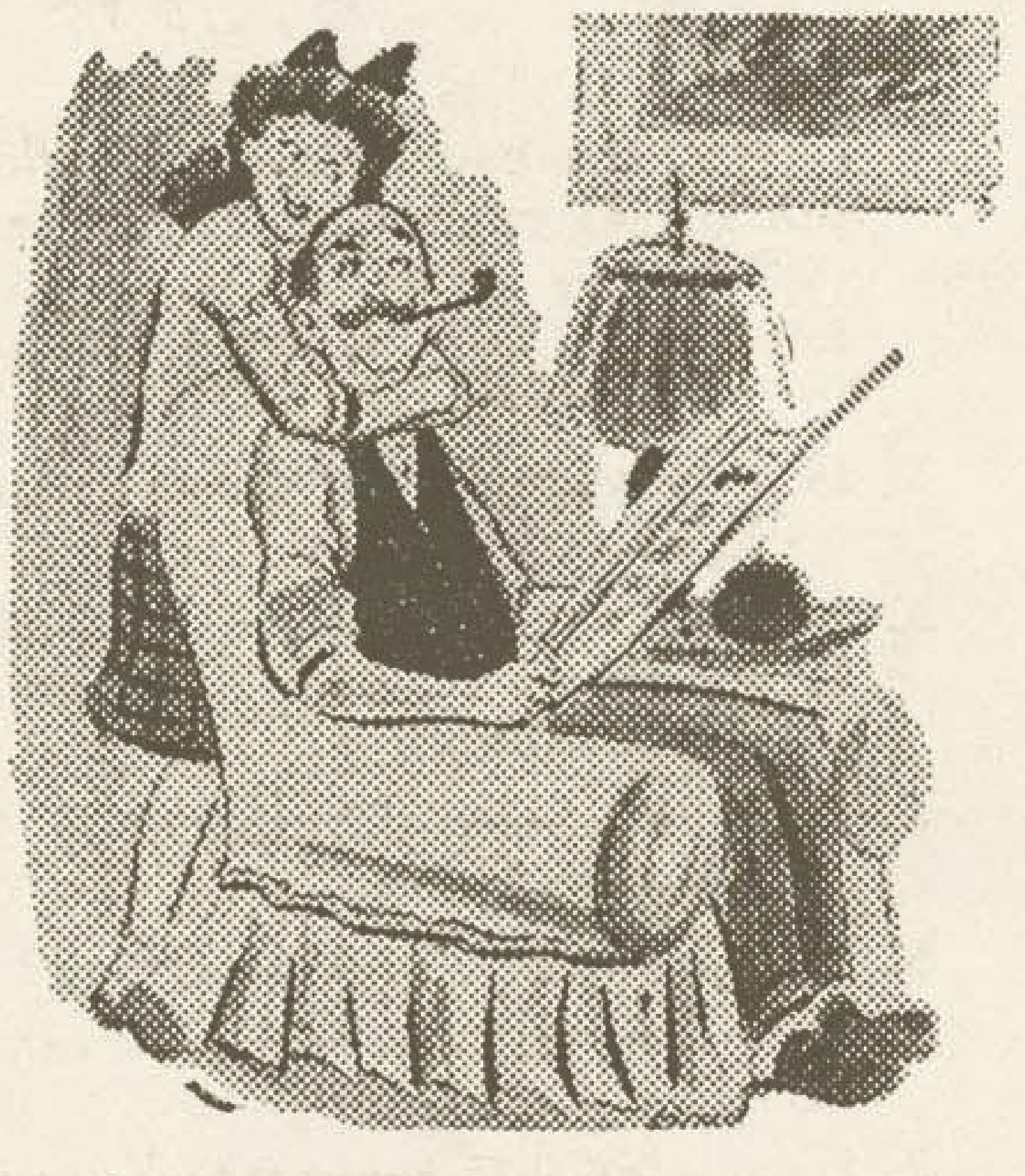
I did have a date with Rusty to go roller skating, but I decided that a girl like me should give herself an opportunity to know a fellow like Slats. Even if he wasn't tall and handsome like Rusty, he was masterful and he knew what to say to a girl. Besides here was my great opportunity to make Rusty jealous and make him realize that I was a popular girl who had to be won.

Then Slats said, "Miss Dunford, with your permission, I'll swing down to the corner drug store and return with some ice cream. It might be pleasant sitting here on the porch in the twilight eating ice cream. Then we might go for a stroll and see a movie."

Then suddenly up walks Rusty with his roller skates.

"Hi, Vicky. Get your skates out?" he yells.

Golly, Betts, I had forgotten to call off our date. I had to think very fast.



You look so young Papa, no one would know you were the father of a fifteen-year old girl, going on sixteen and who can own a lovely pin-striped suit for only $18.75...

"I am sorry Rusty Bramwell," I said smoothly, using my imagination slightly, "but we will have to postpone our date for this evening. A hero from the South Pacific, who has been writing to me for two years, has suddenly returned. He has a weak heart, and he expects my society this evening. Rusty, you'll just have to give me up to the Navy for this evening and be patriotic."

Rusty just stood there, staring and not saying a word.

Then up walks Slats with a quart of ice cream dripping from the heat. He takes one look at Rusty and says, "Skip, boy, skip. I got this chick tied up."

Of course that did sound awful fresh. And not a bit like when Slats had been talking to me before.

Rusty says: "Says who?"

"Says me," says Slats. "Run back to your school books, lad. Me and Miss Gorgeous have a date. And not only tonight but for the next four nights!"

"If you didn't have a weak heart, I'd sock you in the nose," said Rusty.

"Yeah," says Slats, and what does he do, but up and punch Rusty right on the jaw, and down goes Rusty!

"Sailor, I don't care if you were a hero in the South Pacific, you're not walking off with my girl. In another sixty days I'll be in the service, too. I've already applied."

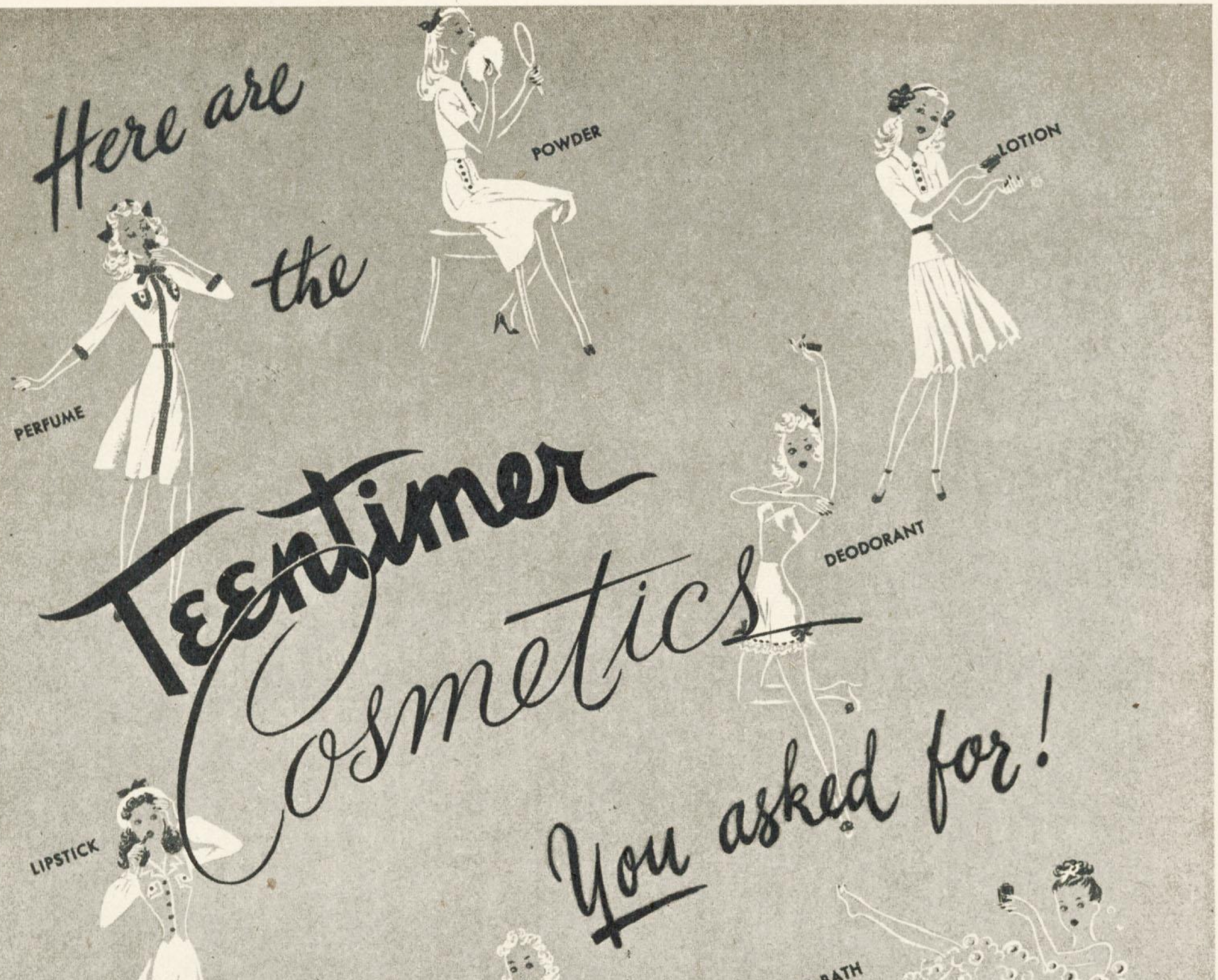
Golly, Betts! I was too, too thrilled. I ran down and threw my arms around Rusty.

Slats looked disgusted and said, "If this female Cleopatra chick here hadn't vamped me with that Lana Turner stare, I wouldn't have horned in on your romance. I'm sorry, sir. And I'm not a hero, I'm just stationed at San Diego. I'm waiting to ship out. I've never been to the South Pacific. And I never said I had!"

And Betts, he and Rusty shook hands and walked off down the street together, completely ignoring me. Me, the girl they were fighting to win.

You see what I mean, Betts, by life just being one grand conspiracy of confusion.

Your devoted friend, Vicky.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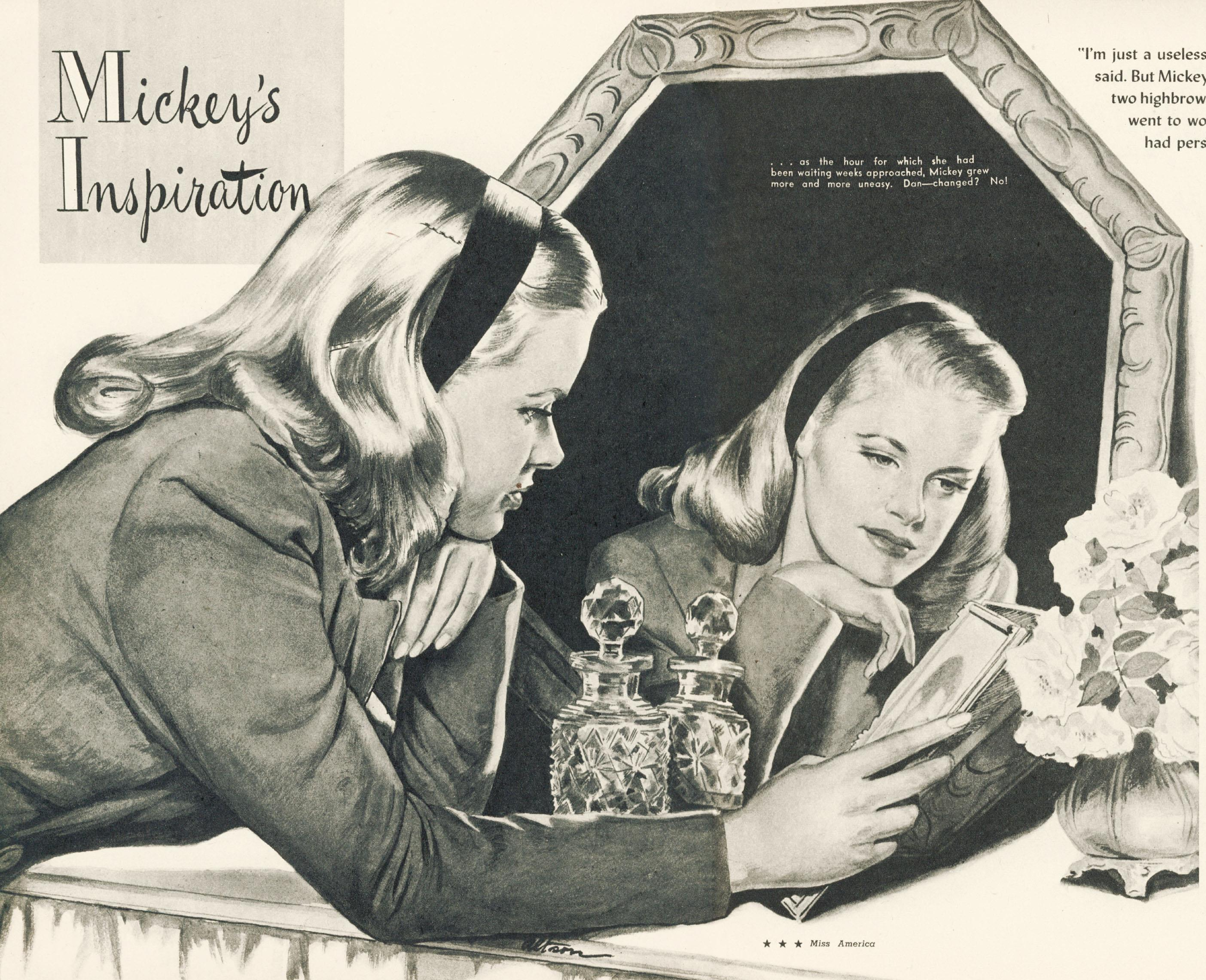
Mickey's Inspiration

"I'm just a useless member of society," he had said. But Mickey knew better. Mickey learned two highbrow words: "psychic trauma" and went to work on a patient in whom she had personal interest . . .

by Leonard L. Hess



. . . as the hour for which she had been waiting weeks approached, Mickey grew more and more uneasy. Dan—changed? No!

MICKEY'S gray eyes gazed widely upon the silver-framed photograph. It stood prominently among the bottles, containers, and a medley of "what-nots," as her father called them, on her daintily-ruffled dressing table. She sat, firm round chin cupped in hands, eyes shining bright as the late sun of the summer's afternoon.

This was *the* wonderful day!

Dan! Another hour, and he'd be here! Mickey didn't know how she'd wait, even this one last hour. Dan's handsome face seemed to tease:

"You'll *have* to wait!"

How he used to tease her! She was just a kid to him. That was two years ago, nearly. Wait till he saw her now!

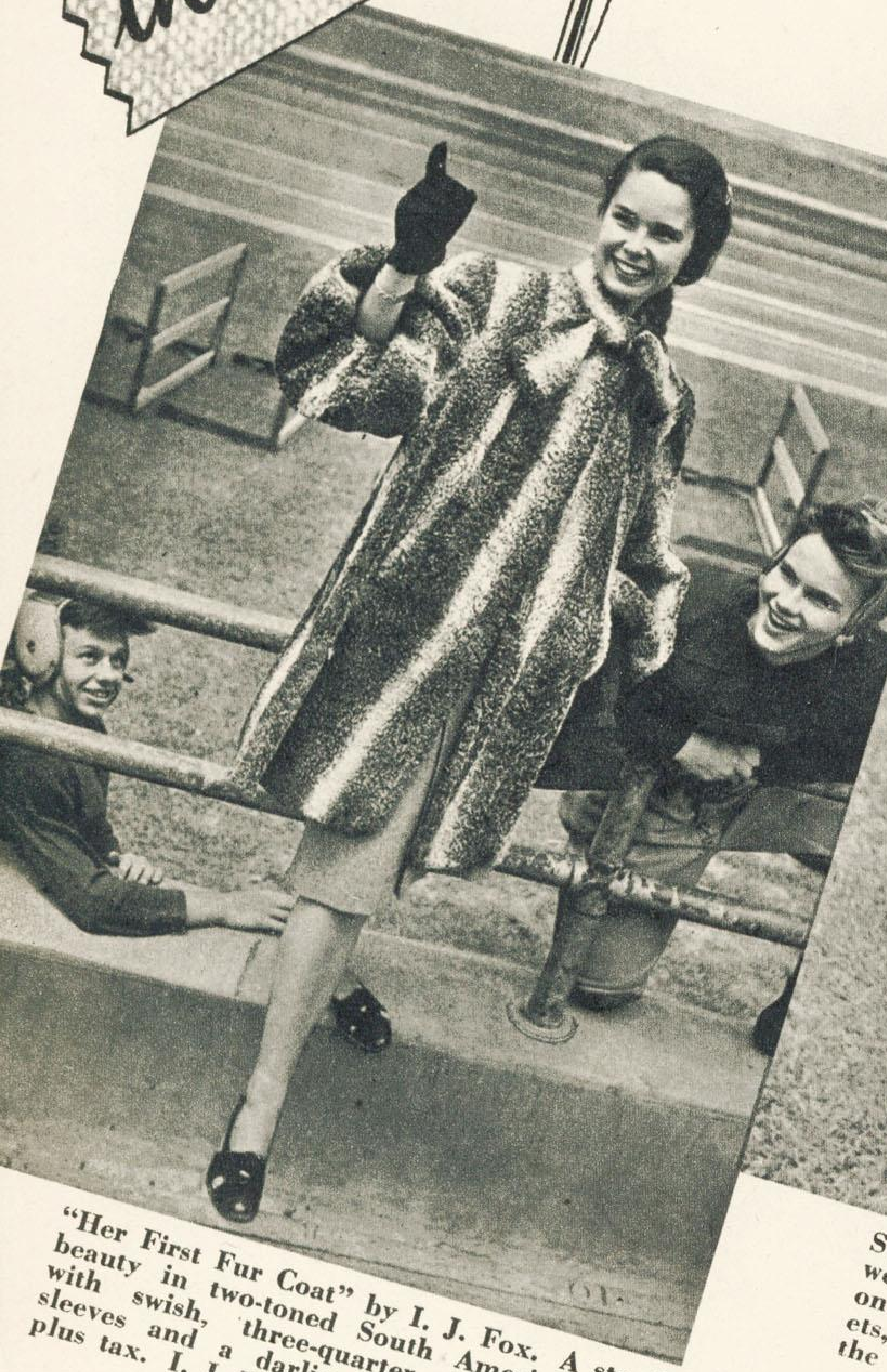
All at once, Mickey's face clouded. If it turned out to be true—what father said to mother, last night—this would not be a wonderful day; it would be a dreadful day.

"I shouldn't be surprised," her father had said, "if he comes back changed a lot."

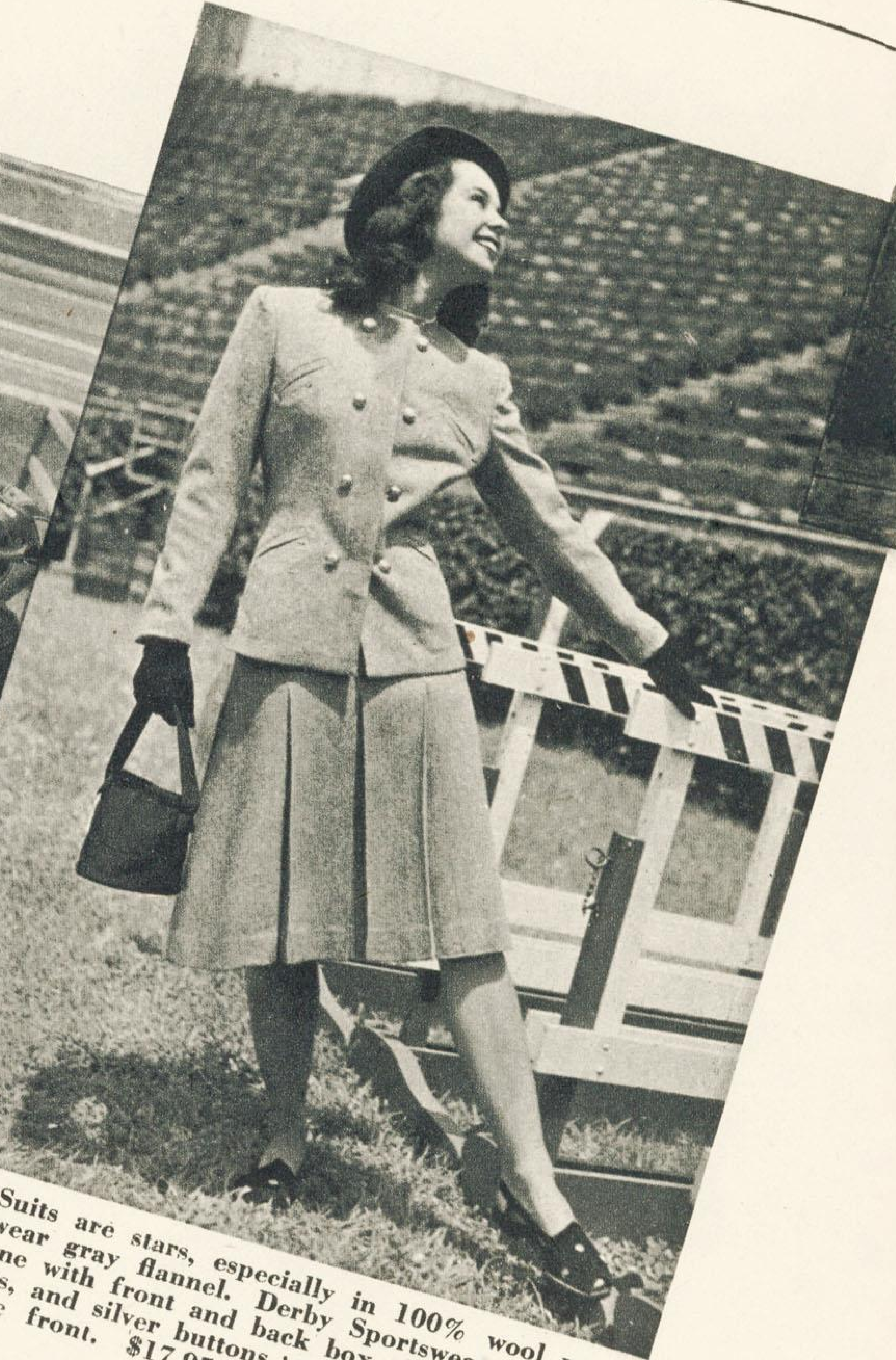
Ridiculous! Dan would *never* change! And yet now, as the hour for which she had been waiting weeks, approached, Mickey grew more and more uneasy. Dan—changed? No! He'd be the same Dan who had come to live (*Continued on page 71*)

Styled for the Stadium

Here's MISS AMERICA'S Cheering Section for warm and wonderful wearables to put you in just the right mood to cheer the team on to victory. See you at the game!

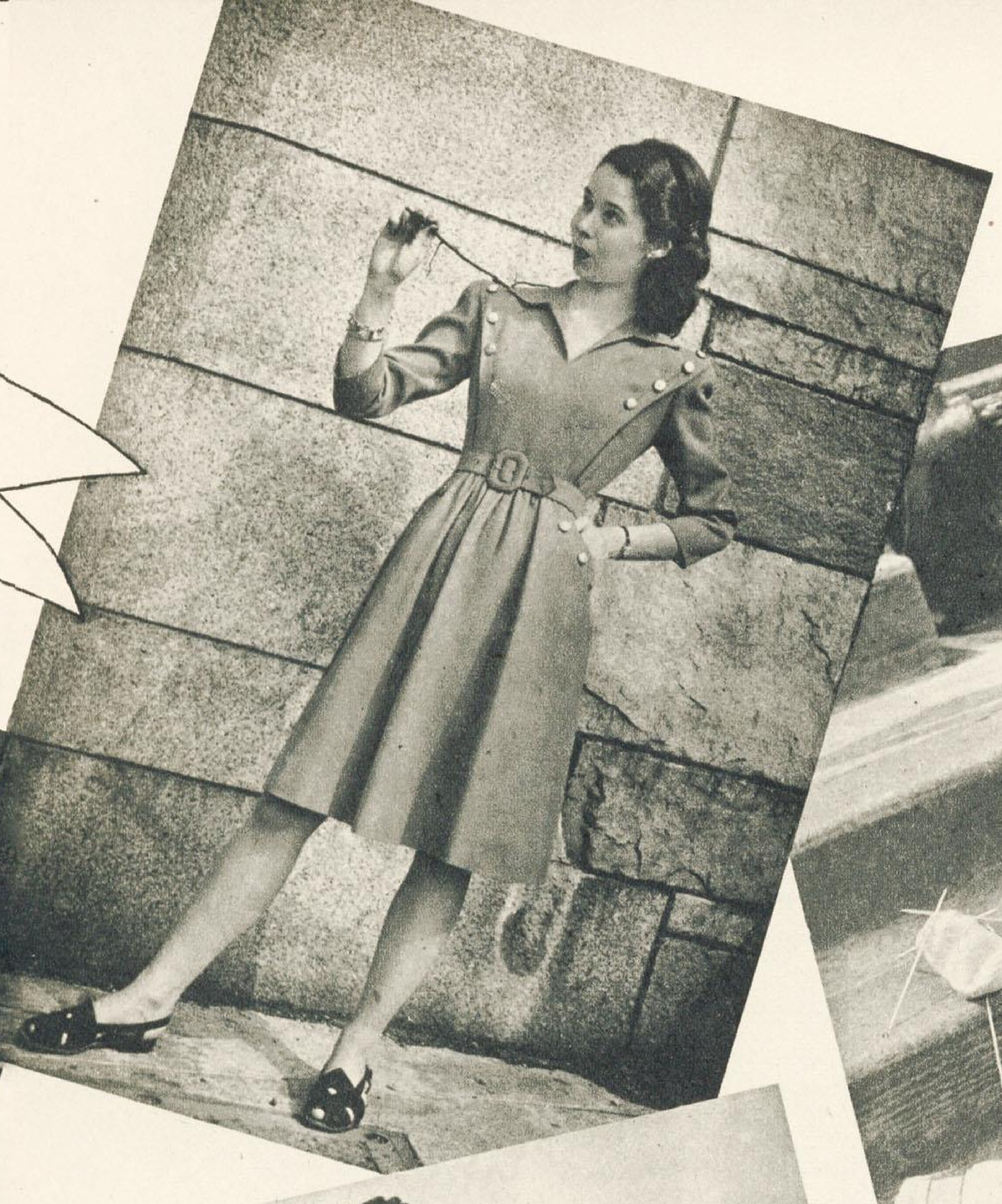


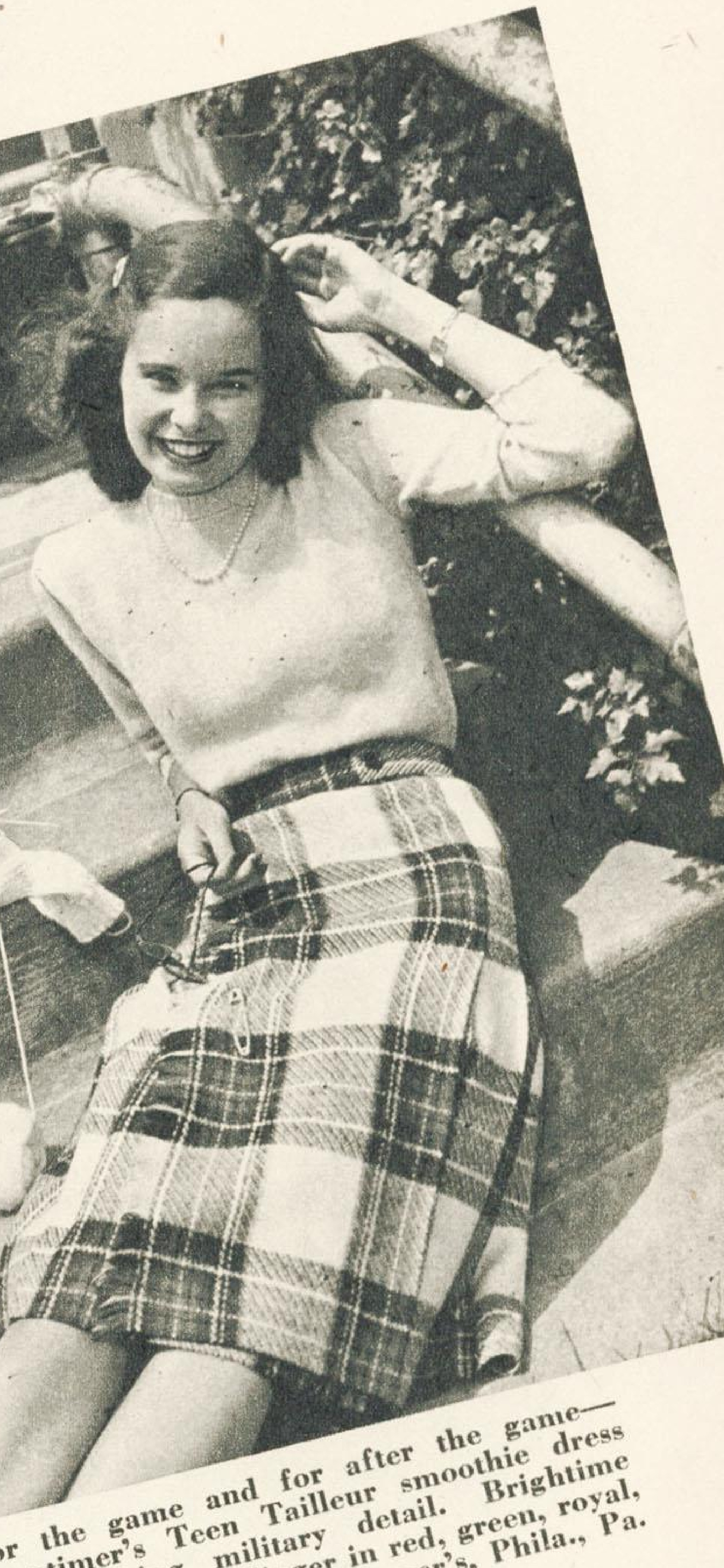
"Her First Fur Coat" by I. J. Fox. A sturdy beauty in two-toned South American lamb with swish, three-quarter length balloon sleeves and a darling bow-tie neck. $195 plus tax. I. J. Fox, Fifth Avenue, New York.

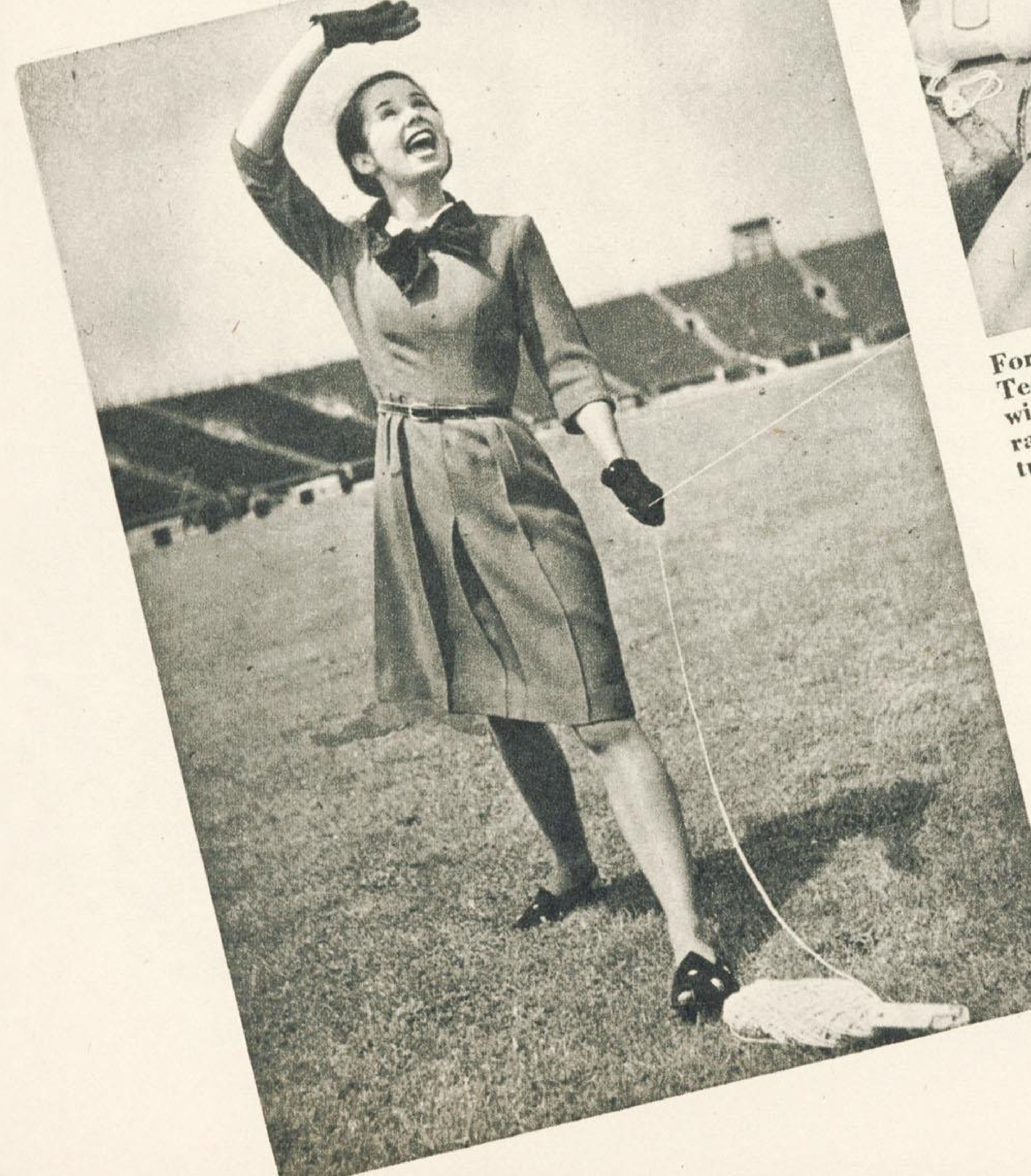


Suits are stars, especially in 100% wool men's-wear gray flannel. Derby Sportswear made this one with front and back box pleats, slash pockets, and silver buttons, 'marching two by two up the front. $17.95. Bloomingdale's, New York.

Hat by "6 Way" in wool felt, flattop crown. Fall colors. About $2 in department stores.





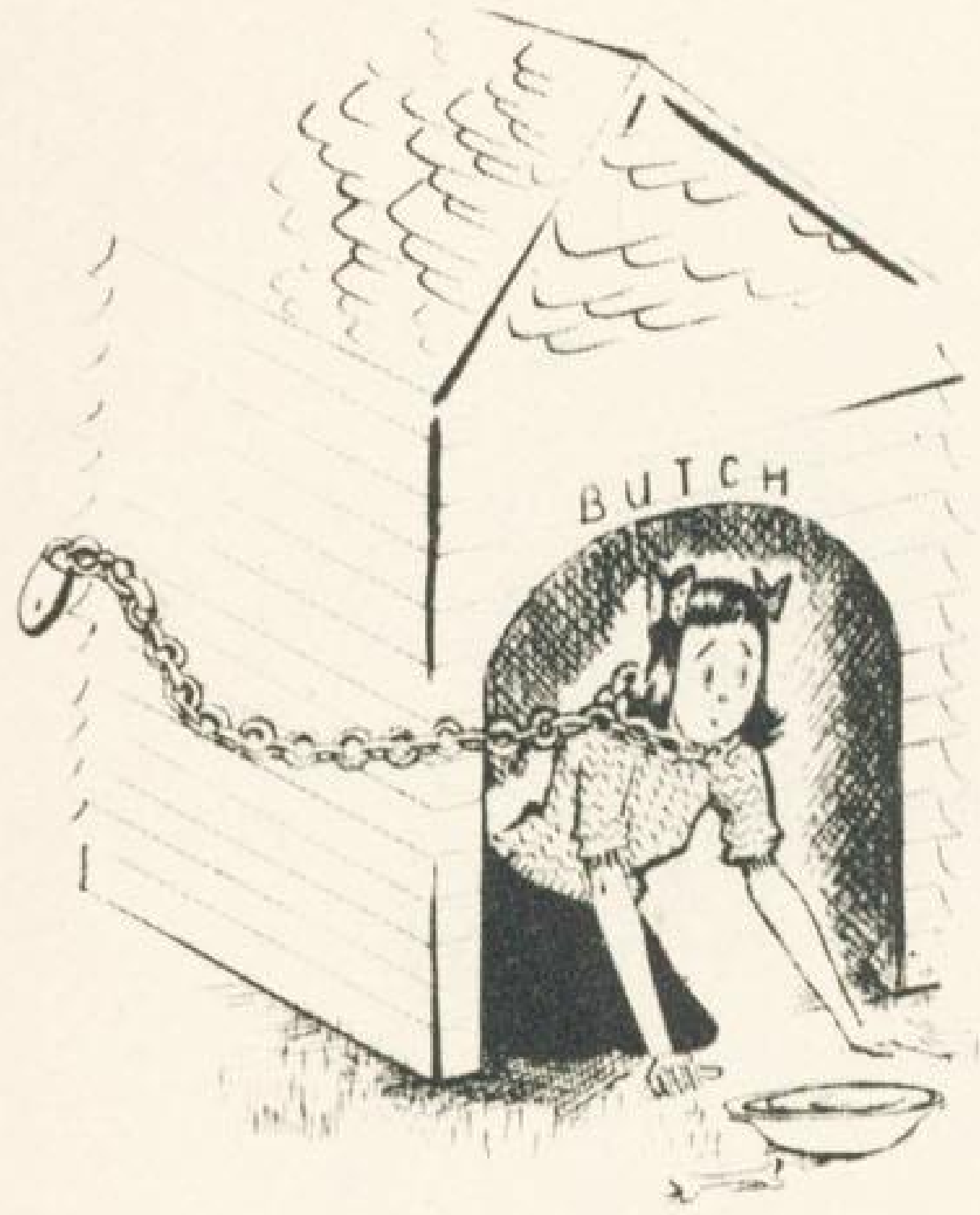


For the game and for after the game—Teentimer's Teen Tailleur smoothie dress with dashing military detail. Brightime rayon twill by Berlinger in red, green, royal, turquoise. About $9. Blauner's, Phila., Pa.

The kilt, by Joan Lord of Lortogs, is a fringed wrap-around in tartan colors. About $9. Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio. Bonnie Lassie sweater comes in many shades. About $3. Leading dept. stores. Both 100% wool.

Cheers for the team and cheers for you in a Stehli wool dress by Juniorette. Pants pleat effect skirt, white piqué collar, black bow and belt, in red, green, navy. About $11. Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

*All styles shown are sizes 10-16.



it's a Dog's Life!

Do you want to own a dog? Do you want a dog to own you? Read here the secrets of puppy love!

by Maxine Shore

HOW TO
TRAIN
PEOPLE

THEY look so blithe, so carefree, those pictured girls on magazine covers, striding along in a whirl of tawny autumn leaves, pedigreed pooches straining at their leashes.

You sigh admiringly. You wish you had a dog. Such a wonderful excuse for taking walks. Besides, you've always been a pushover for animals. It would be so much fun to have a pet.

Well, yes, it would be. It is. No doubt about that. But not all fun. It's work, too, especially at first. Ask anyone, who's ever owned a dog. Raising a puppy isn't easy, they'll tell you—and quickly add "But it's worth it!"

Let's weigh the pros and cons. To have or not to have a furry little stranger in the house. You may live in a small apartment in these busy times. If you don't go to the country summers or live near a nice park—well, it wouldn't be quite fair to either your family or the dog, now would it? He's not just an amusing new gadget, a toy to play with or forget at will. Also, if there's nobody home most of the day at your house, you shouldn't consider getting a pet. Remember, he's a living, breathing, feeling creature who deserves the constancy and consideration he'll give back to you in full measure.

Maybe your family, ordinarily so understanding about your desires, doesn't take to the idea and you can't figure out why. Possibly your mother has put her foot down, gently but firmly. That's probably because she thinks you'd leave most of the work to her, wouldn't live up to your new responsibilities as Fido's mistress. If so, you'll have to do some real persuading. You'll need to make promises—and keep them!

Think out all the angles. Maybe, for the time being, you should give up the intriguing prospect of owning a dog. Well, if you do, don't feel sorry for yourself. Just file that dream cheerfully away among the other treasured things you hope to do someday—and most likely will! Be a good sport about it. Start a dog scrap-book, anticipate that future happy day by making friends with the neighbors' pets, playing with them, walking them. That'll make friends with the neighbors, as well!

You've won your family over to the idea of an addition to the household? Lucky you! Now you can go ahead and decide what kind of a dog you want. Terriers, scotties, cockers are good choices for town. Of course, if you live in the country you can go in for something large and impressive—a collie, a St. Bernard, a doberman or a police dog.

Oh, there are as many kinds of dogs as nationalities of people. One of them is sure to be just the sort of dog for you. Let's pretend you've decided on a cocker spaniel. Comes that first thrilling day when you go to the kennels to pick out your puppy. Of course, you may not get your pet at a certified kennel. That's not too important unless you want to show him. Otherwise, you don't have to care particularly whether or not he's even a thoroughbred. Some of our very best and most lovable canines are not! A dog's a dog for a' that. With or without pedigree, you'll love him just as much—and he'll dote on you! But let's say you're picking him out from among his almost equally irresistible tumbling brothers and sisters. The whole litter is so cute you just can't make up your mind. You want to take them all home. How can you bear to leave this one, so fat and rollicking, or that one with the speckled tummy, or this baby fellow gently untying your shoelaces with his mouth? You feel frantic, fascinated, near to tears, close to laughter. You're in a new world, peopled by wobbly-legged, floppy-eared, rakish-faced creatures who act as if living were really the gay high adventure it really is!

Probably the best time to buy a

(*Continued on page* 68)

LONG STORY

Hey, you up there! Learn to dramatize your height and give full measure of delight.

By Yolande Lyon

HEY, tall doll, why that hunched-up posture? Whom are you trying to kid? And, more to the point, why? So you're a little over five feet six and your chums call you "string bean." And, of course, you're simply miserable!

If that's all that's worrying you, you haven't a care in the world!

To be sure, being tall has its problems in the fashion department. But they're cinch problems that work out to your advantage, if you keep this thought constantly in mind: you're somebody special and you've got to dress like somebody special, no matter what your low-slung chums are wearing. The following do's (Mais Oui) and don't's (Non! Non!) get you off to a good start.

SHOE SHOE, BABY

Mais, Oui! Slip into flat-heeled moccasins for sports and school wear. Change to an attractive shoe with medium heel for dressy and evening wear. Suede and dull-leather or open-toed sandals or any strap shoes are good.

Non! Non! Whatever you do, NEVER wear spike or very high heels. Same goes for low heels with afternoon and evening dresses. Flatties worn with dressy clothes only draw attention to your height and the fact that you're trying to minimize it. Fancy or colored shoes are wrong for big feet.

SKIRTS 'N' SWEATERS

Mais, Oui! Go as overboard as you want on bright-colored sweaters with contrasting skirts. Long sweaters worn with belts also tend to cut down your height. Pleated and flared skirts in bright-colored plaids, checks and horizontal stripes are grand, provided the stripes aren't so evenly spaced they make you look like a ladder.

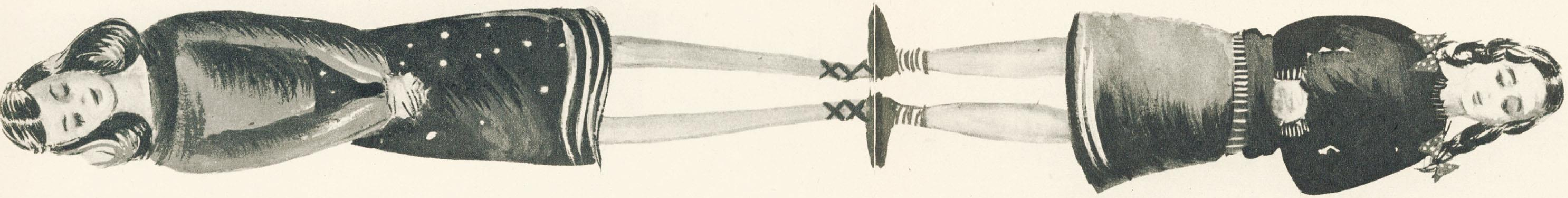
Non! Non! Omit short-sleeved, short-waisted, tight-fitting sweaters. Ditto straight-cut skirts.

SUITABLE SUITS

Mais, Oui! Three-piece affairs that offer vivid contrast are ideal. Nubby tweeds that look like "chubby" tweeds on most gals will really flatter you.

Boxy jackets or nipped-in double-breasted ones that chop you in the middle are fashionably yours. In fact, anything that accentuates your tiny waist should give you confidence and that jaunty air. Jackets with belts are always good bets and patch-pockets are peachy.

Non! Non! Severely tailored suits and jackets that button straight up the front to the (*Continued on page* 60)



SHORT STORY

Don't cry, little girl! Here you'll learn how it's a cinch to make the most of every inch.

GOT a minute or two to spare, little one? Let's consider your height problem, the one that's been worrying you sick ever since you arrived at the conclusion that the tall girls get all the breaks in dressing and the shortstops get all the laughs, especially from dashing six-footers who remind you so much of Van Johnson.

There's something you can do right now that'll make you seem taller and that's to dress taller. It's as simple as a list of do's and don't's which we're setting down for you in French—just to be a little toney.

SHOE SALE!

Mais, Oui! Buy shiny Dorsey pumps (you know, the kind with the low-cut sides). Why? Because they seem to add inches to your leg-length, that's why. Perky bows on your toes help. And if you'll only straighten up, you'll make a more important looking figure, even wearing your beloved loafers.

Non! Non! Avoid like a plague shoes with straps of any kind. They do nothing for little ladies but call attention to the fact that they're little ladies. Sandals are as bad as the ankle-strap type.

SKIRTS 'N' SWEATERS

Mais, Oui! Stick to gored skirts, in plain colors or with vertical stripes. Accordion pleats and slight front flares are good. Be sure your skirts hit you just below the bend of your knee. This helps create the illusion that you might have those long pin-up legs!

Non! Non! Skip those bright contrasting skirt-and-sweater combinations. They cut you in two and show that there's really not much to either half of you. As for sloppy sweaters, they just aren't for you, unless, of course, you think it's cute to be a dinky-dumpy-doodle.

SUITS SUIT YOU?

Mais, Oui! By all means, give the lightweight, solid-color three-piece suit the bright green light! In the single-button man-tailored model with revers, you'll feel taller and seem taller, too. One-tone dressmaker suits are right up your little alley. Collarless cardigans and boleros are also good bets.

Non! Non! Pass up—but fast!! Two-tone suits! Large plaids, checks, and wide horizontal stripes are not for you. Ditto jackets that come down over your hips—unless you want to seem to be walking on your knees. The same goes for double-breasted jackets that bundle up (*Continued on page* 61)

YOU'LL BE QUICK ON THE

Draw-String Pouch!

Today's latest rave — yet these roomy little pouches once hung from the belts of such slick chicks as Guinevere and the Lady Rowena! Wear 'em by day . . . *especially* for knights! Crushed cape in Red, Brown, Navy, Army Russet, Kelly.

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LONG STORY

From page 58

neckline are out. Boleros are bad, too. The conventional black, brown and navy are not good colors for your suits, so use these basics in accessories.

FROLIC FROCKS

Mais, Oui! Wide and somewhat low necklines—you know, the sweetheart type—will look stunning on you. Ditto crisp ruffling jabots. Ascot ties and stand-up collars tend to detract from a long, thin neck. Bright-colored yokes offer interesting relief. Full sleeves (puffed, draped or slit) flatter shoestring arms. Note: At the bodice, gathers, a stiff bow, peplum or a wide contrasting belt help break the line.

Dirndl, pleated or just plain flared skirts again are musts.

Non! Non! Steer clear of severely tailored shirtwaists that button straight up the front. Avoid low V-necklines and panel dresses — particularly the princess styles and anything that clings!

TO TOP IT ALL!

Mais, Oui! Your hat, Mademoiselle! Wide-brimmed sailors and cartwheels with a little trimming on the side will lend width to your five-feet-six or more. Soft berets should replace turbans and pill boxes in your hat boxes. You're fortunate if you have lots of lush hair to spill out from under these toppers.

Non! Non! A peaked crown will surely make a dunce of you. "Cute little creations" are for your "cute little friends."

FORMAL FUN

Mais, Oui! Splurge on splashy colors if you like them. A sweeping skirt topped with a swashbuckling sash will really do things for you. You might try a straight-cut gown (of non-clingy material) worn with a bright contrasting jacket or cape that hits you at the waistline or below. In any evening gown, your height is bound to be a little more obvious. So walk into the dance with a regal air and remain the stately queen throughout. Don't be the coy little girl, whatever you do.

Non! Non! Cross off your list: solid color clinging gowns, frou-frous that lose you, and low necklines, especially if you're the "skinny" type.

SPORTS STUFF

Mais, Oui! Slacks? By all means! Wear them with gay-colored, loose-fitting shirts or sweaters. Wear slack "suits" only when the jacket is in a contrasting color.

Playsuits are right up your alley — provided they come down your leg far enough. Pleated shorts and tops that allow for a midriff (again, if you aren't boney) help give you a happy summer-tan appearance.

Bathing suits with the bare midriff are your best bet in style. A short skirt over the shorts might make you feel a little better if you're particularly lanky. Bright-colored swim suits in prints or gay swirls will make you appear less long.

Non! Non! Slinky slack suits —OUT!

Too-short playsuits—DITTO!

One-piece, dark-colored, knit bathing suits—SAME!

MORE???

Mais, Oui! Accessories are most important to a tall doll. Carry a huge bag. Let your jewelry, belts, gloves *et al* be dramatic—not dinky!

There! Now, straighten up, String Bean, and do yourself proud. You're fashion's favorite child and you're going to be some six-footer's young Diana, aren't you?

What do you do with your allowance? Do you make extra spending money by doing odd jobs after school hours? We know how you can put those nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars to dandy use; that we do. BUY BONDS and STAMPS. You'll not only be helping yourself, but helping the war effort.

SHORT STORY

From page 59

what there is of you.

AFTERNOON ATTIRE

Mais, Oui! The princess styles, buttoning from hem to neck, were designed for you. Solid-color pinafores with narrow shoulder ruffles will set you off to good advantage. High bust-line dresses are especially flattering to your small figure; they give you a longer line. V-necklines are fine and so are high round ones. Jacket dresses are good, particularly with the weskit effect. All those styles that keep your silhouette narrow yet give you the "adorable" look are—shall we say—"adorable" for you. With simple sleeves, please.

Non! Non! Full-flared skirts are no friends of yours. Hemline trimmings of any sort are also out. Novelty pockets... OUT! Wide belts and sashes . . . OUT! Ditto ruffles just below the waist, peplums over the hips, gathered bodices, frou-frous around your short neck, as well as big puffed sleeves and full, draped ones. Materials featuring large designs you can skip. Long jackets deserve the same treatment.

HEADS UP!

Mais, Oui! Little, high-crown sailor hats with stand-up bows are peachy. Brimless cloche-type hats, calots, or pill-boxes are nifty, especially with high feathers, flowers or bows. In fact, ANYTHING in a hat that gives you height without smothering you is a good bet. Speaking of smothering you, how's your hair? The short, feather cut is preferred. The long bob that doesn't swallow your tiny facial features is likewise okay.

Non! Non! Big brims that may make your face look so "cute" and "babyish" give an over-all top-heavy effect. In short, they weren't designed for you. The same goes double for long-flowing veils that seem to ask, "Where are you going with that girl?" Lots of fuzzy fleece, ditto! Wide hats . . . OUCH!

Teen Town's "Harvey"

Rates a Pulitzer too!

Inspired by the joyful Brock Pemberton rabbit in the play that won a Pulitzer prize on Broadway this season. A big, roomy, fine felt, zipper handbag with contrast stitching and a colorful felt applique of "Harvey." Shoulder strap, change purse, mirror 'n everything. Red, brown, navy, tan and green. About $3.

At fine stores everywhere or write for name of nearest store to PYRAMID, 27 W. 33RD ST., N. Y. C.

PLEASE DRESS!

Mais, Oui! Formal? Ooo-la-la! Be a China Doll in soft tulle, organdie, net or chiffon with a full-flowing skirt. Look tall and stately in a princess cut that starts high above the waist. Go slightly sophisticated in a strictly tailored gown with a V-neck and cap sleeves. For a change, try the off-the-shoulder effect with tiny puffed sleeves. A short bolero has a way of making you look delightfully leggy.

This study of Janet Martin, Republic's charming teen-age starlet, proves that the "older" you get the prettier you get.

Non! Non! Ruffles 'round and 'round your skirt give you width and rob you of height, so skip them, whatever you do. Beware of wide sashes, below-the-waist ruffles and gowns flared below fitted hips.

SHORT SPORTS

Mais, Oui! Slack suits—one-piece style—in solid-color are yours to revel in. Be sure they're well-fitted, you know where! The same goes for play suits. In swim suits, it's the one-piece (princess type again) for you.

Non! Non! Skip jackets and slacks that don't match! Play-suits in large prints or horizontal stripes accentuate your negative. Overly snug swim suits, either in one piece or midriffs, are not for you.

Which just about winds up the sermon, little one. Now put aside your inferiority complex and give your tall chums a run for the money? You're sweet and petite!

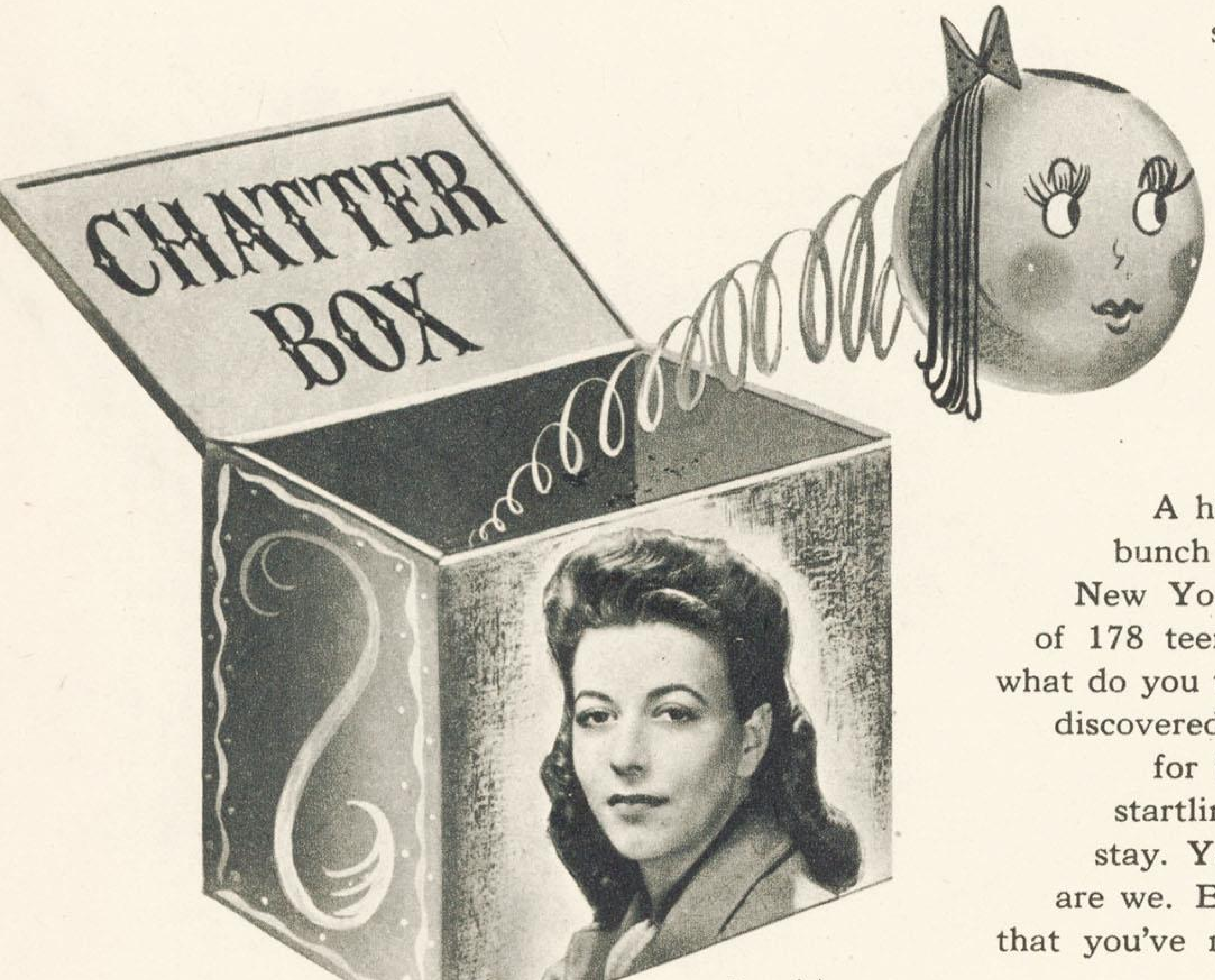
Merita's bright banter and timely tips keep you hep, and in step with teens all over the country . . .

WELL, gals, this month you can call me "Scoop" Helmis, because I have a handful of news hotter than an August sun in Texas. So draw up your chairs and doff your earmuffs, for a brand-new line of cosmetics is about to make its debut just for you, and for you alone. *Teentimer* is the name! *Teentimer* beauty products just for teen-agers! Packaged in slick wrappings which give notice from the outset that it is smooth stuff, the *Teentimer* line will offer perfume, toilet water, shampoo, bubblebath, lipstick, hand lotion, and an all-round, all-purpose cream.

A board of review of 45 hep high school girls assembled in New York recently to preview and pre-test the *Teentimer* cosmetics. They sprayed and sniffed, washed their hair a dozen times a day, applied lipstick by the hour and filled out questionnaires from here to around the corner.

Items that girls did not like were rejected. Changes they suggested were made. Additional preparations which they requested were added to the line.

One of their main points was: "Leave us not be bothered with foundation makeup. We go for the clean, scrub-faced look. We don't like to clutter our skin with mask of powder and base paste!"



by Merita Helmis

That was your verdict, and a sounder one I have yet to hear. So watch for the *Teentimer* beauty aids in the high school shops of your department store. And the minute Aunt Agatha starts that "what-would-you-like-for-your-birthday" routine, slip her a quick hint about your yen for a *Teentimer* gift kit.

* * * *

A hint from the long-haired front: A bunch of experts at Teachers College in New York have just completed a survey of 178 teen-age canteens in 30 states. And what do you think the professorial investigators discovered? Hold on to your hats, chums, for these educators came up with the startling news that canteens are here to stay. You're not astonished? Well, neither are we. But we thought you'd like to know that you've received the academic glad-hand!

* * * *

Are you so used to (*Continued on page 67*)

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

From page 23

FORFEITS: Make the guilty one open her mouth and gently place a tiny bit of ice on her tongue and tell her to swallow it, and as she swallows tell her she just swallowed a gold fish. Another forfeit can be: blindfold the culprit and inform her she is now about to be branded with an *S* to signify Stupid, and with a pointed piece of ice make the form of an S on her cheek—'sfunny thing but she'll think she is really being burnt! Poor gal! Just for the fun of it, as soon as your ghosts arrive, start playing your phonograph but play mournful music, or set the dial at "slow", this'll give the same nice eerie atmosphere!

HALLOWE'EN HALLUCINATIONS: Near an open window so that air currents keep 'em moving, suspend cut cardboard figures such as bats, witches, cats, ghosts. During the evening, at about ten minute intervals, ask your super special spook to hoot like an owl "whoo—oo whoo—oo", do mysterious tappings and rappings, fake footsteps, shriek like a ghost, imitate wailing witches, scream "Help!"

By now your guests, I mean ghosts, should be raring to go—so how about some games to try their mettle.

DOUGHNUTS-on-a-STRING: Try this one for laughs. Doughnuts are hung from the chandelier or a doorway on rubber bands looped together. The contestants, hands behind their backs, try to eat the doughnuts. The first to finish eating and whistle two lines of "Dixie" wins. Apples on a string may be hung instead of doughnuts.

DUNKING DOUGHNUTS is nothing new, here's how to do it at Hallowe'en. Use deep bowls—one for each ghost, fill the bowl with cider—or coke—and float a whole doughnut on top. Ghosts keep their hands behind their backs, and the hostess places a hard caramel candy in their mouths. The winner is the one who eats her doughnut without swallowing the candy, and whistles or sings "Yankee Doodle" first.

APPLES are a "MUST" at Hallowe'en. Bob for them in a tub of water. . . Peel 'em without breaking the peel, and throw the peel over the right shoulder—the initial it forms will tell the name of your future wife or husband, as the case may be. . . Be sure to count the seeds—they have an important message. Two seeds indicate you shall have an early marriage, three, soon you'll receive a legacy, four, you'll be very rich, five, you'll go on an ocean voyage, six, you'll be famous, seven, your wish will come true, eight, your ambition will be realized.

HALLOWE'EN HI-JINKS: Your guests, I mean ghosts, may like to know about what the future has in store for them, so why not tell fortunes by tea leaves, or cards, or better still, get out your ouija board, and see what that has to say! Or how about some weird ghost stories, or perhaps there's a Swami in your midst who can do

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COMING UP!

Not only ABSOLUTELY, but POSITIVELY, will the winners of TOMORROW'S WORLD Contest be announced in your December issue of MISS AMERICA. The reasons for the delays are too numerous to mention in this tiny space.

mystic mind reading. Also, have a private pad of paper for automatic writing (done by your super special spook) to write eerie messages to the guests. Scavenger hunts are fun. Form a Conga line which should lead you to—

FOOD: Here's a spooky bill-of-fare, that's simple to prepare, inexpensive, tasty and traditional.

GHOST SALAD
DEMONS' DOUGHNUTS
WITCHES' BREW
DEVILS' FOOD CAKE with FORTUNES
ORANGE SHERBET with
CHOCOLATE SYRUP

GHOST SALAD: Select red-skinned apples of uniform size. One apple for each ghost. Wash 'em and core 'em. Then carefully hollow out the apple—be sure not to break the skin. Cut up the hollowed-out part of the apple in small cubes; add an equal quantity of finely chopped celery, 1 cup chopped nuts (peanuts will do) ½ cup seedless raisins, and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Mix all the ingredients together, then refill the apples. Serve with

DEMONS' DOUGHNUTS: Cut doughnuts in half lengthwise, spread with margarine (or butter), sprinkle generously with sugar and cinnamon, and place under the broiler until mixture melts and bubbles. Serve while hot.

WITCHES' BREW:

2 quarts apple cider
¼ teaspoon salt
6 whole cloves
6 whole allspice

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan; place over low heat, bring to boiling point and simmer for 5 minutes. Strain. Serve hot or cold. Yield: 10 servings.

DEVILS' FOOD CAKE with Fortunes: IF you're ambitious, you can bake your own cake, (buy the prepared cake mix at your grocers) or, if you're lazy, buy a cake at the bakery store. The dime store sells fortunes, or charms, especially for Hallowe'en. Wrap a charm or a fortune in waxed paper and tuck one in each serving of cake. They must be wrapped so no one swallows her fortune or charm —that would be too, too! Of course, each ghost must read her fortune aloud!

ORANGE SHERBET:

2 cups milk
1¼ cups sugar
2 tablespoons grated orange peel
½ cup orange juice

Mix ingredients thoroughly. Pour into freezing tray, set control to "high", and place in refrigerator. When mixture is stiff, remove to a chilled mixing bowl and whip until mix is light and creamy. Return to refrigerator to finish freezing. Yield: 8 servings. *IF* there's a sugar shortage at your house, buy the orange sherbet and the chocolate syrup at the store!

Other Hallowe'en goodies which ghosts like to eat are pumpkin pie, cookies, nuts, popcorn, licorice and jelly beans, gum drops, and apple-on-a-stick.

TABLE DECORATIONS: You can do wonders with orange and black crepe paper, and with Hallowe'en paper plates, napkins and favors. Heavy cardboard cut-outs in the form of bats, cats, spiders, witches, ghosts 'n' owls lend a cheerful atmosphere while eating. Eat by candlelight—candles placed in jack-o'-lanterns, or pumpkins.

You can make your own placards in the forms ghost. Use spooky descriptions of each guest, don't write actual names, use only their initials, for instance, *A*lice *W*alker would be *A*lluring *W*itch, and Susan Gaylord would be a Spooky Ghost. Include on the placecard a humorous, appropriate epitaph!

Hallowe'en's the night when the ghosts come out for fun and frolic—so you'd better watch out—and have a swell time!

Announcing . . .

Guys and gals have been dancing from the beginning of time . . . But times change—thank goodness—along with customs and fashions; the world doesn't stand still and we're forever learning and doing new things. And you won't want to stand still after you read Xavier Cugat's (need we say he's the Rhumba King) story on music and rhumbaing. You'll not only want to know more about South American music, but actually rhumba to this enchanting music. You'll surely be in tune with the times . . .

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 26

they have straight hair, must set it every night and then in the morning comb it out to find it's just as straight as before. Girls, instead of curling it, braid it. After about a week you'll find the neatest waves you ever saw!"

And for the care of the ribbons for your crowning glory, Hazel Lusk, Sand Springs, Okla., has this idea:

"Take a small branch, prettily shaped, and a tiny block of wood. Make a hole in the little block and place the branch upright in the hole. You can paint your 'hair ribbon tree' white or any color you wish."

And now we come to tips for your clothes. Eleanor Marcus, Brooklyn, New York, writes:

"To protect your stockings from getting a black ring around them when you're wearing your rain boots, just put some adhesive tape around the tops of the boots on the inside."

To brighten up an old sweater, Lisa Bigelow, New York, N. Y., sends in this smart idea:

"Take short pieces of yarn (different colors, if you wish), string them through the stitches of your sweater and tie them in bows or knots. You will have a gay, tricky sweater." Yes, Lisa, and sweaters like this are very expensive in the stores!

Marianne Lachridge, Oakland, Calif., gives us another keen tip on sweater preservation:

"When you cut the worn sleeves off your sweaters to the length you wish, cut off the cuff too, and sew it back on the shortened sleeve." This will certainly give the sleeves a finished look!

All you music lovers can get right on the beam by using this suggestion from Nancy Brooks, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

"Gather together your old scraps of navy felt or velvet. Cut out musical notes about 3 inches in height and sew them on the front of pastel shade sweaters and dresses. These will make cute outfits for dances and record parties."

Shirley Cohen, The Bronx, New York, sends in this addition to your wardrobe:

"If you have old skirts (perhaps they are now too short), just cut them up the center part way, sew them and you have a fine pair of shorts."

To those of you who are interested in interior decoration, Toni Ann Inman, Peekskill, New York, sends in this very interesting suggestion:

"Make a portfolio from large sheets of art paper, with a cardboard cover which you can cover with some pretty material. On each page draw the outline of the room that you are interested in decorating, according to some appropriate scale. Paste in small cut-out furniture in the correct places, clip samples of curtains and other materials to the margin. In this way you will soon have a charming model house." Yes, this method is used in many interior decorating courses.

And, let us finish up this month with a poem from Nancy McCaleb, Festus, Missouri, which is full of good advice from one teen-ager to others!

**"Every girl tries to be beautiful,
Through the use of creams and lotions,
And rouge and powder and false eyelashes,
And other silly notions.**

**They spend half of their allowances
On things that do no good.
And cold cream doesn't do as much
As soap and water would.**

**A little lipstick and powder, too,
Will make a girl first rate.
And that's all she really needs these days
To help her get a date."**

Now, keep these wonderful suggestions coming in, girls, so that we may all share your clever ideas. And don't forget to send a snapshot of yourself, too!

Here's a message that bears repeating and repeating: BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS! When you get a yen for a yummy soda, halt a second and remember that some boy—maybe your brother, father, friend or uncle—has a yen to be home with his loved ones . . . And when you remember BUY a WAR SAVINGS STAMP instead of a soda . . .

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MY DATE WITH VAN JOHNSON

From page 17

on the screen, but who gets stood up on a personal date.

"You don't look that good to have taken so long!" Van teased good-naturedly. Van has a wonderful disposition — easy-going and cheerful, just like he looks on the screen. He doesn't mind waiting for a girl.

We ordered big bowls of chicken soup and a green salad and rushed through dinner, so we could get to the circus.

It was a beautiful California summer night, with a huge yellow moon and a million stars in the sky, and I suggested that we have the top down on Van's convertible.

"You are the first girl who's wanted the top down," Van said. "Most girls are afraid of having the wind muss up their hair."

Van and I were talking about the circus. Van wanted to see the sideshows. Suddenly we heard a shriek out of nowhere, "Vaaaaaaaaaan Johnson!" We glanced back. There were six girls on a street corner, and as though they were strung out on a string, and the string was pulled, they all collapsed on each other. Van waved, and they swooned right to the sidewalk!

I was completely resigned to expect competition. And there they were, hundreds of girls waiting at the parking lot. When Van drove up they screamed, "Vaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan Johnson" in unison and dashed for our car.

Van had all he could do to sign autographs but he managed to keep near me. There were some girls who asked for my autograph too, I guess, because they already had his. (Editor's note: Get Esther in an Army or Navy camp, and the situation is reversed.)

After we were seated, I could hear a couple of girls discussing me, "Who's Van with?" one asked. "Get up closer and look," urged the other. "I can't tell," said the first. Then they both asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Susan Glutz," I replied. "And I really am out of place being with such a big star as Van Johnson."

Ten minutes later they returned, "You aren't Susan Glutz," they said. "You're Esther Williams. We'll take your autograph too."

I overheard some woman being so sorry for me. "It must be terrible being so mobbed," she sympathized. She couldn't know we found it fun!

Van is so much fun, so many laughs. He reminds me of my brother, who's two years older than I, and who used to take me to the circus and to shows when I was in high school. Everyone thought he was my date, because we laughed and had so much good fun together.

Van is boyish, almost shy, and at the same time he takes a situation in hand in a masterful way, just like the girls imagine he would. He has a look of wonderment and awe at all of this adulation, as though he's thinking, "How could this happen to a guy like me?" His overall attitude is "How can it last?"

We applauded the aerialists, the clowns, the bareback riders, the lion acts, everything, like mad. And we munched peanuts and popcorn and we were mobbed all over again when the circus broke up.

Van never asks for help or assistance, but a circus police escort arrived, otherwise they'd never been able to close the place.

The parking lot attendants were apologetic. They had tried to watch Van's car, but all over the top were little written messages to Van from the Bobbie Socks. Some whose enthusiasm had carried them away too-too, had written in lipsticks. That's why the top of Van's car is always pink; in spite of repeated scrubbings, the lipstick's indelible and doesn't come off!

We drove back to Chasen's. On the way Van talked about pictures. His break didn't come overnight, as it may be popularly supposed. He's worked hard for five years to get this break.

Van is anxious to have a home of his own. "I think I've found the place," he said. "There's a wonderful house on a hilltop in the Hollywood hills. It would be perfect."

Every week-end Van goes house shopping. He loves homes, and wants one of his own. He tells me that some day he hopes to have a wife and a lot of children. Van's just a normal boy, like every other, with expectations of meeting his dream girl. But until she does come along he is not getting himself mixed into any of the lighter, so-called Hollywood romances. He works long hours at the studio, and probably averages one date a week.

Van once had a cute little house in Westwood. The only trouble was its location on the end of a bus line. Every time Van was in the yard, the girls would pile out of the bus and rush over to see him. This was all right at first, but soon Van's address became so well-known, that his yard was more like Grand Central Station. In fact, he came home one night to find two girls busily engaged in cleaning his house. They'd washed dishes, made beds, gone through his clothes and pressed them, washed his socks and mended them, and well! Too much of a good thing is too much, and they had expected Van to be so happy about it all.

Of course Van and I spend a lot of time together, since we have been making pictures together. It is wonderful for me to dance with Van. He's wonderfully tall, and perhaps the smoothest rhumba dancer in town.

One thing, however, Van adores an onion-cheese on rye sandwich for lunch, which makes it a little difficult for a romantic closeup.

Whenever I catch him eating onions, he'll stop and say, "I'm so sorry. I forgot that we had a love scene today."

Van prefers hot dogs, and he'll say, "with onions, please."

"Ooooh, Van, no," I'll say.

Once the girl at the counter squelched me with a look, and said, "You let him eat onions if he wants to. I'd kiss him, onions and all!"

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CHATTERBOX

From page 62

dating soldiers that when a boy in civilian clothes happens along you're at a loss for glittering conversation? It was a cinch to get even the most tongue-tied serviceman started on a conversational marathon. You just asked the corporal how he liked his sergeant or else demanded of the sergeant his frank opinion of his second looey. From then on in it was easy sledding.

Here's a hint for breaking the verbal ice with an erstwhile warrior newly returned to civvies. Ask him how many pockets he's wearing. You heard us right the first time, so don't look so surprised! If he doesn't know the answer—and dollars to donuts he doesn't—kindly inform your tweed-clad hero that when fully garbed in overcoat, suit and vest, he is equipped with 19 parking places for flotsam, jetsam, and folding money. By the time he's counted his pockets and admitted that you're right, you've already passed the worst conversational hurdle. It's guaranteed, or your money back.

Going u-u-u-up! And such buzzin's cousins, 'round the 14th floor of the Empire State Building when MISS AMERICA Magazine moved to the newest, loveliest offices on the 73rd floor.

* * *

Now that we're back to the sweater season, here's a scheme for getting your old faithful back in shape after its sudsy dunking. Before washing, run a cotton basting thread around the neck and down the front of your cardigan. The thread makes it no trouble at all to pull the wool back into shape while it's still damp. Try it and see!

* * *

Fashion flash: Concerning those other important skirt toppers—your blouses—remember to keep a sharp look-out for news and rules of the blouse designing contest which will be sponsored by MISS AMERICA, and Sally Mason, Inc. The winner will have her original model featured nationally and sold as the "blouse of the month," *plus* a $25 War Bond, *plus* a copy of her blouse. Sound good? You betcha! So sharpen your pencils (and wits) Junior, and make with the "modern design!"

* * *

Checking back on Dear Diary, I see that the highlight of the month's activity was a spin around town with a visiting fireman. Guest of the month was pretty Joan Straves of Maryland who won a trip to the big city in a local high school fashion competition. Joan and I lunched at the Stork Club, ogling celebrities, were interviewed by Art Ford, WNEW milkman, and saw the sights from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. You transient tourists leave us New Yorkers breathless with your dizzy pace. But don't get us wrong. We love it. So if you're coming to Gotham and want to give me news of your local club and canteen doings, drop me a line in advance, care of MISS AMERICA.

Happy Hallowe'en! See you in November!

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- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dark)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

From page 57

puppy is when he's about three or four months old. And here's something to consider, too. Don't despise the runt of the litter. With love and care, which you've eagerly enlisted to give him, the runt often becomes the prize of them all, in life as well as in books. There's no satisfaction like that of taking a timid, scrawny, unattractive pup and seeing him grow sleek and fat and unafraid.

You've picked him out and brought him proudly home. Now the fun—and work—begin. He's scared. Put yourself in his place. Wouldn't you be? After all, probably he's just had his first automobile ride, the noise, the bumps, the traffic. Now this great new place among strangers. Are the chairs to be trusted? Will that footstool rush up and bite him? How about that queer lamp that switches on and off like a small sun? And this funny-feeling rug-thing under soft paws, that suddenly slippery waxed floor? He's so small and alone. He misses his mother, his brothers and sisters. Wouldn't you?

Give him time to get adjusted. Don't try to hurry him into enjoying himself. Don't play with him too much, at first—just enough to let him know he's loved and appreciated. If he won't eat right away, just keep offering it until he decides to. But that will probably be the least of your worries. Fix up a small basket or wicker dog hamper for him to sleep in. Offer him water or milk to drink. Treat him like an honored guest. Be gentle, considerate, rather than rough and abrupt.

A word of advance warning. He'll probably holler and yelp the first night or so. This is hard on the nerves, but it doesn't last forever. Eventually there'll come a night when you and he will sleep it through, and *that* will be over.

Training? Leave us face it. Probably that was the main reason your mother hemmed and hawed so long before giving in. Housebreaking a small puppy calls for constant vigilance. He needs to go outdoors at frequent regular intervals. Sometimes, you may think that you've barely got him inside when out he must go again. See your mother's point now? For this reason, if for no other, better get your puppy in the summertime, to ease the burden of those training days. One note of cheer. Don't despair. At last comes success.

A good sensible dog book, not too technical, will be a help, but the advice of friends who've been through it all will be invaluable. Listen and learn, but temper this second-hand wisdom with your own judgment. Your experience will be an individual one, with special problems and needs and solutions. Milk and eggs, by the way, make fur coats glossy, eyes bright. Long rib bones, begged from the butcher for free, are wonderful for teeth.

Oh, undoubtedly there'll be times when you'll want to take this furry stranger right back where you got him. After he's chewed up your new copy of MISS AMERICA, for instance, or snagged your last nylons, or run off through brambles with your best hat.

As his mistress, there'll be times when you'll be right in his doghouse with him! Torn curtains, tracked floors, spotted rugs. You'll wonder why, WHY you ever thought you wanted a dog. Life was so simple, so free before. You feel terribly tied down, your youth seeping away practically, you understand faintly why housewives are so often referred to as harried. You sympathize with the old woman who lived in the shoe. You're coping with just one exasperating canine baby but—you understand. Jeepers, you do!

You don't send him back, of course. He comes waggling up to you repentantly, puts forth a warm pink tongue. You spat him, but he doesn't hold it against you. He forgives you. Wistful-eyed, head-cocked, he adores you. You can't send such loyalty, such sure devotion away. You can't!

So, at last, you come smiling through together, gay and inseparable. Comes that inevitable day when you, too, stride along blithely in a whirl of tawny autumn leaves, your well-trained dog straining at his leash.

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STEPHANIE'S ACE OF HEARTS

From page 15

with anger and dismay. Why, she and Joey had been going together for three terms, now! *All right,* she thought defiantly. *Let him go with Ann! See if I care!*

That evening, as she came through the swinging blue door of the canteen, and glanced around the semi-dark hall, her heart leapt into high! Captain Haines was there—a tall, dark, flying ace, his chest covered with ribbons! And he came up to *her!*

"Miss Wilson, isn't it?" he smiled, his whole face twinkling. Oh, he was so distinguished looking! Stephanie felt she could die for a man like that!

But they had hardly begun to chat when the clock struck eight, and the Captain exclaimed, "Oops! Sorry, Miss Wilson, but I've got to leave. I'm making the eight-forty plane to Washington. But I'll be back to award my bars—and I hope you win them!"

Next afternoon, coming home from school, where she had seen Joe with Ann Macy again, Stephanie stopped to buy a newspaper. When she read the headlines, she stopped, transfixed with horror:

Washington Plane Crash Kills 2, Injures 6!"

His plane! His name! But her heart calmed its crazy racing as she read that Captain Haines had not been killed. The injured men had been rushed to the local hospital.

Stephanie jumped on a trolley car. She ran in through the wide glass doors of the hospital and across the white-tiled floor to the main office. A nurse sat at the desk.

"Captain Haines—he's here—can I see him?"

"Sorry, only relatives are allowed. But he'll be all right."

"Oh, I'm so glad about that!" Stephanie drew a deep breath. "Is there any way I can help? I do wish I could!"

"Do you mean that? We certainly do need help!"

The nurse got up, went to a closet, and came back with a mop in her hand. "The main ward needs cleaning. Take this mop to the second floor and they'll show you where to begin."

Stephanie's first impulse was to throw down the mop and run. But there was a look in the nurse's fine dark eyes, a look that said, *"I know you'll back out."* She heard Ann Macy's voice: "Selfish. Don't bother with her, Joe." Stephanie grabbed the mop and went upstairs.

All afternoon she worked, with blistering hands and weary feet. She mopped the ward floor, took away bedpans, helped clean basins, carried in food trays. But she never saw Captain Haines.

Day after day Stephanie went back to the hospital, each time dreaming that maybe she'd get a glimpse of her hero. But there was no way, it seemed, for her to see him.

Two weeks passed, when one day the nurse who had put her to work called out as Stephanie passed the office: "Oh, I'm happy to tell you, Stephanie, the Captain is fine now. He's gone home."

Dumfounded, Stephanie

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stopped still a moment. So it had all been for nothing!! The work seemed utterly dreary now—yet she noticed for the first time how the sick faces lighted up as she passed, and an old Irishwoman exclaimed from her bed, "It's a cure just to see your young face, darlint!" How would they feel after the thirty-first, when she'd stop coming? It made her feel guilty.

The night of the thirty-first finally arrived. The canteen was decorated with flowers. When Stephanie came, the place was already packed with servicemen and their families. She saw Joey wedged in the crowd, Ann Macy beside him, wearing gardenias. Ann had worked hard all year at the Red Cross, and had sold war bonds, too.

At last the music stopped. Captain Haines stepped up on the platform. How the crowd cheered and clapped! But Stephanie's heart fell into her shoes! How—different—he looked! He seemed thin, and worn, and she could see that he was at least twenty-five years old—maybe more. That accident must have taken the pep out of him.

The Captain was speaking. "You City High girls have all done a wonderful job. I have consulted with the committee, and we all agreed that there is one girl who most deserves the award. A girl who was doing a job with no fun in it at all—a girl who came to the hospital day after day, tending the patients in the ward, so that she could release a trained nurse for other duty. If more girls would do as she is doing, more trained nurses could be released for our veterans' hospitals and for service overseas. And believe me, they are very badly needed." His face was grim and earnest now. "I take great pleasure in presenting my silver bars to a girl whose unselfishness and patriotism are an inspiration to all of us. Miss Stephanie Wilson!"

Stephanie stood motionless, dazed. The Captain was praising her for unselfish work—for thinking of the heroes overseas—when all she'd done was try to get where she might see a man she had had a crush on. Oh, how utterly silly and selfish she had been!

Somehow she found herself on the platform, the Captain coming toward her with the insignia in his hand, before she realized what she wanted to say—and do.

"Please—I *don't* deserve it!" she cried. "The whole school ought to get it, not just me. They've all worked so hard—"

She almost snatched the bars from his hand, ran down from the platform to Ann Macy. Quickly, she pinned the insignia on the astonished girl's white dress.

"You wear them, Ann—for the school," Stephanie explained. "You're president of the Student Council—and you worked so hard—" Tears choked her.

Stephanie felt a hand on her arm. She was being pulled away to the door and outside into the hall. Joey's dark eyes were beaming at her with a look of admiration she'd never seen there before.

"Oh, Joey, don't start praising me for what I did!" she began. "You don't understand! I was just a—a dope. I didn't deserve that prize! And if you like Ann better than me—why, you're right. But I'm going to work at the hospital—every day—"

Joey laughed. "Gee, you're a swell kid, Steph. I always knew you were, way down inside you! But I—well, I was scared a bit. You did seem to be acting—well, like Ann said—sort of selfish. And then—I didn't know but maybe you liked *someone else* better than me!"

"I don't like anyone else better, Joey. Only—there's Ann—"

"Ann!" Joey roared. "Did you say you were a dope? Well, you sure are, Steph! Why, Ann's a year older than me—and besides she's sweet on my brother in the Army! I was just helping her out at the Red Cross. Guess I'll have to start helping you out at the hospital, too! And anyhow, Ann isn't my type."

Happily Stephanie looked sideways at Joey. "Who *is?*"

"As though you didn't know," Joey smiled.

MICKEY'S INSPIRATION

From page 53

with her family after his mother, her own mother's dearest friend, had died.

"Danny, this is your home, now," her mother had said, to the fourteen-year-old boy.

Mickey, then only nine, had instantly adored Dan, and she had adored him ever since. She had missed him terribly when he had gone away to college; and since his induction into the navy, she had not let pass a single night without a little prayer for his safety.

For no reason at all, there flashed into Mickey's rich, blond head the way Dan used to push her into the lake, with that gay laugh of his. He did it because she had refused to learn to swim. Then, with her shrieking and sputtering—but always sure that she was quite safe with Dan nearby—he'd jump in after her, duck her, haul her ashore.

It made her laugh to remember it. "Don't you *dare* be changed, not in the tiniest way!" she said, aloud severely, to the photograph.

"Now, *would* I be, you silly kid?" Dan's picture retorted.

Mickey looked at the wee golden circlet of a wrist-watch, her fourteenth birthday gift from mother and father. Goodness! Dreaming made you forget all about time!

In a green, two-piece sport-dress, and spectator shoes clearly white and brown for the great occasion, Mickey sped downstairs; but not before racing a comb, twice, through her gleaming hair, straightening the green ribbon, adding a re-fresher touch of lipstick—and a last quick smooth of her dress.

"Time to go, mother!"

Mrs. Burton was putting on her hat, at the hall mirror. She glanced at Mickey's impatient, flushed face.

"Remember, dear," she said, "you may not find Dan quite as he used to be."

"I think that's just nonsense, mother!"

"He's been gone, two years."

"Twenty-two months," Mickey corrected. She had counted every one of those months.

At the Middleton station, Mickey's eyes eagerly swept the length of the deluxe streamliner as it slid to a stop.

"There he is!"

They ran toward the tall, brown-haired ensign. "Dan! Dan!"

"Hello, Mickey!" Dan kissed her. "Hello, mom!" He kissed Mrs. Burton, who had taken him to her heart like a son.

It was Mrs. Burton's motherly eyes which first noticed it: the left arm hanging at Dan's side, so stiff, so useless. Dan saw her glance.

"Paralyzed," he mumbled. "Let's go."

The bright scene grew blurred to Mickey. The ride home was dreadful, with Dan talking about his arm, in a voice she scarcely recognized. The doctors, he said bitterly, insisted that there was nothing wrong with it. But who should know, if *he* didn't?

It was a dreary dinner. Mickey cried inside her. She must *do* something to make Dan snap out of it! But what? Desperately, she suggested:

"Let's have some kids over tonight. Jim Sheppard just came home, too, and Tom Atley's still here. And I know the girls are crazy to see you, Dan! I'll make sandwiches—heaps! Mother'll make a bowl of punch—won't you, mother? Dan's favorite strawberry and peach—won't you, mother?" Mickey's voice nearly broke with nervousness.

"I don't think I care to see people, tonight," Dan answered, frowning. "I don't want anyone feeling sorry for me. Guess I'll go to bed. I'm useless, that's what I am—useless—with this arm!"

And indeed, very shortly thereafter, Dan said good-night and went up to his old room, which had been ready for him, for days. But Mickey, with her heavy heart, knew that *she* would not be able to sleep.

"John," Mrs. Burton said, lowering her knitting, "what *are* we to do about him?"

Mr. Burton removed the pipe from his mouth. "I don't think

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there's a thing the matter with his arm."

"Father, how can you say that?" Mickey cried.

"Well, he admits that he wasn't wounded when the bomb exploded on the deck. All he says is that the concussion 'paralyzed' his arm."

"It *could* have!" said Mickey.

"It's probably what the doctors call a 'psychic trauma'," said Mr. Burton. "I imagine that what Dan needs is some psychiatric treatment."

"How are we to suggest it to him, John?" asked Mrs. Burton, anxiously.

"*You* suggest it to him, father!" Oh, to have the old, familiar Dan back! Mickey's distress became too much; and she fled upstairs and threw herself sobbing across her bed. She felt dreadful because she could not do *anything* for Dan. Who could? A—a psychic trauma! It sounded just too terrible!

Dan flatly refused to do anything whatsoever. He brooded around the house, or went out on long, solitary walks, with his arm hanging so stiffly that it made you ache to see it.

Mickey put on an act of gaiety, saying and doing things to coax back Dan's old laughter. But there was no response. When at last she had a crowd in, one evening, Dan kept apart in a corner, spoke only in monosyllables, refused to dance because of his arm, and soon disappeared. Everybody was very uncomfortable, and Mickey's party was a miserable failure. When the guests had gone home, she cried.

Then mom asked Dan about going back to college, in September. Father said that he could avail himself of the G.I. Bill of Rights. Dan answered, with dark eyes lowered:

"I don't know. I'll see." His old ambition to become an engineer seemed, along with his high, free spirits, to have been burned out of him. "I'm just a useless member of society!" he suddenly burst out.

Those words, so bitterly spoken, were like a knife thrust into Mickey's heart.

The long, summer days held no joy for her. She could think only of past summer days; of picnics, rambles in the woods and fields, canoeing on the lake, with Dan—the "real" Dan, she said to herself. This wasn't the "*real*" Dan. This was someone who could not be approached and who shrank into his shell; someone who imagined—

Imagined! Mickey had been trying to read, seated on a bench in the garden. She let the book fall to her lap. Imagined! That was what "psychic trauma" meant; you *imagined* there was something physically wrong with you! An echo of her father's words came back to Mickey: "If he just *had* to use that arm!" Once or twice, Mickey had touched that left arm of Dan's, without knowing why; out of pity, maybe; and, very angrily, Dan had said:

"Don't! Take care! It hurts!"

She saw Dan coming back from one of his solitary, brooding walks. His face looked just wretched, despite the sunshine —Dan's handsome face!

"Dan!" Mickey called to him.

He came over to her, but utterly indifferent—almost as if she didn't exist.

"Dan—" Mickey brought a pout to her face. "You never spend any time with me, anymore!" How lightly she spoke, and how tensely her heart throbbed!

"I'm not very good company," said Dan.

"Let's go to the lake. I just feel like going to the lake—where you used to push me in!" She laughed, hoping that he didn't notice the tears hanging on her lashes. If he refused to go to the lake with her, she didn't know *what* she'd do!

"Well, come along," he said—humoring her, she supposed.

The lake was a vivid blue. They walked out on the stringpiece and Mickey, quivering with suppressed excitement and with a little prayer to herself, knelt down on the boards and pointed to a shimmering school of silvery fish. She leaned way over. "Look, Dan—look!"

"Take care, kid," Dan said. "With this arm of mine, the days of heroic rescue are finished."

"I'll take care." Mickey smiled to herself, her head bent.

A terrified scream—and Mickey was in among the frantic, silvery fish, scattering them, thrashing the water wildly, crying, with her slender arms waving over her head:

"Help! — Dan — help — oh, help! Quick, Dan!"

She went down. She rose. She disappeared. She came up.

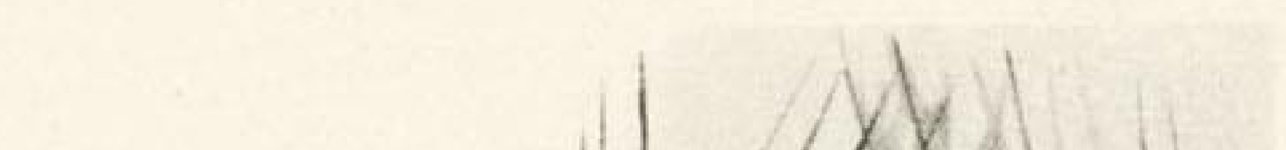
"Dan! Dan—help me!" she shrieked.

Dan shouted: "I'm coming!" His face had gone white as his shirt. Then he, too, was in the water, striking out toward the figure in blue slacks—the figure with the horrified face. With both arms, powerfully, Dan was striking out; for, somehow, Mickey had gone far out from shore. With *both* arms, he was striking out, to his own amazement.—With that "*paralyzed*" arm of his! How was he doing it? He didn't know! All he knew was the need to save Mickey. The left arm was suddenly as good and strong as the right!

But Mickey was *swimming!* Her face, turned slyly back over her shoulder, mocked Dan; her laughter rang on the air.

"Come on!" she called. "Never thought your swimming was so rusty, Danny-boy! This is water-tag! *Dare* you to catch me!"

"You—you—you little cheat!" Dan shouted. But he, too, began to laugh.



Goodness, Matilda, is that the best your rabbit's foot could do?

He caught her, all right. "You—you little cheat!" He ducked her. She came up, sputtering. "When did *you* learn to swim?" he demanded.

Her laughter was a joyous gale. "It seems I learned just in time to change a one-armed boy into a two-armed one!—Why, Danny Kane, you ought to be *ashamed* of yourself, being a '*useless*' member of society all these weeks!"

"I don't understand!" Dan said. "It's a miracle!—Thanks, Doctor Mickey! You're wonderful!—The only doctor who could cure me!"

"Well," said Mickey, "I have a personal interest in the patient. And I often have inspirations;—don't you remember?"

They scrambled up on the string-piece; and there they stood, water dripping from their clothes. They simply could not stop laughing.

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JAM SESSION *from page 12*

New York, but getting a lot of work out of the way too. He invited me to a record session he's going to supervise at the Capitol next week.

With Johnny was Glenn Wallachs, one of the executives of Capitol records, who could do nothing but rave about Johnny's new record and tune, "Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe," the one which we tabbed a "must" two months ago! Glenn says that this tune will "skyrocket" both Johnny and Capitol records . . . as if either one needed it!

Notes and chords: Swing Village is returning the snub to that concert singer who refused to be on the same radio program with Tony Pastor, scat-singing band-leader. Tony, for all his jive and comedy, is a well-schooled musician.

I sleep better these nights now that both Tommy Dorsey and Gene Krupa have severed the strings from their bands. . . . Phil Moore's "oodlebapoh" group is a sensation on its first theater tour.

That's swellegant Jo Stafford who's making the New York studio musicians "ooh" and "aah." You should hear the boys get into technical music analyses of Jo's vocal acrobatics!

Could you call it "singing down the lane" now that Lillian Lane is singing with Artie Shaw's orchestra? Anita O'Day replaced her in the Gene Krupa vocal slot . . . And did we mention that another ex-Krupa thrush, Ginnie Powell, is now doing the solos for Charlie Barnet's band.

Members of the new "Hot Jazz Foundation" have voted Slam Stewart, Benny Goodman's trio and sextet bassist, their favorite musician. Virtually unknown less than a year ago, Slam has been handed the world on a platter since his Goodman association.

Plaudits for the hubby-wife music team, Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour. Peggy, ex-Goodman singer, and Dave, ex-Goodman guitarist, wrote words and music, respectively, to "What More Can a Woman Do?" and "You Was Right, Baby." Then they topped it off, on a Capitol record, with Peggy singing accompanied by Dave's band on the two tunes!

Dick Haymes is back in Hollywood after a summer of touring army hospitals in this country. Guess we shouldn't keep that singular for his singing partner, Helen Forrest, was very much in evidence, too, and has returned with Dick.

Frank Sinatra took a terrific ribbing overseas . . . but from his own cast. Frank figured that the guys would like him better and would forget the bobby-sox attraction if the cast razzed him constantly, so that's the way they were instructed. And don't think the guys didn't like Frank!

Comments from the mailbag: "I was at that Carnegie Hall concert given by Lionel Hampton which you mentioned in a recent column. The concert was swell, but I was disgusted with those kids who jitterbugged in the aisles! Can't people just listen to swing without making fools of themselves. In fact, why scream when Sinatra sings? Let him sing, but let's stop this foolishness!"

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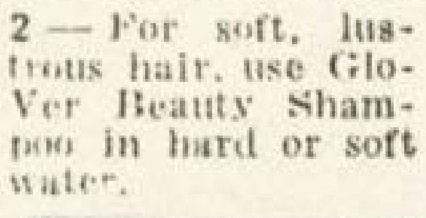

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You jitterbugs and swooners, what's your side of the question?

Record raves and rantings: The best platter of jive in a long time is the new two-sided "It's Gotta Be This or That" by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. On the first side of the record, Benny sings a gravelly vocal, and on the other, Slam Stewart and Red Norvo are featured on excellent long solos.

It took a long time for someone to turn up with a good version of "Can't You Read Between the Lines." Gal who made good on the tune is gorgeous Dinah Shore.

Harry James fans will knock themselves out over "Oh Brother" with a Kitty Kallen vocal, and "If I Loved You," Buddy DiVito singing. For my taste, Harry's band is in an intensely gooey quagmire.

Non-stop song title record for the month goes to Ella Fitzgerald's torchy "I'm Gonna Hurry You Out of My Mind and Cry You Out of My Heart."

I swoon too easily over the tune "A Friend of Yours" and, for double appeal, Frank Sinatra has the newest version on wax. It's tough competition for Bing's rendition. "Homesick, That's All!" is the terrif flipover.

Betty Jane Bonney, newest on the Victor list, sings "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and "While You're Away" on a new record. Betty, former Les Brown singer, has altered her style into something completely different from any other pop singer. It's clicking!

Woody Herman's "Apple Honey" and "Out of This World" is out of this world. . . . Duke Ellington's "Mood to be Wooed" features Johnny Hodges.

Phil Brito, eastern favorite, sings "After All This Time" and "I'll See You In My Dreams" on a Musicraft label, with Crosby ease and naturalness . . . Bouquets to Jimmy Savo's "That Old Black Magic" on Decca.

Bing, himself, comes on for a groan on "Yip, Yip De Hootie" with Louis Jordan's Tympany Five. Flipover is the tune which Fats Waller made famous, "Your Socks Don't Match."

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